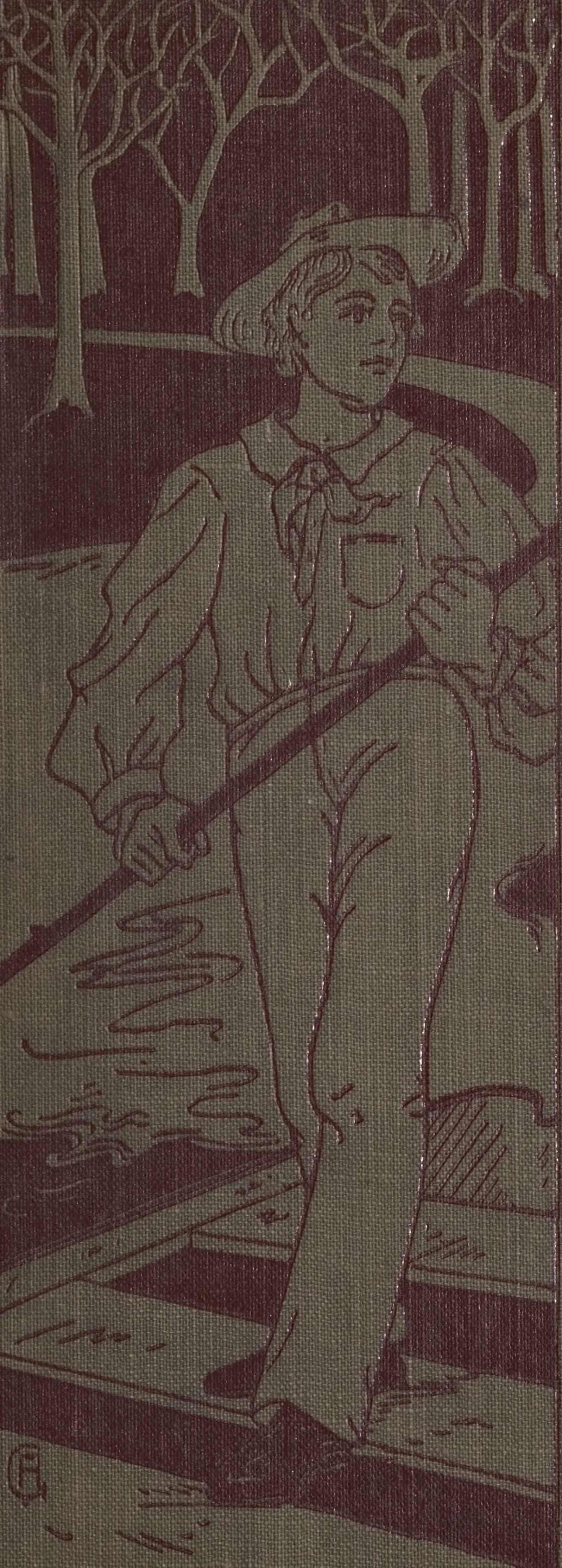


AMERICAN
BOY'S
SERIES

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PZ7

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf K289

ci

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

4

AMERICAN BOYS' SERIES

The books selected for this series are all thoroughly American, by such favorite American authors of boys' books as Oliver Optic, Elijah Kellogg, Prof. James DeMille, and others, now made for the first time at a largely reduced price, in order to bring them within the reach of all. Each volume complete in itself.

Uniform Cloth Binding Illustrated New and Attractive Dies
Price per volume $1.00

1. Adrift in the Ice Fields By Capt. Chas. W. Hall
2. All Aboard or Life on the Lake By Oliver Optic
3. Ark of Elm Island By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
4. Arthur Brown the Young Captain By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
5. Boat Club, The, or the Bunkers of Rippleton By Oliver Optic
6. Boy Farmers of Elm Island, The By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
7. Boys of Grand Pré School By Prof. James DeMille
8. "B. O. W. C.", The By Prof. James DeMille
9. Brought to the Front or the Young Defenders By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
10. Burying the Hatchet or the Young Brave of the Delawares By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
11. Cast Away in the Cold By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes
12. Charlie Bell the Waif of Elm Island By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
13. Child of the Island Glen By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
14. Crossing the Quicksands By Samuel W. Cozzens
15. Cruise of the Casco By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
16. Fire in the Woods By Prof. James DeMille
17. Fisher Boys of Pleasant Cove By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
18. Forest Glen or the Mohawk's Friendship By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
19. Good Old Times By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
20. Hardscrabble of Elm Island By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
21. Haste or Waste or the Young Pilot of Lake Champlain By Oliver Optic
22. Hope and Have By Oliver Optic
23. In School and Out or the Conquest of Richard Grant By Oliver Optic
24. John Godsoe's Legacy By Rev. Elijah Kellogg

LEE and SHEPARD Publishers Boston

AMERICAN BOYS' SERIES — Continued

25. JUST HIS LUCK By Oliver Optic
26. LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
27. LITTLE BY LITTLE or the Cruise of the Flyaway By Oliver Optic
28. LIVE OAK BOYS or the Adventures of Richard Constable Afloat and Ashore By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
29. LOST IN THE FOG By Prof. James DeMille
30. MISSION OF BLACK RIFLE or On the Trail By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
31. NOW OR NEVER or the Adventures of Bobby Bright By Oliver Optic
32. POOR AND PROUD or the Fortunes or Kate Redburn By Oliver Optic
33. RICH AND HUMBLE or the Mission of Bertha Grant By Oliver Optic
34. SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE or James Trafton and His Boston Friends By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
35. SOWED BY THE WIND or the Poor Boy's Fortune By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
36. SPARK OF GENIUS or the College Life of James Trafton By Elijah Kellogg
37. STOUT HEART or the Student from Over the Sea By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
38. STRONG ARM AND A MOTHER'S BLESSING By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
39. TREASURE OF THE SEA By Prof. James DeMille
40. TRY AGAIN or the Trials and Triumphs of Harry West By Oliver Optic
41. TURNING OF THE TIDE or Radcliffe Rich and his Patients By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
42. UNSEEN HAND or James Renfew and His Boy Helpers By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
43. WATCH AND WAIT or the Young Fugitives By Oliver Optic
44. WHISPERING PINE or the Graduates of Radcliffe By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
45. WINNING HIS SPURS or Henry Morton's First Trial By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
46. WOLF RUN or the Boys of the Wilderness By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
47. WORK AND WIN or Noddy Newman on a Cruise By Oliver Optic
48. YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLEASANT COVE By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
49. YOUNG SHIPBUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND By Rev. Elijah Kellogg
50. YOUNG TRAIL HUNTERS By Samuel W. Cozzens

LEE and SHEPARD Publishers Boston

THE MIDNIGHT LAUNCH. — Page 146.

THE PLEASANT COVE SERIES

THE
CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN

BY

ELIJAH KELLOGG

AUTHOR OF "LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND," "CHARLIE BELL, THE WAIF OF ELM ISLAND," "THE ARK OF ELM ISLAND," "THE BOY-FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE HARD-SCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND," "ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN," "THE YOUNG DELIVERERS," "THE CRUISE OF THE CASCO," "THE WHISPERING PINE," "THE SPARK OF GENIUS," "THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
U.S.A.

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS
1900

66835

Library of Congress
Two Copies Received
OCT 27 1900
Copyright entry
Jun 27. 1900.
No. a. 15883
SECOND COPY.
Delivered to
ORDER DIVISION,
OCT 30 1900

PZ7
K289
Ch

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872,
By LEE AND SHEPARD,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Copyright, 1900, by Elijah Kellogg.

All Rights Reserved.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN.

00-6413

Norwood Press:
Berwick & Smith, Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

PREFACE.

The Child of the Island Glen incidentally brings to view the shrewdness of those men who laid the foundations of our commerce, their dexterity in suiting means to ends, the indomitable energy with which they grappled to opportunities flung in their path by the advent of foreign wars and the irregularities of trade, while perils and obstacles that would have crushed persons of laxer fibre, only roused them to greater effort.

The story, however, is principally intended to illustrate the influence of Christian sympathy in respect to the most hardened characters, the imperishable nature of good seed early sown in a young heart, the power of conscience and early associations, the unbounded mercy of God, and exhibits, in the person of a man stained with blood and steeped in crime, parental love and solicitude for the highest welfare of his child (like the flowers that bloom amid the scoriæ and ashes on the lip of an exhausted volcano), surviving the wreck of all other virtues.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE
INTRODUCTORY 9

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS 32

CHAPTER III.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE 55

CHAPTER IV.

DARKEST JUST BEFORE DAY 68

CHAPTER V.

JOHN'S FIRST LESSON IN BABY-TENDING 87

CHAPTER VI.

THE GODSOES 107

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIDNIGHT LAUNCH 124

CHAPTER VIII.

STIRRING NEWS 149

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER MEETS THE OUTLAW 165

CHAPTER X.

The Madman's Pass. . . . 184

CHAPTER XI.

The Outlaw's Home. . . . 194

CHAPTER XII.

Willie of the Glen. . . . 206

CHAPTER XIII.

The Viper within. . . . 217

CHAPTER XIV.

The Disclosure. . . . 237

CHAPTER XV.

The Decision. . . . 249

CHAPTER XVI.

A Surprise on Board the Osprey. . . . 259

CHAPTER XVII.

The Love that casteth out Fear. . . . 276

CHAPTER XVIII.

Willie gives away his Playthings. . . . 285

CHAPTER XIX.

Making Restitution. . . . 295

CHAPTER XX.

Willie on Shipboard. . . . 306

CHAPTER XXI.

Willie and the Pilot. . . . 330

THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, as near to each other as they can swing at their anchors, lie two vessels, both displaying the American flag, but as unlike in build and size as can well be imagined. The one is a large ship, enormously large for that day, for it was at an early period in the maritime history of the country, when most of the ships were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty tons, and some even as small as a hundred, a few being built at Wiscasset for the transportation of timber, and at some other places on the coast, of greater capacity; but they were esteemed monsters, and people thronged to see them as curiosities. But this vessel was seven hundred tons, heavily sparred, with great breadth of beam, carrying a large amount of canvas, sharp ends, of moderate depth, evidently, from her proportions, not a bad sailer, but constructed for the purpose of transporting those immense masts that then formed an article of traffic to Cadiz and other ports for the use of the Spanish navies, and that are not now to be found in the forests of New England. Beside her lay a brigantine, French built, beautifully modelled, constructed entirely with reference to speed, carrying a long eighteen-pounder on a pivot amidships, and her bulwarks pierced for lighter guns. Both vessels were deeply laden, the brigantine, in contrast with the mast ship, reminding an observer of a greyhound beside a huge Newfoundland.

Those familiar with the other volumes of the series will at once recognize in the ship the Casco, Captain Griffin, and in the brigantine the Languedoc, Captain Gates. The events here narrated being more or less linked with the subject of the preceding volume, some brief explanation of the state of affairs is necessary to render the story intelligible to the casual reader.

Walter Griffin, commander of the Casco, of Pleasant Cove, had, on a previous voyage, by one of the noblest acts of which humanity is capable, incurred the deadly enmity of a planter at Martinique, Henri Lemaire. Although owning several plantations on the island, and residing upon one of them, Lemaire had been, for the greater portion of his life, a pirate captain, and still owned piratical vessels, which he fitted away under the guise of slave ships, secreting the plunder till sold at his plantations, meanwhile supporting the character of a wealthy planter and merchant. Concealing his intentions under the mask of friendship, by means of a letter adroitly worded, he succeeded in luring Captain Griffin again to the island.

When, at length, he found that the Casco was ready to sail from Trinidad, where she had gone to complete her cargo, Lemaire despatched the piratical brigantine Languedoc, belonging to him, to lie off Trinidad, intercept the Casco, — she having considerable specie on board, — with orders to massacre the whole ship's company, resigning the entire plunder of the ship to his satellites, and promising to the captain, in addition, a thousand dollars in gold provided he killed Captain Griffin.

Some years before the circumstance here related, there came to Captain Griffin's native town a Nova Scotia boy by the name of Peter Clash, who, after residing there a short time, became so immoral and troublesome that he was driven from the place, enticing to run away with him an American boy named John Godsoe. The two boys kept together, went to sea, and, after many adversities, joined a piratical crew. Clash became the captain of the Languedoc, in Lemaire's employ, under the assumed name of Skillings, and Godsoe, his lieutenant, taking that of Arkwright.

In the Casco, as passenger, was a young man by the name of John Rhines, son of one of her owners. Clash still cherished a bitter hostility towards the inhabitants of Rhinesville and Pleasant Cove, adjacent places, at the latter of which the Casco was built, and especially by reason of some personal matters in relation to John Rhines, whom he hated as only the wicked can hate those of exalted character and principles.

All that Clash knew at first was, that Lemaire wished him to intercept and kill, if possible, the captain and crew of an American ship, against whose captain Lemaire held a grudge; and it was not the first thing of the kind he had done for the old villain, who, for the greater part of his life, had been engaged in the actual shedding of blood, but now accomplished his designs, at less risk to himself, by proxy.

When, however, Clash ascertained that this ship was manned and officered by men from the very place whose inhabitants he so sincerely hated, and that John Rhines, the object of his boyish enmity, was passenger in her, he needed not the incentive of plunder to excite him to the utmost efforts in furtherance of the purpose of his employer. All the burning antipathies and hatred of his boyhood, as though invigorated by a long repose, rose in arms. He paced the cabin floor of the brigantine, gnashing his teeth with rage, and swore that not one of them, from the cook to the captain, should be left to tell the story. Distrusting the willingness of his lieutenant to engage in the murder of his old neighbors and schoolmates, he concealed from him all the circumstances we have narrated.

In Martinique resided a black cooper, Pierre Lallemont, a man of property, intelligence, and thoroughly acquainted with his former master's character and history, who had conceived the most sincere affection for Captain Griffin, being attracted to him on account of the very act that had roused the anger of Lemaire. This man, fathoming the designs of the planter, informed the captain of the peril that threatened him; but the American refused to credit it, and all the cooper could effect was to persuade him to take on board his vessel some small arms. With the shrewdness pertaining to his nation, he put on board, as a venture to sell again at home, rifles and ammunition sufficient to arm five hundred men. With these, aided by a resolute crew all accustomed to the use of the weapon, he captured the brigantine in lieu of being captured by her, killed Clash, and killed or drowned all her officers and crew except Godsoe, who, battered, wounded, and more dead than alive, was taken on board the ship without being recognized by his captors, though recognizing them at once. After some days, however, Rhines recollected his features and recalled his name. At length, filled with compunction for his past crimes, he endeavored to atone for them in some measure by aiding to place Lemaire in the hands of Captain Griffin, who, running back to Martinique in the brigantine, landed at Lemaire's plantation in the night, and sent Godsoe ashore after him. Supposing his designs were accomplished, he came on board the brigantine, when he was seized and delivered up to the authorities of the island, the captain permitting Godsoe to escape at the same time in consideration of his services in capturing Lemaire, who, being convicted by means of papers found on board the brigantine and in his house at Vauclin, — the place where they were concealed being revealed by Godsoe, — was executed, and his ill-gotten booty, enormous quantities of which were found concealed at his different plantations, seized and sold at auction by the government. The Languedoc, being claimed by her captors, the authorities permitted them to retain her.

Those bloody scenes were enacted on board the two vessels on whose spars the last rays of the setting sun are shining, as they lie quietly at anchor in Fort Royal Bay. Yonder boat, pulling off from the shore, belongs to the Casco. In the stern-sheets are Captain Griffin, Captain Gates, formerly his mate in the Casco, whom he now has put in master of the Languedoc, with Richard Cameron, who was second mate of the Casco, as his first officer. The vessels are to sail in the morning, and they have been ashore to settle up remaining business, and procure fruit, fresh vegetables, and provisions.

Most of the characters introduced in this volume are, in respect to many of our young readers, familiar acquaintances, and we trust that, as the tale proceeds, other connecting circumstances will introduce themselves to the general reader.

It was no trifling labor in those days, with the old-fashioned windlass and hemp cables from twelve to sixteen inches in circumference, a tackle being required to hold the turn at the windlass, and two or three hands to coil away the slack, to weigh anchors as heavy as those of the Casco, she having two down and well bedded.

As Captain Griffin had lost two of his men in the action with the pirate, and must, moreover, man the brigantine from the ship's crew, he was rather short of hands, and had shipped four men belonging to a vessel that was condemned. Never had a ship's company stronger motives to stimulate them to effort to make a passage. With the exception of the four men referred to, both officers and crew belonged to Rhinesville or Pleasant Cove. So much time had been consumed in the action with the Languedoc, the subsequent return to Fort Royal, capture and trial of Lemaire, waiting for the settling of his effects, and loading of the brigantine, that their prolonged absence, they well knew, would occasion great anxiety to their relatives at home. They pictured to themselves the joyful surprise it would produce when they should astonish them with an account of all that had occurred.

"Merrithew," said Danforth Eaton, "I reckon they'll open their eyes at home when they wake up in the morning and see these two craft in Captain Rhines's Cove. Old daddy Godsoe 'll hyper for the shore quicker than he ever did before when a vessel got in."

"If I was going to guess," said Merrithew, "a good many other folks won't be far behind him; and I shouldn't wonder if there were some petticoats streaming in the wind."

Long before the break of day the clank of the windlass-pawls was heard on both vessels, and the song of the seamen rose cheerily on the morning air. There being a lack of men, the crew were divided; a portion of the Casco's crew went on board the brigantine, weighed anchor, made sail at once, hove her to, and left her in charge of the cook.

In the mean time, those left on board the ship hove short on the anchors, loosed the topsails, mast-headed and sheeted home the fore and mizzen ones. By that time the men had come on board from the brigantine. The main-topsail was hoisted, the anchors weighed by the united strength of both crews and the officers, who, as it was an emergency, went to the windlass with the men.

While the ship lay to, and before the crews were separated in order to be transferred to their respective vessels, Lallemont came on board.

Captain Griffin instantly took the cooper by the hand, and led him forward among the men.

“Boys,” said he, “the whole ship's company owe their lives (in the providence of God) to this man. Had I not been forewarned by him, we should have been overhauled by the pirate in a defenceless state and massacred. Take him by the hand and thank him.”

Having thus far, and for the purposes of explanation, paid all due respect to the two captains in addressing them before strangers by their wellmerited titles, we shall now take the liberty, as the humor seizes us, or circumstances render it appropriate, to make use of the old familiar names of Walter and Ned.

As, pacing the deck, Walter looked back upon Martinique fading in the distance, and the bold outline of Diamond Rock at its southern extremity, he reflected upon the great change that had taken place in his situation and feelings within the last few weeks.

At one time it seemed more than probable that the ship and crew, himself and Ned, would fall a prey to buccaneers, and their lives pay the forfeit of his overweening confidence in the professions of Lemaire. But now they were all on their homeward passage, and Lemaire and his assassins had met their deserved fate.

Walter had made large profits on his outward cargo, and the vessel was loaded as deep as she could swim with a cargo that he had bought at a very low rate when Lemaire's hoards were broken open and the contents sold at auction, though the vessel belonged to the ship's company. He was also taking home a quantity of specie, as his outward cargo more than paid for the return one of the Casco, the

Languedoc's cargo having been purchased with money found on board of her.

The only qualifying element mingled with this cup of bliss was the reflection that, while his arrival would bring happiness to the greater portion of his neighbors, he must carry home to two families the sad news of the death of those they were anxiously expecting. Then his thoughts reverted to John Godsoe and his probable future, and he occupied himself in various surmises in respect to it, whether he would abide by the resolutions he had formed and expressed while wounded and on a sick bed, and in the society of his early friends, or if they would vanish with returning health, and he go back to his old haunts, companions, and employments. He had heard the remark of Danforth Eaton to Merrithew in respect to Godsoe's father, and well knew that the moment the old gentleman heard of his arrival he would come to inquire if he had seen or heard any tidings of his long absent boy.

"There goes Ned," he said to himself, gazing wistfully at the brigantine that, almost within hailing distance, was rapidly passing to windward. He waved his hat to Ned, who instantly returned the signal. "I wish you was here, old boy, to talk over all these matters with me. This having two brothers in different vessels is not a very agreeable arrangement."

It was something of a trial to Walter and Ned to be separated. They had grown up together from before the mast to their present positions, been in the same watch, slept much of the time in the same berth, spent their time together when on shore, and had no secrets from each other.

"Was there ever a handsomer or a smarter craft than that, Mr. Lancaster," said Walter to his mate, pointing to the Languedoc, that, with all her canvas set (the wind being light), was fast showing her stern to the ship.

"Can't say as I ever saw any, cap'n, but there will be others built as smart, for it will be but very little while arter Charlie Bell gits a squint at that craft before he copies her model; he's mad on sharp vessels, and hates mortally to build a full ship."

"You are right there, Lancaster," said John Rhines, who just then came on deck; "he got the model of the Arthur Brown from a privateer that he saw in Portland, — or rather a vessel that had been a privateer in the last war."

"But he improved on the model," said Lancaster, "for the Arthur outsails the privateer."

"I don't believe he can improve on the brigantine," said Walter.

"Yes, he will," replied John; "he'll improve on anything."

Notwithstanding the greater speed of the brigantine, the two vessels kept company very well during the homeward passage, for the brigantine was deeper in the water than the ship, as Captain Griffin, finding that he could buy the merchandise discovered on the plantation of Lemaire very cheap, had put into her every pound he dared, and being sharp it brought her low in the water; whereas the ship, being more burdensome, could carry herself full without loading so deep. Thus in moderate weather the brigantine left the ship, and was obliged to shorten sail at times to let her come up; but in heavy blows this sharp vessel, going right through it and not rising much, was all under water, and the ship, by reason of her great breadth of beam, able to carry sail, had the advantage.

Captain Rhines, after abandoning the sea, devoted himself, with as much energy and good judgment, to the cultivation of the soil, as he ever had to the business of his calling. Brought up in boyhood on a farm, naturally attached to the soil, he now, with means and time at his command, indulged those inclinations which the pressure of circumstances had prevented him from gratifying in former years. His health was firm, and, belonging to a race remarkable for physical power, though past middle life, he still retained the strength for which he had been distinguished in his manhood, but slightly diminished by age. Delighting in labor, he worked constantly with his own hands, and nothing gratified him more than to get his seed into the ground and his hay cut before his neighbors, especially Edmund Griffin, between whom and himself there existed a good-natured rivalry.

The captain's land was high and warm, his fields lying along a sunny slope by the water's edge, and sheltered by dense woods on the north and northwest. It was the last week in April; the captain was breaking up a piece of ground for corn on the highest and warmest portion of the slope, determined to beat Edmund Griffin that year if possible. If there was any kind of labor the captain loved more than another, it was to hold a breaking-up plough. He said it was just like steering a ship. On this occasion he was provided with six oxen, Joel Ricker, a most accomplished teamster, whom he had taken out of Charlie Bell's saw-mill for the purpose, sending another man in his room, and Tom Valentine to clear the plough, one of those vast wooden affairs used in the days of our fathers, but that would do the work nevertheless, if there was only strength enough to haul them. The day was fine, warm enough for comfort and not too warm for the cattle, help abundant, an excellent team, and the ground just wet enough to turn well; but with all these circumstances in his favor, the captain, who prided himself upon his skill in holding a breaking-up plough, made very poor work. The ground was some rocky, sloped moderately towards the bay, and one half the furrows must be turned up hill. The plough was often out, necessitating frequent backing up of the team, and many furrows on the upper side fell back. Ricker said afterwards he never knew the captain to make such poor work as he did that day.

"I don't see what ails this plough," said the captain; she don't go well at all; and I had the irons new laid this spring. The fellow has set the point wrong somehow. Since old Uncle Elwell gave up work there's nobody round here is worth a cent to make plough-irons. Lengthen the chain, Tom, and see if she won't crave the ground more."

The chain was lengthened and the chain was shortened, the clevis was shifted, she was made to land more and she was made to land less, but still the work was no better done.

"It's in the set of the irons," said the captain. "I'll have 'em altered to-morrow."

The fault, however, was not in the plough, nor the work of the blacksmith; but while the captain's feet were in the furrow his mind was out on the ocean, brooding over the long absence of his son, Walter Griffin, Ned Gates, and the crew of the Casco, in which nearly every family in the neighborhood was represented. In vain he reviewed the record of his long seafaring experience to find a parallel case of so long detention in so short a voyage, without fatal results. Thus he canted the plough towards the land when he should have canted it to the furrow, and to the furrow when he should have canted it to the land, for his heart ached while his hands grasped the handles, and his thoughts were otherwhere. Of all people, a seafaring community cherish most decided opinions in regard to luck, and fortunate individuals born under a lucky planet.

Captain Rhines, from his first going to sea, had been peculiarly fortunate, and, though he ever held to the opinion that luck consisted in a good lookout, such was not the belief of the neighbors. They considered him a lucky man, and that whatever he touched would prosper. The result of this belief was, that everybody wanted to go with him, and to be concerned with him, as he was a man of most noble spirit, and would spare no effort to aid an enterprising and worthy youth. A large proportion of the captains in the community owed rapid advancement to his good offices, having begun before the mast with him.

The most singular illustration of this belief in a lucky star occurred when the captain, after, as he thought, relinquishing forever a seafaring life, undertook to navigate a raft of boards to Cuba. Half the young men in town rose up at once, and wanted to share his fortunes; and what was more singular still, their parents made no objection, for they said if Captain Ben Rhines undertook to go to Cuba in a bread-trough, luck would go with him. This sentiment extended even to property, or speculations in which he was interested, and it was a common saying, that, if Captain Rhines or Lion Ben (his son) owned a share or a timber-head in anything, it was insured.

The captain was passionately fond of gunning and fishing; knew all the shoals and banks where the fish fed, the bait they preferred, and the time of year and tide at which they were best taken. But overlooking all these considerations, whenever Captain Rhines brought home a boat-load of fish, while others returned empty-handed, the neighbors would say to each other, "Ah, that's just the Rhines's luck." This notion, thoroughly inwrought with the opinions of men, exerted a wonderful influence in quieting the fears of the community, thirty of whose members went to sea in the Casco, and she overdue more than two months. They did not know what to make of it, but guessed it would all come out right; everything the captain had ever been concerned in always had; and, though some few began to say that perhaps his luck was going to turn, the majority were still disposed to trust Providence and Captain Rhines. But the captain was greatly disheartened himself, though he put a good face on the matter, concealed his anxiety from his family and the neighborhood, and dreaded to go to the store or post-office, as every person he met was ready to ask his opinion in respect to the ship.

The sun was getting low, and the captain had worried thus far through the day with a heavy heart. A large rock lay in the furrow, that the plough had gone over several times and skinned the sod from, at the last bout canting it out of the ground.

"Captain," said Valentine, "hadn't we better stop the cattle, get the crowbars, and heave that rock on top of the furrow?"

"Let it be," said the captain, pointing to the shore; "that little boy of mine has just landed in the cove; he'll throw it out for us."

"Throw it out!" said Tom; "a rock big enough for a yoke of oxen to haul."

"You'll see what you will see, Tom," replied Joel Ricker, who, as some of our readers doubtless recollect, had enjoyed actual experience of the strength of Lion Ben, "when he puts them ere pretty little shoulders of his down to it."

In a few moments the great bulk of Lion Ben made its appearance. He was accompanied by his wife Sally, and carried in one hand a pail of sap sugar and a pair of wild geese, a present for his father.

"Glad to see you both, right glad," said the captain, grasping their hands. "What's the news from the island, Ben?"

"We are all well as can be."

"Glad to hear it; good news is scarce nowadays. How is it about the fowl?"

"I was off in my float yesterday; shot three wild geese and four whistlers. Joe Griffin was over to Smutty Nose, and got five geese and a seal. We wanted something from the store. Sally wanted to do some trading, and it was a pleasant afternoon, so I thought we'd come across."

"Ben, there's a rock lies in the furrow just on the fall of the hill. I wish you'd throw it out of the furrow, as you go along."

"I will, father; but have you heard from the boys?"

"Not a word, Ben, of any kind, except that they arrived at Martinique."

"That is strange!"

The rock, towards which Ben now proceeded, was hidden from view by the inequality of the ground; but when the team came round to the spot, it was lying on the surface of the furrow, and Ben and his wife were half way to the house.

"Well," said Tom Valentine, "ever since I was a little shaver, I've heard the greatest stories about Lion Ben, but I believe 'em all now; and they say his brother John is as stout as he is."

"No, he ain't," said the captain. "Make Ben mad, and he'd lift John and his load; but that's not saying John ain't a very powerful man."

The horn now blew for supper.

"This ground is *rooted up;* it ain't *ploughed,*" said the captain. "Take the plough to the house. I'll have it to the blacksmith before I use it again. Wife," said he, as he entered the kitchen, "now if you want that turkey set, I'll put the eggs under her before I wash myself."

"I guess I won't have her set to-night, Benjamin."

"Why not? You asked me to do it this morning."

"I know it; but the dog's been howling dreadfully this afternoon; they say it's a bad sign when a dog howls. I'm afraid the turkey won't do well."

"O, wife, I didn't know you was so superstitious as that!"

"I don't believe there's anything in it; but I'd rather you would set her in the morning. Besides, I've got to borrow a sitting of duck's eggs of the widow Yelf, to put under a hen; then you can set both at once."

Whenever Ben and Sally came over from Elm Island to his father's, it had always been a jovial meeting; but now it was otherwise, by reason of the uncertainty in respect to the fate of the Casco, which weighed upon the minds of all. Indeed, Ben and Sally could very well have dispensed with their errand at the store; but it was the hope that some news of the Casco had been obtained that drew them to the main land, as they could hear nothing on the island except through some chance visitor.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

IN order that our young readers may understand the peculiar and trying circumstances in which all concerned in navigation were placed at that time, it will be necessary to make some brief reference to the singular complications existing between their native land and the great European powers.

We could wish it might engage them to improve whatever opportunities may be afforded them to obtain an accurate knowledge of the events connected with the formation of the Federal Union, and the remarkable manner in which, during its infancy, it was preserved by divine Providence from the dangers that threatened its existence, both from civil dissensions and foreign enemies. Perhaps all our young readers are aware, that in the conflict with Great Britain for independence, we were aided by France with men and money; that an alliance was formed between the latter country and the United States, both in respect to warlike and commercial purposes; that the vessels of one traded freely in the ports of the other, and that American vessels enjoyed the privilege of trade with their West India islands, carrying there our lumber, fish, vegetables, and live stock, and taking back sugar, molasses, coffee, spices, and other products of those islands, and that this continued after we had accomplished our independence.

In respect to the British and Spanish governments, who held possessions in the West Indies, it was not in accordance with their policy to permit other nations to trade with their West India islands or colonies, and they endeavored to prevent it by the most stringent laws, and to compel the inhabitants of their colonies to trade only with the mother country. This had also been the policy of France, and of all European nations to a greater or less extent. These regulations, however, were always evaded. It is but a few years, comparatively, since the Spanish West India ports have been made free to some extent, the policy of

Spain in respect to her colonies being extremely rigid; yet there was an enormous smuggling trade carried on with Cuba, and the other Spanish islands, long before the revolution by the Americans, as those islands could never sustain themselves without supplies from other sources; and as their inhabitants were often reduced to extremity by hurricanes, earthquakes, or drought, the home governments were compelled at such times to suspend their regulations for a while, and permit trade with foreign countries. The governor generals of the islands also were allowed a discretionary power, and could give foreign vessels a license to trade, or, in case of distress, permit them to discharge a part or the whole of a cargo to repair, to sell sufficient to pay the expense of repairs; and by the connivance of the authorities of the islands, who found their account in it, the captains would often contrive to be in distress, discharge, sell, and load again with the produce of the islands.

Our readers will recollect that Captain Rhines got a license to trade of the captain general of Cuba, when he was in the Ark.

Before the revolution, our vessels — we being colonies of Great Britain — had free access to the

British West India ports; and what with free trade to the British, plenty of smuggling to the Spanish, and trade to the French islands,—for they also allowed trade in vessels of sixty tons,—American ship-owners were making large fortunes, and driving a most profitable trade.

But after our separation from Great Britain, we became, in respect to them, a foreign nation, and this trade was cut off—that is, cut off by the English navigation laws—cut off on paper. We had no commercial connection with England by treaty for many years after the war of the revolution. She acknowledged our independence, and made a treaty of peace with us, but not of commerce. Our vessels, to be sure, went to the English ports, and English vessels came here, but it was only at the pleasure of the British government, and in virtue of regulations made from year to year. There was no treaty, and England might at any time shut her ports against us, or lay exorbitant duties. We would not ask her to make a commercial treaty with us, and she would not offer to make one. But, though we were excluded by the English navigation laws, in common with all foreign nations, from the West India islands, this did by no means stop all intercourse with those islands, for the reasons already spoken of, and others we shall now mention.

The English merchants and inhabitants of those islands wanted the American produce, because the Americans could, and would, supply them more promptly, cheaply, and with articles of better quality than their own people in Nova Scotia. Winter or summer, sickly or healthy, only inform the Yankees there was a demand, and the American brigs and schooners, loaded decks to the water, made their appearance. They were also old acquaintances, had traded together before the separation, and were determined, if possible, to continue to do so. There was another reason that rendered this trade particularly valuable to the Americans. They could sell cargoes at the English islands for cash, go to Trinidad or some of the Dutch islands, and buy molasses cheap, and, after purchasing a return cargo, have money left.

At that period there was great poverty in the States; the country was oppressed with debt, and the old Continental money not worth more than ten cents to a dollar. Thus you see how strong the motive was on the part of the Americans.

The great obstacles in the way of this clandestine trade was, or, rather, would have been if they had done their duty, the custom-house officers, governors of the islands, and the English fleet on the West India stations. But the custom-house officers cared a great deal more about filling their own pockets, and so did the governors, than they did about his majesty's interest, or in carrying out the regulations of the navigation act, which was, that all trade to and from the British West Indies must be in British-built vessels, owned by British subjects, with the masters and two thirds of the crew British. It was also the duty of the commanding officer of the fleet to see that these regulations were enforced; but they cared still less about it, and left the matter to the governors and custom-house officers; and when Nelson, in 1783, undertook to break up this system of connivance at the violation of revenue laws, he drew down upon him the wrath of all the custom-house officials, merchants, and inhabitants of the islands. The American captains, whose vessels he had seized, instigated by them, sued him for damages, as he had seized their vessels after the customs had admitted them. His own superior officer refused to sustain him, and he dared not leave his ship for eight weeks to go on shore, for fear of arrest on civil suit.

It cost an American captain, at that time, five joes (a Portuguese eight dollar gold piece) to obtain permission to unload. This was the state of affairs for many years after the war of independence. The Americans had access by treaty to the French ports, both in Europe and the West Indies. The Dutch had been friendly to the Americans during the war of independence, permitted the American privateers to harbor in their West India ports, and protected them; but in the last year of the war a commercial treaty was made with them, affording access *by treaty* to their home ports and West India islands, St. Eustatia, St. Martin, Curaçoa. The United States also were in treaty with Sweden, enjoyed access to her home ports, and the West India island of St. Bartholomew. With Denmark there was no arrangement of any kind, but trade was permitted with the Danish West India islands.

The United States were extremely anxious to effect a commercial treaty with England, and to obtain the freedom of her West India ports. It was more profitable than all the other trade put together. The English merchants were able to give long credit, which, in the great scarcity of money, was a very important matter. Notwithstanding the irritation caused by the war, they were the same people, kindred by blood and education, and had always been accustomed to dealing with each other; but, for reasons that it would carry us too far to state, the English government repelled the advances that after a time were made by the States, and refused to make any commercial treaty; and thus the matter rested. But when the revolution broke out in France, a great change in the disposition of the English government was manifest; Great Britain could not be unmindful of the alliance, offensive and defensive, and the commercial treaty that had existed for years, between the French government, just overthrown, and the United States; they were also informed of the sympathy manifested in the United States for the new republic, against which they had now declared war. They recollected that in the war of the revolution the American privateers had captured six hundred and fifty English vessels; that since that period their merchant marine and the number of their seamen had vastly increased, and should the United States make common cause with the French republic, as was natural and probable, the ocean would swarm with American and French privateers, fitted out in American ports to prey upon British commerce. In this altered state of things, a commercial treaty was made between England and the United States of America, in which their East India ports were opened to Americans. The British government also conceded the right to trade with their West India islands in vessels of seventy tons burden; but it was coupled with conditions that the United States could not accept, and thus the West India trade remained as it was.

Prior to the conclusion of this treaty with England, and after the outbreak of the French revolution, was a most perilous and trying period for American commerce. The French republic, that succeeded the old monarchy, at first threw open their ports to us, expected us to make common cause with them against Great Britain, and to reciprocate the favors we had received from that nation in the war of independence. England, on the other hand, having command of the ocean, captured all neutral vessels bound to France or French ports. American vessels were thus constantly exposed to seizure by the English; but when, on the other hand, the French found that the United States were to remain neutral, and intended to make a commercial treaty with England, their privateers and men-of-war began to capture all American vessels bound to English ports.

But even this was not all. The Algerines were the enemies of the human race, and only kept in order by fear or bribery. When we were colonies of Great Britain, American vessels that navigated the Mediterranean were furnished with passports from the English government, who paid a tribute to the Barbary powers in order that their vessels might not be molested; but, as we were no longer colonies of Great Britain, this protection, of course, was withdrawn, and the Dey of Algiers, knowing that, having no navy, the Americans were unable to punish him, seized upon their vessels found in the Mediterranean, and even in the Atlantic, and the crews were made slaves.

In addition also to the Algerines were the pirates that infested the West India islands and the Spanish Main. Thus the dangers arising from storms, contagious diseases, and the ordinary vicissitudes of their profession were the least of the perils seamen of that day encountered.

We have introduced these statements that our young readers may understand the position in which masters and owners of vessels were then placed, the fearful risks run, the perils encountered, and especially that when, having read in books that the British and Spanish nations excluded foreigners from all trade with their West India colonies, and then, perhaps, in some newspaper of the same period, see American vessels by scores reported as arriving from those very islands, they may understand that they obtained entrance either by license from the governors, bribery of the custom-house officers, false registers, sailing under English or Spanish colors, or some other of the many evasions known to seamen, or, perhaps, as was often the case by reason of the home governments, in some peculiar exigency on account of famines, necessity for lumber or materials of war, opening the port for a short time, for all those West India islands were, to a greater or less extent, dependent for food, clothing, and lumber to build their houses and sugar-mills, hogsheads, boxes, and bags for their sugar and other products, upon those nations whose tea and coffee they sweetened.

But there was no other cause that so complicated the affairs of nations, introduced such risk or confusion into mercantile affairs, opening some ports that had been heretofore close sealed, and shutting others that had been accessible, as war.

Great Britain was at war with France, and was gradually bringing all the other monarchies of Europe, already in spirit hostile to the French republic, to become parties with her. In all wars it was the custom and the law of nations that neutrals, or, in other words, those nations that had nothing to do with the quarrel, might continue their trade with either or both the contending parties as before on certain conditions, unless a port was blockaded, in which case they were liable to capture, and became a lawful prize. They were not to carry to the ports of either party articles that were contraband (or enemy's property), under which head was generally included warlike materials, arms, and whatever might serve directly for the equipment of v[illegible] or of armies: provisions were not in general considered contraband, nor any other goods or metals that have not been worked into the form of any instrument or thing for the purpose of war by land or sea.

Our readers will see that this left out provisions, tar, pitch, masts, ship timber, ropes, cables, tobacco, fish, and those very articles that the Americans as neutrals could best furnish.

But Great Britain, being mistress of the ocean, could do as she pleased, and had always, in all her wars, wherever she possessed the power, enumerated among contraband articles not only weapons and those articles that might serve for the equipment of ships, but even the materials in their raw state, as hemp, cordage, timber for ship building, and, in the treaty that England made with America in 1794, these articles were specified as contraband; the clause in regard to provisions was very adroitly worded. It provided that (as this was a case where there might be doubt and difficulty in agreeing as to whether provisions were contraband or not) whenever said articles, becoming contraband according to the existing law of nations, shall for that reason be seized, they shall not be confiscated, but the owners shall be completely and speedily indemnified for the full value of the articles, with a reasonable and mercantile profit thereon, together with freight and also the damage incident to such detention.

You will perceive that whether provisions were contraband or not was to be determined by the existing law of nations. Now, as Great Britain possessed the power, and had always made provisions and everything, wrought or unwrought, that could possibly be found in the equipment of vessels, contraband, she defined her own practice as being the standard of judging and the existing law of nations, because it was her practice and for her interest. The war with France, in which she was now engaged, was different from all other contests that had ever occurred between them; it was a bitter, implacable war, in which the fiercest passions on both sides were called out. No sooner, then, was war declared by France against England, than the former threw open all the ports of her colonies to the flag of every nation with whom she was at peace, and shortly after issued orders to the commanders of French naval vessels to seize all neutral vessels bound to British ports; and in one month after, the British government ordered their cruisers to seize all vessels bound to French ports with provisions, or to any port occupied by the arms of France. It was far better, however, to fall into the hands of the English, when bound to a French port with provisions, than into the hands of the French when bound to an English port, because, according to the treaty of 1794, the English were obligated to pay for your cargo, and did pay, while the French did not; and it was downright robbery. The provision order was revoked in August, by reason of the remonstrance of the United States; but, in November of the same year, another order was issued, ordering British cruisers to seize and bring in for adjudication all ships laden with goods, the produce of any of the French colonies, or carrying provisions or other supplies for the use of such colonies.

These orders from Great Britain and France, had they been enforced, would have cut up the neutral trade, as it were, by the roots, but resulted in opening the ports on both sides, and just in proportion as it made trade more dangerous, made it more profitable, provided one was possessed of pluck to undertake it, and had the good fortune or ability to run clear of the cruisers.

We will illustrate the operation of these principles. The English have a naval station at Barbadoes, where are assembled a large fleet. Provisions are scarce on the island. The English supply ships have some of them been captured by French cruisers, or wrecked, and the fleet cannot move for lack of provisions. By the British navigation laws no trade is allowed with foreign vessels. At this juncture an American brig, the Henry, from New London, heaves in sight, laden, decks to the water, with bread, pork, cheese, and onions. Does the navigation act stand in the way long? No, indeed. The British admiral hastens to the door, saying, —

"Good morning, Brother Jonathan! Walk in, and name your price. How are Mrs. Jonathan and the children?"

"Wal, she's so's to be about, and doing her work; but the children are kind o' fractious, and she keeps herself dragged down all the time with hard work."

"You ought not to let her work so hard. You are well to do."

"So I tells her; but she says there's a good many mouths to fill, and a hard winter coming."

You see how war laughs at navigation acts;

you perceive also, if thirty vessels started at the same time with the Henry, and most of them have been taken by French cruisers that she has run away from, or had the good luck not to be seen by, it makes her cargo worth all the more.

Take another instance, a real occurrence. The English have taken Martinique from the French, and have a large fleet there. Some of their vessels have been disabled in conflicts with the French batteries; there are eighteen topmasts, besides yards and lower masts, needed, and not a spar on the island, when an American mast ship, from Wiscasset, arrives, with nearly a hundred spars, lower masts, topmast-yards, bowsprits, and smaller spars. Do you not think the American mast ship was welcomed, and no impertinent questions in respect to nationality asked?

In order to illustrate the actual operation of the British and French decrees, and their bearing upon neutral trade, let us select real cases. The schooner John Frederic, from New London, is brought to on her passage by a British man-of-war, and we trust her Britannic majesty will excuse us for throwing the communication between them into a conversational form, and thus departing from the strict letter of the naval service.

"Where are you bound, Brother Jonathan?"

"Well, I'm going to Guadaloupe, after a cargo of sweetening."

"What does your cargo consist of?"

"Well, in the bottom of her, I've got iron in bars, nails, hogshead shooks and heading, and on deck staves. There's the papers; you can see for yourself."

After examining the schooner's papers, the officer says, —

"Call your men aft. I want to see if you've got any subjects of her majesty."

The English government have always maintained the doctrine that one born a subject of Great Britain can never become an alien, — "once a subject always a subject," — and, as they had the power, so they claimed and exercised the right of taking out of our vessels British seamen, although they had been naturalized and had protections, because, according to their theory, "once a subject always a subject." He could never alienate himself by his own act, and their becoming naturalized as American citizens went for nothing with the British government. This they called pressing, or impressment.

The readers of the Elm Island stories know how they managed the matter at home. Many of our young readers may not know what a protection is. It is a paper given to every sailor at the custom-house, describing his personal appearance and age minutely, and declaring him to be a citizen of the United States of America. But sailors are a careless class, often lose their protections, and it is not easy always to tell an American from an Englishman or Scotchman. If an English officer found a man on board an American vessel without a protection, he would be sure to claim him as an Englishman, and take him. On the other hand, if he found one or more that were evidently Irish, English, or Scotch, and were good rugged men, although they had been naturalized, that would make no difference; he would take them, and sometimes tear up their protections. It was often the case that so many men would be taken out of a crew that enough would not be left to handle the vessel. Thus she would be delayed on her voyage, and sometimes, in the event of a gale, lost; and oftentimes American citizens would be torn from their homes and families, and dragged on board British vessels, to fight in quarrels with which they had no concern.

There was nothing that more embittered the relations between the neutral powers and Great Britain than this right of search and impressment of seamen.

"They are all American born, and raised right in our town, and here's the protections."

The officer, after examining the vessel's papers, looking at the protections, and comparing the men with the descriptions there given, and seeing no opportunity for impressment, says, —

"Well, you've nothing contraband. You can go along."

No sooner had the schooner filled away than another sail, bearing the American flag, heaves in sight. She is also ordered to heave to by the frigate, and, when boarded, proves to be the brig Presumpscot, also bound to Guadaloupe, loaded with fish, corn, meal, beef, and pork. After ascertaining the character of the brig's cargo, the British officer says, —

"You are a lawful prize. Every article of your cargo is contraband. I shall put a prize crew on board, and send you to Bermuda for adjudication."

"What right have you to stop me, break up my voyage, subject me to loss, and the property of my owners to seizure? Great Britain and the United States are at peace, and I am a neutral, pursuing the same trade I've been in this four years. Your quarrel with France is nothing to me. I don't care which licks, or whether you use each other all up, like the Kilkenny cats. Neutrals have a right, by the law of nations, to trade with both parties, if they don't carry fighting material, — which is contraband, — or are caught running blockade."

"But your cargo is contraband."

"No, it ain't; provisions for the sustenance of human life ain't contraband. They ain't like powder and shot, and things to fight with."

"But men can't fight without food — can they?"

"Nor they can't live without food — can they? There are plenty of people in Guadaloupe that are non-combatants; there are women and little children, Englishmen and Americans, that can't get away. They've got a right to live — haven't they? and must have something to live on."

"The British government have made provisions contraband."

"What right have they to do it? Other nations don't."

"The right of the strongest; but, as there is some doubt about provisions being contraband, his majesty is graciously pleased to pay you the value of your cargo, and a fair profit on the same, with allowance for detentions."

"Yes; but he won't pay me what I can get at Guadaloupe, nor as much for detention as the detention is damage to me, nor half as much. Perhaps there'll be a dozen vessels there then, and I must wait a month for my turn to come; then, after the thing is decided, wait a long time for my pay, without money, myself and my men half starved."

Thus you see the result of falling in with a British cruiser when loaded with provisions, an article not generally considered contraband. Let us now select another instance that will bring out the whole matter to an extent sufficient for our present purpose.

The French have now ascertained that the United States have made a commercial treaty with Great Britain, and a French privateer falls in with the schooner Trident, of Salem, bound to Barbadoes. The instant the Frenchman ascertains that the American is laden with provisions, bound to a British port, he addresses to him every opprobrious epithet the French language supplies, calls him a traitor to republican principles, and a rascal for feeding those bloated aristocrats, and worthy of being strung up to the yard-arm, puts a prize crew aboard, and sends her into Guadaloupe. The indemnity in this case is paid in depreciated assignats, worth about as much as the old Continental currency.

Having made this digression in order, if possible, to make evident to our readers the position in which neutrals were then placed in consequence of methods adopted by Great Britain and France to distress each other, we again resume the thread of our story.

CHAPTER III.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE.

SCARCELY was supper despatched at Captain Rhines's, when Charlie Bell and Fred Williams, who had married daughters of Captain Rhines, came; soon after, Joe Griffin, the brother of Walter. Thus were assembled the owners of the Casco, not one of whom had been invited, but had all, like Ben and Sally, been drawn by a natural desire to find relief from the pressure of a common anxiety, in conversation and mutual sympathy.

"Has anybody heard any news of the ship?" asked the captain, after greeting his guests.

All replied in the negative. They then began to converse freely in respect to the probabilities of the vessel ever arriving, during which were related instances they had known, or heard of, in regard to vessels that had been dismasted, or otherwise disabled, and finally arrived safe; also of crews that had saved themselves in boats, and after drifting about on the ocean, been picked up, carried to foreign ports, and when their friends had given them up as lost, reached home. At length Joe Griffin, turning to the captain, said, —

"Captain Rhines, what do you think? Do you feel as though we should ever see the boys again?"

"Yes, Joseph," replied the captain. "I don't feel much doubt but we shall see them, and the ship, too, although I neither expect to see the cargo or to receive any proceeds from it."

"Where do you think they are, then?"

"I think they've been taken by some French cruiser. You know they were very friendly to us at first, because they thought we would join them in a war against Great Britain; but when they found we were neutral, and especially that we had made a treaty with Great Britain, they began to take our vessels wherever they could find them. The least thing out of order in a bill of lading, or the lack of a sea-letter, and they now make a prize of a vessel at once. I saw a ship-owner to-day, of Wiscasset, going home from Boston, where he has been to see if he could find out anything about some vessels that belong there, and are missing. He says the French take our vessels whenever they can find them, bound to any of the ports that the English have taken from them and hold; that they sometimes make a prize of the cargo, and let the crew and ship go; at other times make a prize of both, and put the crew in jail. He says they told him there were fifty Americans in jail at Guadaloupe; that the French sent them to Barbadoes to exchange with the English for French prisoners, and that the English sent them back again. At other times they rob the vessel of what money she may have on board, and then let her go. He showed me a letter, written by a Salem captain to his owners. He says that when a vessel arrives at a French island, the captain is told that the republic needs his cargo, and will pay him in the produce of the island, for which they fix their own price, and they also fix the price of the vessel's cargo. They value the produce of the island at double the sum for which it can be bought of any merchant on the island, and they value the cargo of the vessel at less than the first cost at home, and will not allow him to sell to anybody else. He is then presented with a written instrument, in which he acknowledges his entire approbation of the terms, perfect satisfaction with the prices, and agreement to the said bargain. He is then informed that he must sign this, or he cannot leave the island; and to prevent his doing so, his sails are taken ashore. The terms of payment are sometimes stipulated, and sometimes not; but whether the time is one week or one month, none ever get their pay under six months, and some not till after a longer time."

"Do you think that is the case with them, father?" said Ben.

"Yes, I think it is something of that kind. I don't feel as though they had foundered at sea. I should, perhaps, if it were ordinary times, they have been gone so long; but not now, because there are so many ways for them to be detained. They may have fallen in with a privateer, and been carried to some French port, robbed, and left to get home as they can, or they may have the vessel given up to them. At any rate, I think there's no danger of shipwreck, and that it's best to look on the bright side. Through all my life I never have been in the habit of borrowing trouble, and I'm not going to begin now."

While the men were thus conversing, the ladies were employed with their sewing or knitting, listening to the conversation, and occasionally joining in it, or talking in low tones among themselves.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Rhines, "if we only get the boys home safe, though we do lose the ship and cargo, we never shall cry about that."

"True, Mary," said the captain, "though a seven-hundred ton ship, with a valuable cargo, and as much hard money as I think she must have had in her, don't grow on every bush."

The young wife of John Rhines sat sewing and jogging the cradle with her foot, while in her lap lay a little kitten, sound asleep, half covered up in her handkerchief. The expression of her countenance varied with the sentiments expressed by the different speakers, and whenever discouraging views seemed to prevail, tears trickled down her cheeks, and she gazed wistfully upon the babe that lay sleeping at her feet.

A singular contrast to the anxious feelings that pervaded and agitated the entire company was presented by the other occupants of the room; the kitten purring in the lap of her mistress, the sweet occupant of the cradle smiling in his sleep, and the great Newfoundland dog, old Tige's successor, but without a tithe of the intelligence of its predecessor of glorious memory, — whose brass collar, on which was engraved a record of his virtues, and of the lives he had saved, hung over the mantel-piece, — although he was a good water-dog, and would bring anything ashore that the captain shot. He lay with extended paws and mouth wide open before the fire that had now burned low.

Our young readers will bear in mind that at this time the American people were very much divided in sentiment in respect to the conduct to be pursued towards France. When the French people destroyed the Bastile, overthrew the monarchy, and proclaimed a republic, the feeling of sympathy for them among the people of the United States was deep and almost universal; the aid received from them when we were struggling for independence was gratefully remembered. Their declaration was considered as propagating the principles of our own revolution, and Congress received a minister from the republic. There were many, however, who, from the very first, doubted whether the French people were prepared for, and capable of sustaining, a republican government.

The execution of the king, and the horrible scenes that succeeded, confirmed them in these opinions, and added many to their number. Thus the nation was divided into two great parties, whose bitter animosities brought it to the very brink of civil war. One of these parties was enthusiastic in favor of France, and of entering into the most intimate relations with her, even to the extent of fitting out privateers to prey upon British commerce. To this party belonged a large portion of the mercantile community. Captain Rhines, Lion Ben, and, indeed, all the company assembled around his fireside, embraced these extreme views. The other party, with Washington at its head, were in favor of neutrality, and preserving peace with both parties; but the bitterness of this party struggle was now past. Captain Rhines, and those who had cherished like views, had been brought to see that France only wished to make use of the American people and their resources; that she desired no alliance, except an offensive and defensive one, similar to the old alliance of 1778, by which the United States were bound to defend her West India islands in the event of war with Great Britain; and she would enter into no commercial treaty but upon such conditions. These facts, revealed by the progress of events, had cooled the zeal of those heretofore so prejudiced in favor of France. On the other hand, that nation, though nominally at peace with us, enraged at being foiled in her purpose of involving this country in war, was not only capturing our merchant vessels engaged in neutral trade, but impressing the masters and crews, and, in some instances, inflicting lashes.

Thus you will notice that, in consequence of having previously taken such decided ground in favor of the French, Captain Rhines and his friends shrunk from any very strong expressions of the contrary opinion; but there were no manifestations of sympathy with, or attachment to, the French republic, which would scarcely have been the case two years before, when Genet, the minister despatched from France, was received with ovations; while, in Boston, an ox, roasted whole, and covered with mottoes and decorations, with the French and United States flags displayed from the horns, was drawn through the streets by sixteen horses, and the children from all the schools, marshalled in State Street, were each presented with a cake, stamped with the words "Liberty and Equality."

The past history of France and the United States of America furnishes a most graphic illustration of the sagacity of those statesmen who doubted the capacity of the French people for self-government. They inaugurated a republican form of government with the most horrible butcheries, and with a protest against all religious principle, about nine years after the United States had established their independence. Their short-lived republic was succeeded by a Directory, and that by the iron rule of Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon being defeated and exiled, a new monarch was placed on the throne by foreign bayonets. Another republic is established for a brief period, succeeded by another monarchy; and now France is once more a republic; but in what a condition? Its monarch, who obtained his throne by treason and murder, is an exile; its armies crushed, its capital has been besieged and taken, and an enormous tribute has been levied upon the nation — which is now in a state little short of anarchy — as the price of peace.

During all this period, though menaced by dangers both internal and external, the United States of America, true to those principles with which they commenced their career, have gone steadily forward, increasing in power and wealth, diffusing among the people the blessings of education, civil government, and religion; developing the resources of their vast territory; welcoming the oppressed of every nation, and creating happy homes; while it may well be doubted if the French nation, with their disregard of the principles of religion, learning and culture confined to the higher classes, and the great body of the people sunk in ignorance, are one whit more capable of maintaining a republican form of government in 1872 than they were in 1792.

"I tell you," said the captain, in reply to a question from Fred Williams, "there's no occasion to be too much cast down about the boys; they're having a hard time, no doubt, and disagreeable, but they'll worm through it. Walter Griffin has got an old head on young shoulders; he's a forecasting boy, and he's a good boy, and when it comes to the hardest he will go to God for aid and will be guided, and Ned Gates is not much behind him; then he is patient, as well as resolute, and won't do anything rash."

"He speaks French," said Lion Ben; "both of them do, as well as their mother tongue, and have been a good deal among Frenchmen; know how they feel, and just how to take them. They'll make friends, and that goes a great way either at home or abroad."

"I guess it does," said Captain Murch. "I could see that when he was with me before the mast. Old sailors are apt to be hard on a boy; but every man aboard loved Walter, and I think if they are captured by a French privateer and carried into a French port, that they will get clear, — not without loss of cargo and money, — and will get the vessel to come home in."

As these encouraging remarks dropped from the two captains, a faint smile was visible on the features of the young wife, and a more hopeful spirit seemed to pervade the whole company.

Captain Rhines, jumping up, piled wood upon the andirons, and then thrusting a part of the topmost shoot of a pine tree, covered with dry cones full of pitch, under the forestick, the whole mass burst into a blaze, and sparks began to fly all over the room.

Tige fled for refuge under the table, and Fannie

Rhines, ejecting the kitten from her lap with little ceremony, hastened to pull back the cradle.

"Why, Captain Rhines," said his wife, shaking the sparks from her handkerchief, "you will burn us all up."

"It's just as well to laugh as to cry, wife. I want something a little more cheerful than a parcel of ashes and a black backlog. Mary, you are younger than your mother; run down cellar and bring up a pitcher of cider. Take a dish with you, and get some of the old hay-yard apples. I'll warrant you know where the barrel is."

"Yes, father, and I know where mother's cake pot is, too."

"Rob it, girl, rob it. I'll give you a roving commission among your mother's goodies, to take, devour, and carry off."

"May I, mother?"

"Yes, take Charlie with you, and bring up some mince pies. They're all on the broad shelf in the milk-room. Ben will eat a whole one; so get enough."

"That I will, mother," said Ben; "haven't had a mince pie for an age. We can't get fresh meat on the island, except once in a great while when we come off, or kill something."

"I have got a quarter, Ben. I'll divide with you when you go home."

"Thank you, father."

Through the influence of this good cheer and their new-born hopes, the conversation became quite animated, and they separated in much better spirits than when they met.

CHAPTER IV.

DARKEST JUST BEFORE DAY.

"FATHER," said Lion Ben, after the departure of the company, "are you going to plough to-morrow?"

"I think not, Ben, for the plough didn't go well at all to-day. I shall have to send it to the blacksmith."

"I was about to say, if you were, I'd help you."

"That would be fine; come over to make us a visit, and then be put to work!"

"I had rather work than not. We shall enjoy ourselves together, and I suppose you want to get that piece of corn in before Edmund does his."

"I should have sprung like a tiger to do it once, for by the time the ground could be got ready, I should not be afraid to plant it; but the truth is, Ben, I feel so uneasy (though I don't let on to your mother or Fannie), that I haven't the heart or ambition to work as usual. Would you believe it, I haven't had my gunning float off this spring, — and here it is the last of April, — nor shot a bird. The sea-fowl come into the cove, and go out again unharmed."

"You'll feel better, father, to be at work, and so shall I. It will keep down uneasy thoughts; let Valentine take the plough to the smith in the forenoon. I will go down and see Charlie, and in the afternoon you and I will plough."

The family now retired to rest, with the exception of Mrs. Rhines, who remained to discharge some household duties.

"Mary," cried the captain, "why don't you come to bed? What are you doing so long down cellar?"

"I'm after some beef and potatoes for breakfast in the morning. You know we've got company."

"Why didn't you let the girls do it when they were here?"

"I didn't think of it, Benjamin," said the good woman, as she blew out the candle and took her place beside her husband. "While I was down cellar I looked at my soap. You know, husband, I've always had the best luck of anybody in the neighborhood with soap. Since we've been married I've never had any trouble with it; but this year it hasn't come to soap at all; there's no soap to it; it's nothing but grease and lye. Do you think it's a forerunner, or any bad sign?"

"Yes, it's a sign you had weak lye."

"But I set up the leach just as I always have, put on hot water, and it stood a long time before I drew the lye off."

"That may be, but you had poor ashes."

"Just the ashes we always had."

"You are much mistaken there, wife. Till this winter we've burnt almost entirely elm, rock-maple, oak, and black ash, that make the strongest ashes in the world; but this winter we've burnt beech, white maple, white birch, and lots of pine wood. That's what's the matter with the soap. Put some potash in it, and it will be all right."

"Perhaps it will; but I suppose, Benjamin, if anything should befall, it is our duty not to murmur, but submit to the Lord's will, — is it not, husband?"

"I suppose so; but it will be time enough to submit when we find out what the Lord's will is."

Captain Rhines was roused from slumber the succeeding morning, just as the gray dawn was breaking, by a sound that jarred the house, and made every window in it rattle.

"Mercy, husband!" screamed Mrs. Rhines; "what is that?"

"Hark, Mary," said the captain, who, awaked from a sound sleep, knew not what had waked him; "perhaps we shall hear it again."

In a few minutes it was repeated, and louder than before.

"It's a gun, and no popgun either," shouted the captain, leaping from the bed and rushing to the door. Meantime the dog was barking furiously, the baby crying with might and main, roosters crowing and hens cackling in concert. The captain encountered Ben in the sitting-room, and together they hurried to obtain a view of the cove, from whence the report seemed to proceed. The shore of Captain Rhines's cove was quite bold, and as they turned the corner of the house they espied a brigantine within a short distance of the beach, just preparing to anchor. The next moment the smoke rose from a long gun amidships, and the roar of the piece was heard.

"That gun was shotted, I know by the sound," cried the captain, who was no novice in matters of naval warfare.

"There goes the shot," said Ben, pointing to the ball, that was now seen ricochetting along the surface of the water to seaward.

"It's a French privateer," said the captain. "She's French or Spanish built, if she does fly American colors."

"There's two of them, father," cried Ben, as the increasing light enabled him to descry another vessel some distance astern of the brigantine; "a rousing big ship she is, too, and under her three topsails."

"It's the Casco, Ben," shouted the captain; "as I'm a sinner, the big ship is the Casco." And, running back to the house, he screamed, "The Casco is coming into the cove."

Joined by Tom Valentine they ran for the beach. Another gun was discharged from the brigantine, and then the firing ceased. As they pulled away they saw people from all directions, half dressed, thronging to the shore.

"What can this Frenchman be firing for, and with shot, too?" said the captain.

"I don't know, father, I'm sure, but there's a fellow in the bunt of her topsail that I could take my Bible oath is Sam Eveleth."

The crews of both the vessels were aloft, handing the sails.

"Ease on your oar, Ben," said the captain. "Let us pull a little nearer to the Frenchman."

As the boat came under the stern of the brigantine, the captain, turning half round, looked Ned, who was pacing the deck, square in the face.

"What on earth does this mean!" he cried, dropping his oar overboard in his astonishment. "Ned Gates, can this be you? and you, too, Dick Cameron? God bless you!"

"Captain Gates, if you please, sir," replied Ned, straightening himself, and assuming a very important air.

"Captain of what?"

"Of the piratical brigantine Languedoc."

"How came you by her?" said Ben.

"She was sent out to take us, but we took her."

"The dogs you did!" said the captain. "Where is my John?"

"There," replied Ned, pointing to a boat with three men in her that was just leaving the Casco, and pulling towards them.

"Come aboard, captain. They'll be alongside in a few minutes."

"Can't. I want to meet him. Come to the house, Ned, as soon as you get ashore. Here comes Charlie Bell, Fred Williams, and the whole neighborhood at their heels. Hurrah!" he shouted, spinning his hat into the water; "my wife's soap'll come now."

It was just as the captain had said. The whole surface of the cove was covered with boats, skiffs, gunning-floats, gundalows, and any kind of a craft that would float, filled with men and boys, who, roused from sleep by the firing, and recognizing the ship, were hastening to welcome home relatives and friends.

"Give way, Ben," said the captain. "I see the boy sitting in the stern-sheets of the boat. A great day this, bless the Lord! O, what will his mother and Fannie say?"

"What think John will say to the baby, father?"

"Don't tell him, Ben, for your life. That'll be a surprise and a half."

The captain, who, during these weary months, had concealed an aching heart beneath the semblance of cheerfulness in order to sustain the spirits of his desponding wife and children, shed tears of joy as he embraced his son.

“Don’t think I ain’t glad to see you, boys,” said he, turning to Enoch Hadlock and Eaton, whose hands he grasped; “but I was so glad to see this boy of mine, I forgot everything and everybody else. Your folks are all well, and I expect on their way to see you.”

While the boats lay side by side, a novel species of craft came along. It was a huge log trough, navigated by three boys,—Will, Edmund, and Winthrop Griffin,—with strips of boards for paddles. Will was dressed, with the exception of shoes and stockings, but the two younger boys were in shirt and drawers, barefooted and bareheaded.

“Where are you going, boys?” said Ben.

“We’re going to the ship, to see our Walter and Henry.”

“Well, get in with us, and set your old trough adrift.”

“We mustn’t,” replied Winthrop. “It’s father’s trough that he waters the cattle in.”

“How did you get it into the water?”

“We tied a rope to it, and dragged it.”

"There's some Griffin there," said Dan Eaton to Hadlock, as the boys paddled away.

"John," said the captain, "we must go shake hands with Walter; but you can go ahead. I suppose you're dying to get ashore."

"It won't take but a moment, father. I'll go back to the ship with you, and then we'll all go home together."

On their return they met Joe Griffin, Charlie Bell, and Fred Williams coming off. No sooner had John Rhines greeted his wife, mother, and sisters, than he noticed the cradle and its occupant.

"Whose baby is that, mother?" he asked.

"Guess, John. Ain't it a nice one?"

"Yes. I guess it's yours, Mary," turning to Charlie Bell's wife.

"No; guess again. Who does it look like?"

"It's hardly large enough to tell. It looks like my father. I know whose it is — yours, Lizzie," turning to Fred Williams's wife.

"It is yours, John," said his mother; "and I think he does favor his grandfather."

"Is it, Fannie, our baby?"

"Yes; what do you think of it?"

"I think it is a little beauty; but what a mite of a creature!"

"It is large enough for a six weeks' baby. When he gets his nap out, and wakes up, you'll see what a bright little fellow he is, and how much notice he takes. He knows his mother already."

Some allowance must be made for a vivid imagination in the grandmother, and to the precocity of the babe.

"Husband, come to the table. It's past nine o'clock, and we haven't been to breakfast yet. Where's Ned Gates and Cameron? I expected them."

"They," replied John, "have gone home with Walter."

"Where are Charlie and Fred?"

"Here they come," said John. "I see them through the window."

"Where's Tom Valentine?"

"He had his breakfast, husband, three hours ago."

At this juncture, Tom, putting his head into the door, said,—

"Captain, you've not laid out any work for me to-day. Shall I harrow the ground we ploughed yesterday?"

"No, Tom, not a stroke of work shall you do this blessed day."

"Hadn't I better take the plough to the blacksmith's, so as to be ready for work to-morrow?"

"Got a blacksmith of our own now," said the captain, slapping John on the shoulder; "and there's a good shop, forge, and tools in the ship-yard. There shall not be an ox yoked nor a horse harnessed to-day. Take care of the cattle, Tom, and then go to see your mother, or your sweetheart, or gunning, just which suits you best."

It was some time before the demands of appetite were appeased, owing to the lateness of the breakfast hour.

"Who would have thought last night," said Ben, "when we were trying to keep each other's hearts up, that the very people we were so anxious about would be safe and sound at home in the morning?"

"Yes," said the captain, "especially when the dog howled, and the soap didn't come."

"Be still, Captain Rhines," said his wife. "I don't believe you was very much at ease in your mind, any more than the rest of us."

"He wasn't, mother," said Ben; "it was all put on."

"I am easy now, at any rate; but, John, what did Ned put shot in his gun for?"

"That was Dick Cameron's doings to make the louder report. He said he meant to call the watch, so that everybody in town would hear the news."

"Come, John," said Charlie Bell, "tell us the riddle. Where did this brigantine come from?"

"Lemaire was so mad, because Walter and Ned got Peterson away from him, that he wrote that letter just to lure him to Martinique, and then sent this brigantine out to waylay him, capture the ship, and butcher all hands; but we turned the tables on them, and took the pirate. Lemaire owned the brigantine, and was an old pirate himself."

John then related the whole affair of the conflict, with which the readers of the previous volume of the series are familiar.

"After you took her," said the captain, "did you make the best of your way home? If you did, you've been an everlasting while on the passage."

"No, father. We went back, seized Lemaire, and gave him up to the English authorities."

Martinique was at that time in the hands of the

English, who had taken it from the French a few months before.

"What did they do with him?"

"They turned him over to the French courts, and they hung him. The English didn't interfere with the courts of justice, or the municipal authorities, and they permitted the merchants of the island to trade with neutrals, and they allowed us to keep the brigantine."

"Was there any cargo in her?"

"No, sir; she was in ballast, except her powder and shot."

"She is deep now."

"That cargo belongs to the owners of the Casco. Walter bought it when Lemaire's effects were sold. The brigantine belongs to the ship's company of the Casco."

"What does her cargo consist of?"

"All kinds of things — tea, blankets, indigo, saltpetre, spice, coffee, and ivory."

"Well, I'll give up! I've been to sea ever since I was a boy, and it's the first time I ever heard of tea, blankets, and ivory as part of a West India cargo."

"You see, father, Lemaire had two or three of those piratical vessels that passed for Guineamen. They robbed East Indiamen, West Indiamen, and vessels for Europe, and brought it all to him. The hill back of his house was all honeycombed with vaults where these cargoes were concealed; there were also just such places at his other plantations on the island. I can tell you that cargo is worth the money; but it was bought mighty cheap."

"That was what took the time up, waiting for this property to be sold, and Lemaire to be tried, and all that — was it?"

"Yes, father."

"And I all the time thought some French cruiser had captured you."

There was no lack of topics of conversation to occupy the time; and in the afternoon Walter, Ned, and Cameron came, and stopped to tea. Captain Murch came in just as the meal was over, and, as the owners of the Casco were all present, Walter gave them a particular account of the voyage. When he had concluded, Captain Rhines said, —

"I had hard work to persuade this young man to take command of the ship. He was too young, he said, without experience, and his capacity was not equal to the responsibility and the handling of so much property; and now see what he has done: no man, old or young, could have been placed in more trying circumstances, greater perils, or where there was more need of good judgment and a resolute heart, and he has come out of it all with flying colors; hung Lemaire, saved his own life, the lives of his crew, and made a noble vige. Why, the ship will pay for herself this trip, you've made so much on the cargo you carried out, while the cargo you've brought back comes just in the right time. You have also shown most excellent judgment in the selection of the brigantine's cargo; that tea and indigo will go like hot cakes; and the saltpetre, there will be money made on that; we'll sell it to the English to make powder to fight the French, or to the French to make powder to fight the English, just which will pay the most."

No sooner had the captain ceased speaking, than Lion Ben and the others expressed the same opinions.

"O, Captain Rhines," replied Walter, blushing, "I am very glad you are satisfied with my proceedings, and I feel very grateful for the opinions you and the other owners have expressed; but you attribute altogether too much of the success to me. A very small share of it is justly due to me, but belongs of right to my officers and crew, and Pierre Lallemont. What could I have done without Dan Eaton, Sewall Lancaster, Merrithew, and a crew of born riflemen who had been brought up to shoot deer on the jump, and sea-fowl on the wing, and that were as cool under fire as veteran soldiers? and what without such officers as Mr. Cameron and Ned — "

"Don't believe anything he says, Captain Rhines; don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Bell," said Ned, every feature of his face beaming with the delight he felt at this commendation of his friend. "That is just like him — give all the credit to others, and take none himself. It's all his work; he planned it all out, and never said a word to us. Cameron and myself thought he was crazy, when it was blowing a gale of wind and he carrying sail till the masts were ready to go out of her, trying to run away from the Languedoc; and when he found he couldn't do it, he called all hands aft, and told us she was a pirate. And then, don't you think, Captain Rhines, he wanted Cameron to take charge of the ship, because he said Cameron had had more experience!"

"But Cameron was not fool enough to do it," said Dick. "Never mind his blushing, captain; he deserves all the praise you can bestow, and what is more, it won't hurt him."

"There's one thing we must do," said Captain Rhines; "and that is, to tell all the masters of vessels we fall in with what the black cooper did, and tell them to spread it, so that every master that goes to Martinique — and now the English have got it, we shall be like to go there more than ever — will get Pierre Lallemont to do his coopering."

"How strange it seems," said Fred Williams, — "too strange for belief, — that Pete Clash, who has lived right here among us, who John and I used to play with, should turn pirate, come to be captain of this brigantine, that Walter should kill him, and that he could hold such deadly malice towards his old schoolmates!"

"Wal, children," said old Mrs. Hadlock, "you see how the Lord sets one thing over against another thing. Here was Clash trying to kill people that never harmed him, and got killed himself; and Walter and Captain Gates, they run the risk of their lives to rescue James Peterson, though he was a black man; and then another black man, an utter stranger, interferes and saves them and all the rest. It is wonderful, as good old Aunt Molly Bradish would say if she was alive,—she's in a better place, I trust, than this wicked world,—the dealings of Providence, and how things are ordered."

"Mr. Bell," said Ned, "you know, when we went away, you was going to build a vessel for Walter."

"Yes, Ned; she's ceiled up, her decks are in and her plank on; she's going to be an extra vessel, I tell you; we have payed the whole frame over with oil and tar, and we've bored all the timbers and filled the holes with oil, everything is in the yard to finish her, and the spars are all made. We might have had her off, but we wanted her to season."

"And were doubtful," said Walter, "whether I should ever get home to want her."

"That's just the reason," said Captain Rhines.

"Well, you may finish her as fast as you like. The English have a large fleet at Martinique, and want provisions, and if I can dodge the French cruisers and get there,—the sooner the better,—'twill be a good voyage."

"Walter," said the captain, as they were about to separate, "it seems there are more than thirty owners of the brigantine. Where there are so many, it will not be profitable for all to run her. Do you go and see them all, and the heirs of the men that were killed, and tell them Ben, myself, and John will buy her; that we will choose one man, they may choose another, and those two choose a third, to say what she's worth, and we'll abide by their decision, and pay them the customary freight on the cargo home; and let us know what they say."

CHAPTER V.

JOHN'S FIRST LESSON IN BABY-TENDING.

CAPTAIN RHINES insisted that Cameron should stay there, but Walter took Ned home with him. They had traversed about half of the way between the captain's and Edmund Griffin's, when they came across Will, Edmund, and Winthrop, seated on the trough, their apology for a boat, reeking with perspiration, and quite tired out. They had made a rope fast to the trough, and fastened a stake to the rope. Will and Edmund pulled by putting their breasts against the stake, while Winthrop had made a standing noose in the other end, that he threw over his shoulder and hauled by that. Excited by the news of the ship's arrival, they had managed to get the trough to the water very well, the ground for the greater part of the way being descending; but now it was the reverse. They had accomplished their purpose, seen Walter and Henry, had their slide, the excitement was over, and hauling such a sled as that back was very much like work — very much indeed.

Just before Walter and Ned overtook them they had come to the foot of a steep hill. At the sight of this obstacle, Winthrop, who was quite young, gave out.

"Will, I can't do any more; my legs ache, and I'm almost dead; we never can get up this hill;" and he began to cry.

"Don't cry, Wint," said Will, wiping the little fellow's tears away with his jacket-sleeve; "this is the last hill; stick to it a little longer."

"I can't. I'm all tuckered out."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Edmund; "we'll turn the trough over, sit down and rest a while; you'll feel better; and then we'll get a lot of stakes out of the fence and put under it for rollers: you can put them under, Wint, as fast as Will and I haul it along; and when we once get up this hill, we'll do well enough. I'll give you my knife that's got a dog on the handle if you'll be a good boy, and not give up."

"Will you truly, Ed?"

"Yes."

They were thus resting when overtaken by Walter and Ned.

"Why don't you go home and leave it," asked Walter, "and get it some other time?"

"It's the trough we water the cattle in," replied Will, "and we want it in the morning. Joe's gone up river to tell father you've come, and bring him home. He'll scold if he finds the trough gone."

"He'll lick us," said Winthrop, beginning to cry afresh.

"Don't cry," said Ned; "we'll help you."

"I'm not going to drag it; let's shoulder it," said Walter.

Ned and Walter taking the larger portion of it, they managed to carry it. Winthrop, too short to carry with the others, took the rope. There were some sad exceptions to the wide-spread rejoicing consequent upon the arrival of the ship. We refer to those whose children and relatives had fallen in the death-grapple on the deck of the Languedoc, and who were overwhelmed with sorrow, while their near neighbors were rejoicing at the return of those respecting whom they had so long been anxious.

One of the young men slain — Atherton — was comparatively a stranger in the place, though the name was a common one in that vicinity. He came into the town, about two years before his death, from Canada, where his father, who was a trapper, lived. The boy had always been engaged in the same business. Getting short of provisions in one of his trapping excursions, he came into a logging camp, where he found Sam Holbrook, who was cook to the gang. One was about as rough as the other, and a friendship began between them, in consequence of which, Atherton, when not trapping, made it his home with Sam, at Pleasant Cove, where they spent the greatest part of their leisure time in rifle shooting, sometimes for turkeys, and sometimes for bank bills ; and when Sam shipped in the Casco, he persuaded Atherton to ship as green hand. He was not of much use on the passage out, except, being a powerful man, to pull and haul about deck; but when the hour of conflict came, and the rifle was placed in his hands, he was invaluable. Blaisdell and Elwell, however, born and bred in the town, were integral portions of the community ; and the news of their death affected deeply not merely their parents and near relatives, but the people at large, especially that of Sam Elwell. His father had been killed two years before, breaking a jam of logs at the falls of the river; and he, the only child, became the main dependence of his mother.

Sam was very highly respected and universally beloved both for his personal qualities and the tender affection he manifested for his mother, she being left with a farm and a good stock of cattle, although there were outstanding debts.

But no one among the whole circle of relatives and friends was so sensibly touched by his death as Walter Griffin. Notwithstanding some difference in age, they had been constant associates both in school and out. Their fathers' farms joined, and they were in the habit of changing works. Walter would go over and hoe with Sam one day, and the next Sam would return the favor. While the Casco was loading for Martinique, Walter said to him,—

"Come, Sam, hurry up your harvesting. Pick up some good boy to stay with your mother and take care of the cattle this winter, and you go with me in the ship. Stay here and you'll only eat up all you've earned this summer. I'll put you in the way of making a great deal more than you have since your father died; and you ought to do it if all our Will says is true about a little girl that don't live ten miles from Sewall Lancaster's."

"I don't see how you make that out, Walter; the wages of an ordinary seaman wouldn't amount to anything."

"It is true the wages wouldn't amount to much, but that is not all; you've got a good many fowl, a very likely five-year-old colt, butter, potatoes, and other produce; put them aboard, and take them out there for a venture. Provisions of all kinds are very high there, now it is war times, and intercourse uncertain. The English have a fleet and troops there, and depend pretty much upon the States for supplies. You'll make more in one trip than you can digging here in two years, and bring home a barrel of sugar, a barrel of molasses, and a bag of coffee to your mother."

"And be with you to boot; that is the best part of it."

"I'll tell you what is better still. You'll learn seamanship, and I'll help you to rise as fast as you become capable."

Upon this Sam set to work in earnest, got in his harvest, and hired one of Peterson's boys to take care of the barn, with the privilege of going to school. He then put all the hens in coops, except four and a rooster, barrelled up the potatoes, leaving only enough for his mother to eat and for seed in the spring, and also his onions.

The widow had a large yoke of oxen; but in March one of them walked off on the ice, broke through, and was drowned in the bay. The neighbors loaned their cattle to Sam to plough his ground, harrow it, and haul out his manure. He made a crooked yoke and traced up the other in order to plough between the rows of his corn in hoeing time. This ox was now hog-fat, having had the best of fall feed, and pumpkins and potatoes beside. He was in good order in the spring, when his mate was drowned, and all the work he had done since was to plough a few times among the corn and potatoes.

There never was a smarter boy done up in skin than Sam Elwell. His father, for some years before his death, had in winters gone into the logging swamp, and in summers worked in saw-mills, or on the river driving logs, as, being a very capable and powerful man, he could earn money to pay for his land faster in that way than by working on the land itself. Thus the boy had been early trained to labor and responsibility. Till he was sixteen years of age, the father was frequently at home in the summer, generally once a fortnight or month, hiring a man to carry on the place, with whom Sam worked when not at school. After that period he kept no help; but Sam and his mother managed everything, and the father was only at home a few days in planting and through haying. Thus he grew up dutiful, ambitious, and self-reliant. He had been a short trip whaling, from Cape Cod, and one voyage with Walter in the "Arthur Brown," but after the death of his father, devoted himself to the care of his mother. Being thus accustomed to plan for himself, he killed the ox. The creature was large, heavy quartered, and well fatted, making two barrels of mess beef. He sold the rough tallow, hide, and shins, and some lambs, and paid up the last year's tax; bought his mother a pair of shoes and a barrel of flour, also some glass, and mended all the broken windows; cut up wood, and put it in the shed for winter; hauled sea-weed from the beach, and banked up the house to the windows to keep the frost from the cellar.

They had two hogs; he killed the largest, — that, after taking out the hams and leaf lard, made a barrel of mess pork, — leaving the other for his mother.

Walter lent him money to buy enough additional pork of the neighbors to fill two barrels more. These articles, with some butter and the horse, were put aboard the ship as his venture. Before deciding to go with Walter, he had bargained for some stones for his father's grave; and in order to pay for them and leave a little money for his mother's expenses during his absence, and in the event of sickness, he went on board the Casco half clothed. This coming to the knowledge of Henry Griffin, Eaton, and Lancaster, who were in the same watch, they divided with him. He was the only boy in the vessel, and lacked two months and three days of being twenty-one at the time he was killed. There was not a dry eye in that ship's company when his body was launched overboard from the lee gangway of the Casco.

These reminiscences in respect to the early life of the boy he had so dearly loved, his brief life at sea and violent death, passing through the mind of Walter on his way from Captain Rhines's, recalled the resolution he had previously formed of visiting his mother at an early hour the next morning. They even followed him to his pillow, and kept him wakeful long after Ned was sound asleep. He reflected that he had persuaded him to go with him in the vessel, and that Sam was killed in consequence of receiving in his own breast the blow destined for himself. He recalled also the surprise and delight of Sam at the bountiful returns of his venture, and with what pleasure he anticipated the happiness in store for his mother when he should get home; that her last words were, "Walter, take good care of my boy, for he's a dear good boy, and all the child I've got;" and they went to his heart like a knife. Now that dutiful, affectionate boy was sleeping in the ocean, and in the morning he was to call upon his mother, whose wounds he knew would bleed afresh when she saw him. As they rose from the breakfast table the next morning, Walter saw Peterson and his son going by with a cart, and both he and Ned went out to hail them.

"Where are you going, James?" asked Walter.

Instead of replying, the kindly negro grasped their hands and wept. At length he said, "I'm gwine to de ship, Massa Walter, to get poor Sam's things; de mate gwine 'board wid me. O, Massa Walter, Massa Ned, what a pity! dat poor boy! and you lubbed him so much!"

"True, James; but what must it be for his mother! I'm going to see her this morning; but I'll wait till you have taken the things there. I couldn't bear to be in the house when they come."

"Walter," said Mrs. Elwell, as he entered the house, "you are come to see a lonely, broken-hearted woman; but don't think I'm not glad to see you because I weep, and excuse me for calling you Walter, for this trouble takes me right back to the time when you used to come in with your dinner-pail, and books under your arm, to call my poor boy to go to school with you; for you were just like brothers, and always sat together. Sam would look out of the east window and say, 'Mother, make haste and put up my dinner. Walter's coming down the rye-field hill;' and then you'd go off together so loving."

"We loved each other as well as we could, and he lost his life trying to save mine. I almost thought you would feel that I ought not to have persuaded him to go in the vessel where he lost his life."

"No, Walter; you did it to help him, and, as you thought, for the best. We don't any of us know what is in store for us. Do you remember when you and Sam were little mites of things, coming in and getting the fire shovel to dig up a little hackmatack that you found in the swamp, but you couldn't get it up, came in crying, and took on so, that I went and dug it up for you?"

"Yes, I remember it just as well as though it happened yesterday; and I'll tell you where we set it — right by the end door, close to a lilac bush."

"Well, it's there now; and though it has grown to a large tree, shaded and killed out the lilac, yet, as I look at it, it seems as though the roots were in my heart, for trouble brings everything up. I think now what happy days those were. I didn't know it then, though, but thought I wanted the little boy to grow up. Did my poor boy suffer much?"

"No, marm. I don't think he sensed anything."

"How long did he live after he was hurt?"

"A little over four hours."

"Couldn't he speak?"

"No, marm. By the time the fight was over, and we could attend to him, and know who was hurt and who was not, — for we were all fighting for our lives, — he had lost so much blood he was nearly lifeless, and I don't think he knew or suffered anything."

"I know, Walter, it don't make any difference where the body lies, for the Lord can find it; but still, it seems dreadful to have friends buried in the ocean. When my husband was killed, it seemed a great satisfaction to get his body, though it was so mangled with logs and rocks; and I can go to his grave, and think that in God's time I shall lie beside him; but I shall never have that consolation in regard to Samuel. There's his chest James Peterson brought. I haven't had courage to open it. I don't think I shall till Mary comes. I suppose you knew he was engaged to Mary Colcord."

"Yes, he told me about it."

"She's coming down to stop with me to-night."

After taking leave of Mrs. Elwell, Walter spent the rest of the forenoon in obtaining the opinion of the crew in respect to selling the Languedoc, found them disposed to sell, and leave it out to referees.

L of C.

Captain Rhines, Lion Ben, and John had told Walter that they should choose Captain John Savage; the ship's company chose Seth Storer; and they two chose Nat Edwards, to appraise the vessel and estimate the freight on the cargo then in the brigantine. In the afternoon Ned and Walter went to Captain Rhines's.

This life is a checkered scene. While some are entering, others are leaving it; while some are rejoicing in meeting friends they scarcely expected ever to see again, others are crushed beneath a weight of sorrows, and mourning over new-made graves. So thought Walter, as, while passing through the entry of Captain Rhines, he listened to the loud laughter proceeding from the sitting-room.

"I wonder what they are having such a good time about," said Ned.

"It's plain they've lost no friends here," said Walter. "I'm going to peek."

Walter pushed gently upon the door that was ajar, enough to look in upon the merry company, too much occupied with their own affairs to notice them. John Rhines was standing on the hearth, and his wife was endeavoring to put the baby in his arms; but her husband held back, saying, —

"Don't, Fannie, don't; I shall let it fall."

The rest of the family were standing around laughing, and urging her to make him take it; while old Mrs. Hadlock, who was rather feeble, sat leaning forward in her chair, her spectacles shoved up on her forehead, as much interested as any of the group. The kitten, excited by the racket, stood on her hind feet, holding by one fore paw to Fannie's gown, and with the other striving to reach the baby's long dress.

"If that was my baby," said Cameron, "I don't believe anybody would have to coax me to take it."

"Take it, John," said his wife; "you know you've got to learn to hold it."

"Wait till it's bigger, Fannie."

"Poh! Hold out your hands, and I'll put him in."

John at length held out his hands, every finger of which was separated to its greatest extent. It was a funny sight to see this great fellow, now considered the strongest man in town, except Lion Ben and Edmund Griffin, holding that little bit of a baby with trepidation and anxiety in every feature, and bending over as if supporting some great weight.

"I should think that baby weighed one hundred and fifty, by the face he makes up," said the captain.

"I should think it was a barrel of pork," said Lion Ben. "Is it heavy, John?"

"Do take it, Fannie. I shall let it fall; I know I shall. I feel it slipping. It will fall on the hearth."

"Let me have it," said the Lion, taking the infant from John, much to his relief, who now drew a long breath.

"There, John, that's the way to hold a baby;" and placing it on the palm of his right hand, he put the other behind it, sitting it partially upright. This sight occasioned greater merriment than the other; the head and shoulders of the infant only occupied the centre of his palm, while the fingers extended beyond, and Ben's great thumb, larger than the baby's arm, stuck up over its head.

Old Mrs. Hadlock laughed till her spectacles dropped on the floor and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Just look at that thumb; just look at it — will you?" cried Cameron. "Mrs. Rhines, there was a law in my country, that a man might beat his wife if he didn't use a stick larger than his

JOHN'S FIRST LESSON IN BABY-TENDING. — Page 102.

thumb. Ben might beat you with a sled-stake according to that."

"I don't feel the least mite afraid of him," said Sally.

At this Walter and Ned, unable longer to restrain themselves, joined in the merriment, and, flinging the door wide open, entered the room.

"Seems to me you're having kind of a nice time here," said Walter.

"That's so," said the captain. "We're putting John through the manual — learning him how to hold the baby; but he's dreadful dull! Never saw a green hand, trying to steer, half so awkward."

"It's so little, Walter," said John, "I was afraid to take hold of it for fear I should hurt it, and afraid if I didn't it would fall on the hearth."

"Little!" said the captain; "it's as large as you was at the same age, and not much smaller than Ben."

"O, father, I never was so small as that!"

"Yes, you was; if you don't believe me, ask your mother."

"Captain," said Walter, "I think the wind is hauling to north-east."

"Then we must start the vessels in the morning."

"I have seen the men; they will be on hand by sunrise."

"What did they say about selling?"

"They were all willing. I told them you would choose Captain Savage; they said they would choose Seth Storer. I went to see them. They chose Nat Edwards."

"Those are all good men."

"I went to see Edwards; he will stand. I told them they had better go on board the brigantine and see her to-day, as we should start her the moment the wind came fair, and gave them a copy of my bills of lading. They've gone aboard the vessel this afternoon."

"There's that iron," said John; "if the ship's going away, it must come ashore this afternoon."

"What iron?" asked the captain.

"A lot of old iron, father, that I bought in Trinidad — that is, what Sam Holland didn't fling at the pirates' heads. Just what we want to go into the spars of this vessel, and to strap dead-eyes, and for the bobstays. Father, I wish you could have heard or seen that creature. I don't think he knows what fear is. There the bullets were flying round his head; he didn't mind them more than though they had been peas. There was an anvil among the old iron, with the horn broken off. He took it right up over his head, as though it didn't weigh ten pounds, and, screeching out, 'Stan' from under!' flung it down on the head of a nigger that was climbing up the side, smashed his head all to pieces, broke the boat's thwart in two, and went right through her bottom. Though we were fighting for our lives, I couldn't help laughing to hear him screech, 'There! didn't I tell you you'd git hurted if you didn't stan' from under?'"

"Come," said Ben, "let us go and get that iron; take father's scow. We'll bring it all at once, and get back by supper time."

No sooner had they gone than Captain Rhines brought out four guns, and began to wash out the barrels and oil the locks; then, setting them up in the corner to dry, he went to the shore to overhaul his gunning-float, and stop some rents made by the sun.

The younger portion of the community around Pleasant Cove and Rhinesville cherished the idea that John Rhines was nearly as strong as Lion

Ben, notwithstanding Joe Griffin, Captain Rhines, and the older people all shook their heads when the idea was broached, as it frequently was; but when they came to handle the iron, and put it into the scow, Walter and Ned found the older people knew best, and never again instituted comparisons between Lion Ben and other men.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GODSOES.

AS the party came up from the shore, after landing the iron, John made a signal to Walter to lag behind, and led the way into a rough shed that stood near the edge of the bank, where Captain Rhines kept his nets, fishing-lines, decoys, boats' sails, paint-pots, and other gear. John turned a half-hogshead tub bottom up, and they sat down upon it.

"I've been trying, Walter, ever since we got home, to catch you alone. Now, tell how you managed it with old Mr. Godsoe."

"I didn't manage it at all; I haven't seen him."

"How is that? I should think, if he missed you at the shore, he would have come up to your house as fast as his old legs would carry him."

"Well, he was in a terrible way, he and his wife both, when they heard that we were attacked by a pirate, and that the captain of her was Pete Clash, because they knew that their John went with him, and that they kept together for years afterwards, because some of our boys saw both of them on board a Guineaman, and told them about it. The old gentleman posted right off to find me, but I had gone down to see Sam's mother. He asked father whether I had seen or heard anything of John, or if he was on board the pirate with Clash. Father said I hadn't said anything about seeing him, and, if he had been on board the vessel, of course I would have said something about it. He then went to Danforth Eaton, and said to him, 'Danforth, you know my poor boy went off with Clash, and that the only time we ever heard from him they were together. Do you think he was aboard that vessel? Now, Danforth, if you know anything about it, tell me, for anything is better than this dreadful doubt that has been wearing on his mother and me for years.' Danforth said he replied, 'No, uncle, I know he wasn't there, or I should have seen him, and I should certainly have known him.' This served to pacify him, and he gave it up."

"I wonder what Dan would say if we should tell him he wanted to knock John on the head with the boat's tiller after he was wounded, and was his doctor for weeks."

"Since that I have dodged the old gentleman."

"I should have thought *your folks* would have questioned you."

"They did. When I came home, mother said, 'Mr. Godsoe has been here to see you, to inquire for John. He was afraid he might have been aboard that vessel with Pete Clash.' I replied that they were all negroes, Portuguese, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, except Pete Clash, and a man who called himself Richard Arkwright, and said that he hailed from Shields, England; and that ended the matter, as far as seeking information from me was concerned; but there's the supper horn. Let us go."

Although Walter congratulated himself upon being relieved from further questioning, the anxiety of Mr. Godsoe was not allayed by conversing with Eaton and Mrs. Griffin, neither were his fears, that his prodigal son might have been one of the brigantine's crew, entirely removed, as we shall perceive, if, leaving the merry company at the captain's, we join ourselves to the circle around his fireside. Mr. Godsoe and his wife were in good circumstances, the parents of a numerous family, and, though on the declivity of life, still vigorous. Although in the spring and fall afflicted somewhat with rheumatism, the old gentleman could still perform a good day's work, while his wife, who was younger, could spin, weave, milk, and make butter with the best. They were universally respected for their sincere piety and neighborly qualities. The old gentleman had been a sailor in his youth, but early abandoned the pursuit to till the soil. Edward, the youngest child,—an intelligent, industrious young man, of excellent disposition, and unmarried,—lived with his parents. These three, together with a hired man in the summer, and female help occasionally, composed the home circle, the remaining children, with the exception of John, being married, and settled not far off. The misconduct and absence of their youngest son were sources of great anxiety. Nevertheless, they were in general cheerful, being sustained by the consolations of religion, and never ceased to hope and pray for his reformation and return. It was the custom of the family to perform the evening devotions directly after supper.

"Edward," said the old gentleman, as they rose from the table, "hand me the Bible and my glasses."

He read Psalm cxvi. They were accustomed to read the Scriptures in course. After pouring out his heart in prayer, he said,—

"Them are good words, wife. Seems as though they were just made a-purpose for us at this present time to hold us up, they're so kind of heartening. David says he means to pray to God just as long as he lives, because he feels he ain't talking in the air, but the Lord listens and hears to him, just as he has many times afore. I ain't any scholar, but I take it he means to say that where he's found help he intends to keep going, and to let the Lord know he's sensible of his goodness. That's nateral, to go to the friend that's allers stuck by us, afore seeking to strangers. How is that, wife? Does it strike you that way?"

"Yes, husband, because he says arterwards that he was in great distress, and the Lord took him out of it."

"All our children, except John, have been a raal blessing and comfort to us. We believe the Lord has heard our prayer for them, and that Edward, Isaac, and Mary have given their hearts to him; and as I read that psalm, it seemed to say to me that if we keep going to the Lord, that has done so much for us, and are thankful for all that's past, he'll remember this poor boy of ours, and if he don't see fit to restore him to us, will have mercy on his soul; or if he's dead, to hope the Lord has forgiven his sins; for we did our duty by him as far as we knew."

"Father," said Edward, "you don't think John was in the brigantine — do you?"

"O, Mr. Godsoe," said his wife, "I never can believe our boy would turn pirate, and try to kill his own folks. He never was like Peter Clash; and before he came here, and when John used to have the Griffin boys, Isaac Murch, and John Rhines for playmates, and before he took to going with that old man-of-wars-man, Dick Halpin, he was a good boy, and obedient."

"As for saying, wife, that I believe our boy was one of those pirates, I can't; but here's where it is: we know he went away with Clash to Nova Scotia, because the captain they went with told me so; we know too that Tom Banister saw them in the West Indies but a few years ago; so we know they kept together, and were shipmates then aboard a Guineaman. Merrithew says four of the pirates jumped overboard out of the boat when Sam Holland flung down the scalding water. Sewall Lancaster shot a man off the cross-trees they never found, though he fell on deck; and there might be a good many more killed, and flung overboard by the pirates themselves, or that jumped overboard. What wouldn't I give to be downright sartain that he wasn't among those missing! I don't believe it, wife; I don't believe it, Edward; still there's that terrible doubt, gnawing, gnawing ever since I heard that Pete Clash was captain of that vessel."

"O, husband, do you remember how dreadful sick John was when he was a year old, and how worried we were for fear he would die? How little we knew then of all the heartaches that innocent babe would some time give us. Often now, when I see mothers crying, and taking on as though their hearts would break over some little infant, I think it is not allers the bitterest tears that are shed on the grave, or around the coffin."

The sudden and unusual excitement begotten by the roar of the Languedoc's long eighteen was not destined soon to subside; everything now went with a rush. No sooner had Walter and Ned taken leave, than Captain Rhines said, —

"Now we must turn in right off; there's plenty to do in the morning. John, I've cleaned the guns; there's some broken flocks of wild geese round the bay, though the heft of 'em are gone. I haven't shot a bird this spring — felt too down-hearted. You and I must be off by three o'clock, and see if we can't get some geese, or whistlers, or something."

"Can't I go, father?" said Ben.

"No, you're too big; the float won't hold us. We must be back to breakfast, for I must have that piece of corn in before Edmund Griffin gets his in."

"Then I'll help get the Casco under way," said Ben; "then, Sally, we must go home. It is time I was ploughing."

The sun was little over an hour high, the next morning, when Mrs. Rhines, looking from the kitchen window, exclaimed, —

"Here comes John and his father, with a back-load of some kind of birds, and breakfast ain't ready."

"Four geese, seven whistlers, and one duck," said the captain, as they threw down their birds. "Ought to got two more geese, but John's gun missed fire. Went over to Smutty Nose, just threw the tolers into the edge of the water, for the whistlers were right in sight, and hid behind a clump of bushes; they swam right in. We cut away, and got seven; wasn't fifteen minutes. Breakfast ready, wife?"

"Almost. Ben hasn't come yet."

"Well, he's coming. They've hove up the anchor, and made sail on the ship. I saw him sit down to his oars just as we hauled the float up. I don't see where Ricker is; he was to be here to help plough. Here he comes."

As soon as the meal was despatched, John took his hat, and saying, "Good by, Ben and Sally; I shall be over to the island before a week," prepared to leave.

"Where are you going, John?" asked the captain.

"To the ship-yard. Charlie wants me to do the iron-work of the ship. Joe Griffin's going to help me till his farming comes on."

"Going to work so soon!" said his mother. "I thought we should have had you at home a little while."

"Charlie has put eighty men on the vessel; they are as thick as they can work; want to get the vessel out to Martinique, and away again, before the hurricane months come. I shall be at home every night, mother."

"Can't go, Ben," said the captain; "got to help eat a goose."

"We must go, father; we're needed at home."

"Nonsense! Lucy is as good as a man to look out, and a great deal better than some men."

"We've been away a good while; there's lambs and calves coming along, and Lucy has a good deal of milk to take care of; the children are young, and will think something has happened."

It was one of those beautiful, balmy spring mornings, that people who have passed the meridian of life generally contrive to mar the enjoyment of, by declaring it to be a weather-breeder, and too fine to last.

The Casco and the Languedoc were slowly rounding the point that formed one side of the cove, for the wind was light, the ship bound to Portland, the brigantine to Boston. Lion Ben pulling out of the cove, the blades of his oars glistening in the sun as he lifted them from the water; robins and sparrows eagerly searching the earth for worms, as Ricker and Tom Valentine took the plough from the cart and straightened the cattle in the furrow.

"I declare," said the captain, as he threw off his coat and grasped the plough-handle, "this plough hasn't had anything done to her after all, and we carried her home on purpose. The boys' coming home has knocked everything else out of my head. Can't break the day's work; she must go now; sorry though. I wanted to make good work to-day."

The captain did make excellent work, however. There were no balks, the furrow was laid over flat and suent, while the robins, abandoning the ground previously ploughed, kept close to the captain's heels, to catch the worms and grubs he unearthed.

"Why, this plough goes better than she did the other day," he said, after the first bout. "Why, she goes first rate," said he, after two bouts more; "the chain must be hooked different."

"The chain is hooked just exactly where it was before," said Tom — "in the next link to the swivel."

"Then the clevis has been shifted."

"No, sir; the clevis is just where it was when we left work the other day."

"Then what under heavens makes so much difference in her going? Now she turns first rate; then she made miserable work of it."

"Guess I know," said Ricker, "what's done it."

"What?"

"I think the pint of her was crooked, and that big gun that was fired the other morning straightened it. It let a melancholy old gentleman of my acquaintance know that his boy had got home."

"Is that so?"

"Bet a gallon of cider on it, captain."

"Won't take you up; 'fraid I should lose the cider.—How is Charlie getting along?" said the captain, when he met John at the supper table.

"He's got his house full of men, and part of them sleep in the barn, and some go home nights; the riggers came this forenoon, brought the rigging in a sloop from Portland all fitted, and the sails; have set the masts, and will put the rigging over the mast-heads to-morrow. They are going to load and rig her on the stocks, and bend her sails. There's a crowd of them, I tell you—calkers, riggers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, all at work together."

Walter returned from Portland the same night that the captain got through planting his corn, having left his mate to finish discharging the Casco, and bring her back. Not having made up their minds what to do with her, they saved port charges by keeping her at home; and she wanted some repairs, which they could make cheaper at the yard of Charlie Bell than at Portland. Walter now put on a check shirt, and went to work with the rest on his vessel, a brigantine of three hundred tons, but as yet without a name; built for speed, as that was now the great requisite. A better illustration of American enterprise than was furnished by the fitting away of that vessel it would be difficult to find. Along the bilge on both sides were calkers driving oakum; below them, men paying seams with pitch, and covering the whole surface of the plank with brimstone and tar — the best they could do for a bottom in those days. On deck, riggers were sending yards aloft, and blacksmiths driving bolts.

Into a large bow port, made for the purpose, barrels of pork, beef, lard, and bread were going;

and up the sides corn, meal, fish, and beans; yet there was no confusion; all was systematized; each man had his work, each gang their boss. There was no plugging of bolt-heads, planing wales, or planks, or any of the nice finish that is now put on vessels; broadaxe, adze, and foreplane did the work; oil, lampblack, or bright varnish served for paint.

While Walter was at Portland, Captain Rhines, Ben, and John had bought the Languedoc; they had also made an arrangement with Ned, before he left, to take a quarter and become master, provided they bought her. They now met at Captain Rhines's, together with the owners of the Casco, to talk over matters in regard to both vessels.

"Friends," said the captain, "when Jonathan Elwell was killed, a few years ago, he hadn't paid for his place; there was most three hundred dollars back. After his death, Sam brought it down to two hundred; but now he is dead, poor boy, and she is left alone, and, more than that, very poor, with nothing but her thirds of that place, that she can't carry on. Her husband was killed, made no will, and the place fell to Sam. He was killed, made no will, and the place belongs to Uncle Sam

Elwell, Jonathan's brother, the nearest kin. She wants to stay there; the place is dear to her. The ship has made a profitable vige; paid for herself; all our relatives have come home safe. What say you to buying that place (Elwell don't want it; will sell it cheap, because it is encumbered with the widow's thirds), and giving her a right-out deed of it?"

"I say amen to it, with all my heart," replied Walter.

"And I," responded Lion Ben, Charlie Bell, and Captain Murch. Fred Williams also assented with great readiness.

"I'll tell you," said the captain, "how it is: no other spot can ever seem to her like that. Her husband sleeps there; she has spent a great many happy years there before her trouble came; there is the orchard Sam set out, and everything she sees reminds her of him. Some folks couldn't bear to stay there, and be reminded of their loss; but it ain't so with her. I've known her from a girl, and know her mind on such things. To take her away from there would break her heart. The next thing," he continued, "is to know what we shall do with this brigantine, now we've got her."

"I suppose," said Ben, "we must have her registered, and make an American vessel of her, entitled to all the rights and privileges of an American vessel, before we can do much with her, especially in these ticklish times, when very little respect is paid to the papers of any neutral vessel."

"There's no foreign built vessel can be registered," said the captain, "even if bought by Americans, except she has been condemned as a prize, or been wrecked and repaired at an expense of the greater part of her value, so as to make her, to all intents, American built. We shall have to petition Congress."

"There'll be a long tail to that," said Ben.

"We can petition right off, and send it to Congress; in the mean time, obtain a certificate of ownership from the custom-house, a sea letter, and run her under that. If it was only war outright, — and all it lacks is just the *name*, — she would make a splendid privateer. Wouldn't she pick a vessel out of a convoy as a hawk takes a pigeon out of a flock, right in the face and eyes of the men-of-war, and show them a clean pair of heels afterwards?"

"How shall we get that name off of her?" said

John. "French built and with a French name, she would stand a poor chance to fall in with an English man-of-war."

"How would you go to work if you wanted to change your own name?"

"Petition the Great and General Court."

"You must petition Congress in regard to a vessel."

"What shall we call her?" asked Ben.

"She was named before after a province of France, suppose we call her the 'Massachusetts.'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIDNIGHT LAUNCH.

IT was about eleven o'clock at night when Lion Ben was awakened by the barking of his dog, and shortly after some one tapped on his bedroom window.

"Who's there?"

"John and Walter."

"Any bad news?" said Ben, as he opened the door.

"No, but we couldn't get time to come to the island in the daytime, so came in the night. It is snapping times over there, I tell you; corn and flour going down the main hatchway, beef and pork coming into the bow port, riggers setting up rigging, and Peterson driving oakum."

"What sent you over here this time of night?"

"O, necessity, the mother of invention. Charlie wants you to cut him launching-ways on the island. He's thinned off the big trees round the cove, and it's bad hauling such sticks, this time of year, any distance on wheels over rough ground. They will have to be rousing big sticks, because the vessel is to be loaded; but he says there are trees on the upper end of the island that you can cut, roll into the water, and tow right to the stern of the vessel."

"How big does he want 'em?"

"He don't know. Says he never saw a vessel loaded on the stocks; but he's bound to do it, and leaves you to judge of the size."

"I suppose they ought to be twelve by fifteen or eighteen inches. But what makes him load on the stocks?"

"Because," said Walter, "it will save time, and handling over stuff. When she's finished, she's loaded. The English are short of supplies, the French privateers have captured so many of their vessels, and the sooner I get there the more I shall get. Besides, I want to get away from there before the hurricane months. I would also like to oblige the English admiral. He treated us handsomely; gave up the Languedoc to us when he might just as well have kept her; said he had heard of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and was glad of it."

"Charlie wants you to build the ways," said John, "so as to have the vessel launched the moment she is ready."

"But who's going to do my farming? and my sheep must be sheared."

"He says, if you'll only boss the job, see to cutting the sticks, getting them over, building the ways, and get the vessel all ready to launch (because he's got enough to do to finish up the carpenter work), he'll send Thorndike and Harry Williams over to do your farming; Joel Ricker and Joe Griffin to help you cut and hew the sticks of timber."

"What sloop is that lying at the yard?"

"A New London sloop, loaded with corn to go into the vessel."

"Is the rudder hung?"

"Yes."

"What are the riggers about?"

"Setting up rigging; going to bend sails tomorrow."

"How is father?"

"Happy as a clam at high water; proud as a peacock because he got done planting before Edmund Griffin. Such driving times just suit him; says it is almost as good as being at sea."

The vessel was at last ready, cargo on board, sails bent, crew shipped, and their dunnage in the forecastle. Sewall Lancaster was mate, Henry Griffin second mate, and among the crew were three men who were in the Casco.

Some boys will doubtless read this book who never saw a vessel, many who never saw one launched, and many more who have seen vessels launched, who could not for the life of them tell how it is performed.

Let us look on while Lion Ben and Captain Rhines, with a gang of carpenters to assist them, proceed to lay the ways.

Where there is an abundant depth of water, vessels are almost universally set up with the stern to the water; but, where the water is shoal, and there is risk of their striking the bottom, they are set up the other way, and launched bow foremost. The reason of this is, that vessels are fuller forward than aft, and when they are launched stern foremost, plunge deeper than when launched the other way.

Now, this vessel was very sharp aft. Charlie had exerted himself to the utmost to make a fast sailer, a real racer, in order that she might stand a better chance of escaping the French and English cruisers, according as she might be bound to French or English ports.

There was not a great depth of water at his yard; he had, therefore, as the vessel was so sharp, and would plunge deep, set her up to launch bow foremost.

The keel of a vessel sits on blocks about four feet apart and three feet in height, and as the keel is "shoe," and all in the neighborhood of two feet in depth, this affords distance sufficient between the bottom of the vessel and the ground to work under the bottom. These blocks on the upper side slope about five eighths of an inch to a foot. The vessel is kept upright by shores on each side; she is placed as near the edge of the water at high tide as is possible, and not interfere with working, that is, provided she sits on the ground as Charlie Bell's vessel did. Sometimes there is a wharf or platform built over the water, and the vessel is built on that. In that case the ways do not require to be so long.

The first thing that Lion Ben and his carpenters did, was to place the large sticks he had brought from Elm Island, in parallel lines, each side of the vessel, and under her bottom from her stern-post, down on to the beach, at low water; the ends that would be under water were kept down with stones, and they were strongly fastened together by cross-ties, to prevent their spreading, and thoroughly blocked beneath, that they might not spring or settle, as they were to bear the whole weight of the vessel and her cargo. These timbers were made smooth on the upper surface, laid with a perfectly true slope into the water at an angle of seven eighths of an inch to a foot; this is called the sliding plank, because the vessel slides on it into the water. A ribbon of wood, five inches square, was now fastened to the outer edge of this timber, and braced by a great number of shores, one end of which rests on the ground and against posts driven into the soil, and the other ends are confined to the ribbon. This ribbon is to form a groove, in order to prevent the cradle, which is to slide on this timber, from running off sidewise. The whole surface of this timber is generally smeared with tallow, soap, and oil. Lion Ben and Captain Rhines, however, strewed flax-seed on the timber with the grease, which, when it is ground and made hot by the friction, is the best of lubricants, because it is all available, and in warm weather, grease often strikes into the wood before the vessel starts, leaving the surface dry. These timbers are the sliding planks on which the vessel is to run, and are about as far apart as one sixth of the width of the vessel. Now for the cradle, in which the ship is to set, and that is to run on this track: two large timbers, called bilgeways, nearly as long as the vessel, were now placed on this track, having the under sides well greased; directly over this, on the vessel's bottom, a board was slightly fastened, then blocks were laid on these bilgeways, and on these planks to fill up between the bilgeways and the board fastened to the bottom, and at each end towards the bow and stern, where the distance is greater by reason of the crook of the vessel, short shores are placed, the bottoms of them spiked to the bilgeways, and the top end resting against a plank that reaches the board on the bottom; this cradle was then confined by cross-ties, that it might not spread. Chains are used now, but iron was not so plenty with Charlie. The cradle is now made and brought up to the vessel's bottom, but it is all loose; it is therefore necessary, by some method, to bring the weight of the vessel on it, and make it fit tight to her bottom.

Lion Ben and his crew now went to making oaken wedges, about three inches wide and a foot in length; they made scores of them with the broadaxe. They are all made by machinery now. They stuck these wedges all along on both sides of the vessel, between the upper plank on the bilgeways and the board on the vessel's bottom, and drove them slightly in with a maul, just enough to keep them there; this brought the cradle to fit snug to the vessel's bottom. They now fastened two short shores, called dog-shores, to the bilgeways and to the sliding plank, in order to hold the vessel when the blocks should be taken from under her, and that she might not start before they were ready for her. The vessel was now ready for launching; yes, and ready for sea.

Our young readers probably know that there is a great difference in the height to which the tide flows. Between the low and high course of tides, there may be three feet difference. On our coast, a northerly wind also shrinks the tide, driving it out, while an easterly wind increases it. The highest, or spring tides, as they are called, come on the new and the full moon.

As Charlie's vessel was sharp and loaded, and the water at his yard not of great depth, it was important that he should take all the advantage possible of the tide; and the night tide being the highest, she was to be launched in the night; and as it was new moon, there would not be much light.

Great was the excitement among the boys as the eventful time drew near, for various and substantial reasons. In the first place, launching a vessel loaded, rigged, and ready for sea, was something they had never seen or heard of; and the story was, she was not going to stop, after she started on the ways, till she got to the West Indies. She was to be launched bow foremost, — a thing that nobody there had ever seen done but Captain Rhines, not even Charlie Bell, — and to crown the whole, she was to be launched in the night. Most devoutly did they wish it might be fair weather, and watched every cloud in the sky, as, rain or shine, they knew it must come off, and they had some plans of their own that a rain would sadly derange, if not defeat.

The site of Charlie's yard was on the south-west side of the long point that formed one side of the harbor of Pleasant Cove. He had been very sparing of the timber in the vicinity of his yard, cutting a tree only when he fell short of a stick of timber, and never cutting anything for wood, as he did not wish to expose his yard to the violence of the northerly winds. Thus the shores were fringed with trees, and the place encompassed with forest, a space sufficient for the yard, and a good road to it, only having been cleared.

Born in a land where wood was scarce and proportionately prized, he disliked to cut a tree, and abhorred the wholesale destruction of the forest, that was going on all around him.

The morning of the day on the evening of which the launch was to come off, dawned beautifully. All were busily engaged making the final preparations; Lion Ben and his crew greasing the ways, putting a shore here and a block there; carpenters putting ring bolts into the decks, making cleats and belaying-pins; the crew at work upon the rigging, getting cables aboard and coiling them away, slushing the masts and clearing up decks; the cook, with a fire in the galley, was scouring the rust from his coppers, and roosters crowing lustily in the coops. Charlie was cutting port-holes for some wooden guns called quakers, that were intended to scare the cruisers with a show of force. There were six on a side, but for the sake of looks, port-holes were painted the whole length of the vessel. Thus engaged, he noticed there seemed to be a great many boys flitting round. First came Bobby Smullen, then Tim Lancaster, then three Chase boys, Edmund Griffin and Winthrop, and at last Will Griffin, Fred Williams's clerk.

"Will," said Charlie, "how came you out of the store?"

"Mr. Williams gave me a holiday, as Walter was going away."

By and by along came Tom Merrithew, two Thaxter boys, and Henry Valentine. They all sat down together on a stick of timber, apparently waiting for something, with the exception of Bob Smullen and Tim Lancaster, who had perched themselves on a high rock, that formed the extremity of the long point. At length the two boys began to clap their hands, when the rest all hurried to join them, and looking up from his work, Charlie saw a boat rounding the point, in which were Ben Rhines, Jr., his mother, and Thorndike. Delighted, Charlie ran to meet them.

" O, mother ! I'm so glad to see you, and Bennie, too ; and Mary will be so glad ! "

As most of our readers know, Charlie had been brought up on Elm Island, and loved Lion Ben and his wife with all his heart, they having adopted him when he supposed himself an orphan. Ben, Jr., was then a baby, and Charlie took care of him a great part of the time, and was all the playmate he had ; and Bennie loved Charlie as well as Charlie loved his father and mother. Ben now joined the boys, who had evidently been expecting him, and a long and animated consultation ensued, at the conclusion of which Ben came along where Charlie was at work, and said, " Charlie, would you let us build some fires to-night, to see the vessel go off ; there won't be much of any moon, only star-light."

" Yes, you may build as many fires as you like ; the ground is soaking wet ; fires can't run ; only don't build them near the vessel, or near the chips."

"May we have some chips?"

"Yes, you may have all the chips you want; only you must carry them off, and make your fires away from the vessel."

"May we have some dead wood out of the woods?"

"Yes, all you want. I shall want some light to see to launch by."

The boys were all activity now. Will Griffin set out for home on the run, while the others began to pile up the chips in heaps, selecting the largest billets. Never were boys who had occasion to make a blaze blessed with better material, or a greater abundance of it. Two vessels had been built before at this yard — the Casco and the Arthur Brown. At the present time, such chips as the boys used would be sold at a high price for firewood; but then they were suffered to lie and rot, except that, once in a while, Charlie hauled a load to the house to kindle his fire; or when any neighbor wanted a load of wood in haying time, and couldn't stop to pick it up in the woods, he helped himself. There were also large billets, sawed from the ends of timber and planks, for there was very little economy exercised then in cutting or using timber; they took the best, and flung away the sapwood.

In all directions through the woods that surrounded the yard and bordered the cove, lay trunks and tops of white oak, rock maple, and pine trees. Some had been blown up by the wind, others had been cut when Charlie fell short of timber, wanted some particular sticks, and couldn't stop to go to a distance for more. Perhaps the root, the butt, or one arm had been taken, and the rest of the tree lay there. In another place a large tree had been cut, found hollow, or rotten, was condemned and abandoned.

In about half an hour Will Griffin returned with his father's oxen and a sled with boards on the bottom, and instantly, from behind logs and bushes, appeared any quantity of narrow axes. Carts had now become common enough at Pleasant Cove; everybody who kept oxen had an ox-cart, and there were many wagons; but the boys had evidently taken the sled for the convenience of loading large logs, and, besides, the oxen were large and strong, and the sled would slip quite easily over the chips in the yard and the wet moss and roots of trees in the forest. It seemed the boys had, when nobody knew it, formed a most magnificent plan, arranged all the details, and systematized their operations as thoroughly in respect to their anticipated sport, as Charlie Bell and Lion Ben had in finishing and launching the brigantine.

One thing, at least, was manifest: that nothing could be done till Ben Rhines arrived, whom, although only in his eighth year, they depended upon for spokesman. Alexander Chase had charge of the gang that were cutting the large logs in the woods — Sam Merrithew those collecting the chips, and Henry Valentine those who built the pens for the fires, while Will Griffin drove the team. At Charlie's request, they built one pen on the end of the point, to give light by which to pick up the timber and planks of the cradle, that would go adrift when the vessel was launched. They had not only a numerous crew, but a strong one, for most of the boys were large, and all accustomed to hard work. They manifested no small degree of ingenuity in their proceedings, which were conducted in silence, with the greatest earnestness and gravity, much to the amusement of the men, who took note of their proceedings. They built square enclosures with logs notched together, six feet high, placing the largest logs at the bottom, and tapering off, as the enclosure went up, with those of smaller size. Inside, on the ground, they built two large arches, with billets and blocks of dry timber, with openings on the top for the fire to pass through, and to make a draft; on top of this they piled all sorts of combustible materials, — chips, limbs of trees, brush, intermixed with a large proportion of billets and logs, — in order that the flame might be both brilliant and lasting. The arches were then filled with shavings, pitch knots, and pine cones, that when dry are full of pitch, and very inflammable.

Their expectation was, that the lighter material in the pen would flame up at first, make a bright glare, and then the oak, rock maple, and ash logs, of which the enclosures themselves were composed, burning more slowly, would prolong it.

To the great delight of the boys, Charlie deputed Ben to invite them all to dine with him after the carpenters were through, and Will Griffin to take his oxen to the barn and feed them. Captain Rhines, Lion Ben, Charlie, and Joe Griffin kept on with their work, while the rest went to dinner, in order to eat with the boys.

In the edge of the woods, at some distance from the vessel, stood two trees, a pine and a hemlock, perfectly dead and dry. The pine was nearly bare of both limbs and bark; a tall, naked shaft, full of holes bored by the yellow-hammers for nest places; but the hemlock was scrubby, presenting a vast mass of dry limbs, the lower ones almost within reach of the hand.

When the Casco was built, a spruce pole had been spiked to the trees, and a kettle hung to heat pitch, and the heat of the fire had killed the roots.

"O, boys," said Tom Merrithew, "let's wall these trees in, and set them on fire. The logs are right here; we shan't need to haul 'em; we can roll 'em right on to the work. Won't there be a roaring and crackling in the old hemlock!"

"And the pine; the fire will go clear to the tip top on it," said Alexander Chase.

"Charlie won't let us," said Tim Lancaster. "He want's 'em to bile pitch for the vessel's bottom."

"No, he don't," said Bob Smullen; "he's got a brick place, and a great kettle in it on the pint, and don't boil here now."

"Bennie," said Tom, "ask him if we may."

"Ask him yourself."

"He won't let me, if I ask him; but he will you."

"I don't want ter."

"Bennie," said Will, "you know that lead cannon I've got?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you that, if you will."

"When will you give it to me?"

"When you go — to carry home with you."

"To keep for my ownty downty?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will."

At the dinner table Ben sat beside his mother.

"Mother," he whispered, when about half through dinner, and told her what he wanted. "Will you ask him for me, marm?"

"Ask him yourself, Bennie. If Charlie can do it, he'll do it for you as quick as for me."

Ben, getting up in Charlie's lap, put his arms round his neck, and apparently met with no difficulty in obtaining his suit. They had built their enclosure of logs round both trees, and made their arch of billets of wood, when a bright thought struck Will Griffin, as he said, all of a heap.

"Fellers! fellers!" he screamed; "hear to me.

There's lots of empty tar barrels lying round the yard. Let's pile 'em up on this arch, ever so high. You better believe that will make a blaze, and we'll keep it for the last going off."

This proposal was received with a universal shout of assent, and Bennie was forthwith despatched on another errand to Charlie, and with equal success. They knocked both heads out of the lower tier of barrels, placed them over holes in the tops of the wooden arches, and filled the arches and barrels with shavings and brush, then set other barrels on top of these, making the pile narrower as they went up. The pyramid was soon beyond their reach; but they procured a long ladder, a single block, and a rope to hoist the barrels, spiked poles to the trees to keep the barrels in place, and piled them, in a single tier, up the whole length of the ladder, then put their coppers together, and bought some powder. Edmund Griffin coaxed some from Joe, and Bennie from his grandfather and Uncle John; then they nailed pieces of boards on the old pine, as there were no limbs to climb by. Will Griffin went up as far as he durst, till the old tree began to grow rotten, and filled some of the holes, made by the yellow-hammers, with powder, and plugged them up with treenails, that were lying about the yard.

This busy day was now wearing to a close. Will went home with the oxen, while a portion of the others built a brush camp, collected brush to lie on, and wood for a fire, while the rest dug clams for their supper, and to eke out the other provisions they had brought from home. One reason that makes me think this affair of the boys was planned long beforehand, is, that Bennie now produced a peck of doughnuts, two custard pies, and some cold boiled beef. When Will returned, he also brought a keg of milk and some butter in a tin pail.

Making a fire, they sat around it, laughed, ate, and talked till the stars came out.

They now proceeded to make the final arrangements. Since Bennie had been so exceedingly useful, and, as it were, the hinge upon which the success of the enterprise had turned, the honor of lighting the grand beacon was assigned to him. Bobby Smullen and Tim Lancaster were to light the one on the end of the point. The piles nearest the ship were to be kindled the moment the order was given to wedge up. That on the point, when the order was given to knock away the dog-shores, and the great beacon after she was off, when the folks had nothing else to look at, and to afford them light to go home by.

At this stage of proceeding came three more boys, fine appearing, but with clothes so patched and worn that it was impossible to distinguish the original cloth of which they were made. Although they brought no provisions, came so late, and after the work was all done, they were evidently expected guests, and most cordially received. The boys seemed to vie with each other in making them welcome, and pressing them to eat.

The readers of "Arthur Brown" cannot have forgotten old Jim Colcord, to whom Lion Ben administered condign punishment, and washed his hands afterwards, for cheating Charlie Bell in a cow. Well, these were his boys. He kept them at work every moment, wouldn't let them go to school, half starved them, and they would have been naked had it not been for the efforts of an excellent mother, who could not go to meeting herself in the winter for want of clothes. Colcord was wealthy, but an inveterate miser, and utterly destitute of principle.

The children, however, took after their mother, and every boy in the neighborhood loved them and pitied their hard lot. Unable to come in the daytime, they had stolen away in the evening, and were received with open arms by their young friends, who wondered to see how rapidly the food they placed before them disappeared, — for they ate like famished wolves.

All hands now flung themselves upon the brush, and were soon sound asleep, having first piled wood upon the fire, in order that they might have some coals when they waked.

They were awakened by a terrible yell from Will Griffin. They found him standing on one leg, and holding up the other, while Joe was looking at him and holding in his hand a pine stick, the end of which was blazing.

"What did you burn me for, Joe? You're a great fellow."

"To wake you up. If you calc'late to see that vessel run off, you'd better be moving."

"What time is it?" cried Tom Merrithew.

"It's more than half past ten. It's high tide at nineteen minutes past eleven, and the tide's ahead of the almanac."

The boys scrabbled up, each seized a firebrand, and ran to the vessel.

The carpenters were all there, the crew on board, the topsail hoisted up and sheeted home, the top-gallant sail hanging in the clew-lines, the jib loosed, but not hoisted, and the stops cast off the mainsail, all ready to run up.

In a few moments Charlie gave the order, "Wedge up." The carpenters then, on each side of the vessel, commenced to drive the long rows of wedges between the bilgeways and the vessel, with might and main, putting one on top of the other, where they went slack.

The boys applied brands to the piles of combustibles around the vessel, and the tremendous blaze made every part of it and the surrounding forms visible.

"There's Sewall Lancaster," said Colcord, "standing between the knight-heads, with a bottle of rum. He's going to name her."

The great power of so many wedges transferred the weight of the ship, in a great measure, to the cradle; the shores were all removed, and the blocks on which the keel rested were now split out with iron wedges, and the whole weight of the vessel rested on the cradle and sliding planks, which were slippery with grease. All that prevents her from starting are the dog-shores, for the wind is fair, and a light breeze filling the topsail.

"Knock away the dog-shores!" is the order.

"This vessel is named the Osprey!" shouted Lancaster, taking a drink from the bottle, and then breaking it on the bow.

She began to move faster, and the smoke to rise from the ways beneath the tremendous pressure. Walter waved his hat in adieu, and a great shout arose from the crowd as the swift vessel plunged into her native element, flinging the spray high over her bows. Just as she arose on the return wave pushed before her, the boys applied the torch, and the flame, streaming skyward, illumined the whole horizon, and enabled the spectators, who crowded to the end of the point, to discern for some time the departing vessel. They could hear the creak of the blocks, and see the men distinctly as they hoisted the mainsail, and hear the noise of the hanks on the stay as the jib was run up, and continued to watch the gleam of her canvas till she disappeared in the distance.

The people had remained so long watching the vessel, and talking about her after she had disappeared, that the fires had burned low, and the darkness seemed tenfold greater to eyes dazzled by the recent blaze. They were groping along, stumbling over bushes, timbers, and one another, when Bennie lighted the grand beacon. An intense glare was instantly flung over the whole yard, penetrating far into the recesses of the forest, and which the older people instantly improved to gain the main road, while the others gathered round the blazing mass.

The boys shouted themselves hoarse, and hugged each other, as the flames, fed by the blazing tar, and urged on by the wind, swept in one vast sheet through the massive limbs of the old hemlock, and then, darting up the pine, exploded the powder, shivering the whole top of the tree, and sending the treenails, like skyrockets, through the air, blazing as they went.

CHAPTER VIII.

STIRRING NEWS.

THE sun was rising when the guests, including all who chose to come, rose from the table at Charlie Bell's, and as Captain Rhines, his wife, and John ascended the elevation upon which the house was situated, they espied the Casco about half way between Elm Island and the cove, but the Osprey was nowhere to be seen.

"Well," said the captain, "I've been about some, seen vessels launched stern foremost, bow foremost, and sideways, and partly loaded when they were launched; but this is the first time I ever saw a vessel make sail on the stocks, with a man at the helm, a light in the binnacle, and keep right on for her port of destination."

It was near noon before the Casco came to anchor in the cove, as the wind that was fair for the brigantine to go was ahead for her. She was also short-handed, and in charge of the second mate, the captain, mate, and three of her crew having come home in a coaster, and gone to sea in the brigantine. She was, therefore, under short sail, to conform to the smallness of the crew, and because she was without ballast, though an exceeding stiff vessel, and made very little progress till flood tide in the forenoon.

Lion Ben and Sally reached Elm Island about four in the afternoon.

"No place like home, Sally, after all," said Ben. "I wouldn't live over there if they would give me the whole village. I do hope now I shall be quiet, undisturbed, and able to attend to my own affairs."

They were met at the shore by three little boys, Joseph, William, and Enoch — Enoch, only two years of age, accompanied by Lucy Manchester, a cousin of Sally, who was hired for the summer.

"Well, Lucy," said Sally, "how did you get along all alone last night?"

"O, very well. I felt a little lonesome after Mr. Thorndike and you went off; but then I thought to myself, How many weeks has Mrs. Rhines staid here alone! I won't be a fool."

"That's the way, Lucy. Nothing like having a good resolution."

"Did Thorndike wash the sheep while he was here?" asked Ben.

"Yes, sir; he washed them day before yesterday, and turned them in the little pasture, because he said it was clean and dry, with no bushes to pull their wool off."

The captain and his family retired early that evening, having been broken of their rest the greater part of the night before. He was aroused at three o'clock by a violent knocking at the door, and, upon opening it, was confronted by a stranger on horseback, who evidently had been assailing the door with the butt of his whip.

"What do you want, friend?" asked the captain.

"Does Captain Benjamin Rhines live here?"

"Yes; that's my name."

"Is there any other man of that name in this place?"

"I have a son of that name."

"Do they call him Lion Ben?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever sail in the employ of James Welch, of Boston?"

"Yes, more than twenty years."

"Enough said. Then this belongs to you," — drawing a letter from his pocket, — "and I've rode night and day to bring it."

"Come in," said the captain. "I'll call up my man to take your horse."

"I don't believe I can get off without help; I've grown to the saddle."

The captain aided him to dismount, and the stranger stretched himself upon the lounge, while the captain glanced at the letter. His face flushed as he read, and, hastily thrusting it into his pocket, he turned to the stranger, saying, —

"Friend, my wife is getting up, and will have some breakfast for you in a few minutes."

"The greatest favor you can do me, captain, is to let me go to bed. It's sleep I need most of all."

After showing him to a sleeping-room, the captain sat down to read the letter more at leisure, after which he called up his son.

"John, here's a letter from Mr. Welch; came by express. He's very intimate with Mr. Hammond, the English consul. There's a gentleman at the consul's who has just come over on a visit. Mr.

Welch, out of friendship to the consul, has shown him much attention, and in return this man has told him a great secret — that there's a terrible scarcity in Great Britain; people starving to death in England and Ireland; frequent riots; mobs parading the streets with flags, and the motto on them, 'Bread or Blood;' that the English government are going to open their ports for the importation of provisions free of duty; that the matter is determined, and will surely be done, — is, in fact, as good as done, — will receive the king's signature, be proclaimed and known here in the course of a month. The man rode night and day to bring the letter, though he don't know what's in it. Mr. Welch wants us to send the Casco to Boston as soon as possible, for the moment it's known there'll be a rush, and the first that get there will make the money."

"What an everlasting cargo she will carry, father! But she wants repairs."

"She'll do well enough for a summer passage, only calk her waterways, stop a leak there is under the bowsprit, and make a new pawl-bitt. Do you go right down and see Peterson; tell him to go right aboard with his tools. He, our Ben, and I can do the calking. Then go to Joe Griffin's and Charlie's, and get them to go to work on the bitt. Breakfast will be ready by the time you get back; but don't let on to anybody what the hurry is about."

"O, husband," said Mrs. Rhines, "I do not think you ought to drive so at your time of life."

"*My* time of life! I'm just as good for a hard drag as ever I was."

"That can never be, husband. Only think how much you've been through, and of your age!"

"I tell you it's so, Mary. The old mill cracks a little when I first get out of bed in the morning, but as soon as I begin to sweat, I limber right up. But what's going to become of my hoeing; that's what I'm thinking on. Valentine can't do it all, and there's no such thing as hiring help round here for love or money."

Lion Ben and his family sat long at the supper table, Lucy telling him what work Thorndike had done in his absence, while he and Sally informed her of everything interesting in respect to the launching. Lion Ben retired to rest with pleasant anticipations of quiet enjoyment on his beloved island.

The next day was devoted to sheep-shearing. The whole flock were in the tie-up, from whence he took one as he wanted, and after shearing let it run. It was an occasion of great interest to the children whenever their father went to the tie-up to get a sheep; they all seized hold of the creature, grunted and tugged; and in their own estimation contributed essentially to getting it into the barn floor, and holding it still for their father to shear. They were also very much excited at an operation performed upon the lambs, which consisted in cutting off a portion of their tails, and then with the shears making a hole and notch in one ear of each lamb. This is for a mark, to distinguish property; as each man has his own mark, which is entered in the town record. There would have been no need of Ben's marking his sheep, living as he did by himself were it not that in the summer he occasionally put part of them away to pasture.

The children cried and made a great ado when they saw the blood run, especially as three of the lambs were cossets, and had eaten of their bread and drank of their cup, and they begged him to desist. In order to quiet them, the father had been obliged to make Bennie a pair of launching-ways, bilgeways, and wedges. This sent them off to the shore, where Bennie re-enacted the process he had witnessed at Charlie's yard with the Sea-foam, one of Charlie's old boats that he had fallen heir to, and you could hear him sing out, "Wedge up! knock away the dog-shore!" all over the island; and then all four would scream and clap their hands, as she plunged into the water. Ben, however, did not gain much by his expedient, as every time he finished shearing a sheep he was obliged to go to the launching.

It had now got to be eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Sally and Lucy Manchester were washing at the brook beneath the yellow-birch, where a kettle was set in a stone arch — the first time they had washed at the brook that spring, being tempted by the beauty of the warm, sunshiny day. Ben, in the barn floor, was busily employed, occasionally pausing to listen to a favorite tune of his, that Sally was singing, as she spread the clothes on the grass. The eve swallows without, and the barn swallows within, were keeping up a constant twittering; while right in the sun, before the doors, a whole bevy of hens were burrowing in the earth, dusting their feathers, rolling over on one side and stretching out one leg, then rolling over on the opposite side and stretching out the other, prating the while, as hens are wont to do, when everything is agreeable and they are happy. It was a scene of rural quiet and loveliness, such as this giant of a man, utterly devoid of fear, of indomitable energy, terrible when roused, but susceptible as a woman to all gentle emotions, most dearly loved.

The tune to which he was listening suddenly ceased, and raising his head, he saw John within three feet of him.

"Drop that sheep, Ben, and put the shears in the brace, over the barn door."

"Why so, John?"

"Because you can't stay here any longer, and shear sheep; you've got to go with me over to the main land, and help fit away the Casco."

"I won't."

"You must, I tell you; read that," giving him the letter.

As Ben read the letter, his countenance assumed a most rueful expression, at which John could not help laughing.

"You're a great fellow, Ben. I should think you would jump at the chance."

"I tell you I can't. Here's my sheep all washed, and part of 'em sheared; my corn must be hoed, and there's no help to be got. We're carrying this vessel business too far, for all people think of is building vessels, fishing, and lumbering; they don't raise anything; buy all their corn and flour south; by and by there'll be a famine, and bread will be as high here as it is in England, and higher too, if they drain the country."

"What's the use to talk? you know the ship must go. Father's in the same fix, but he's got to pull off his jacket and go to calking her; and she's got to have a new foremast. You own an eighth of her; if she gets out there among the first, she'll make you more money than your whole island, sheep, cattle, and all are worth. Open the tie-up door, and let the sheep run and shear themselves in the bushes; you won't be gone long, and can hoe the corn after you get back."

"I'll shear the sheep, Ben," said Sally, who had been reading the letter. "I can shear a sheep as well as you or anybody else."

"You shan't do any such thing, Sally."

"Yes, I will. I used to shear sheep when we were so poor, and before the boys got large enough; and there's nobody to look at me on this island. Finish that one you are at work on, and mark the lambs; by that time I'll have dinner ready, and you can be off."

"Sally, you can never shear them all. Why, there's forty to shear now."

"Yes, *I can.* You thought I couldn't make the sails for the 'Hard-scrabble,' but I did."

"We'll help marm," said Bennie. "We'll bring the sheep out, and hold 'em for her."

"Hold 'em!" said John. "If a sheep should flop her tail, she'd knock you over."

Mr. Welch had said in his letter that he had plenty of corn and flour in store, but if they could procure any beans, peas, beef, butter, and pork, to put them on board.

While the ship was repairing, Fred Williams scoured the neighborhood, and got together sufficient provisions to put the ship in light ballast. But the question now was, how to obtain men enough to get her to Boston. Part of the crew who came home in her had already gone in the Osprey, and the remainder, who were, most of them, married men, had farms, and wanted to take care of their crops. They could not be prevailed on to go, and in relation to the younger portion, they said they were at home only two days before they went off to Portland, and wanted more time at home; but all expressed a readiness to join the ship in Boston when she was loaded.

Peterson had a vessel to calk, and couldn't go; Joe Griffin wouldn't leave his farming. At length they persuaded Edmund Griffin, the strongest man in town except Lion Ben, to go, and our old acquaintance, Sam Holland. Taking advantage of a fair wind, these, with Lion Ben, John, Captain Rhines, Captain Murch, and Charlie Bell, put three topsails, spanker, and jib on her, run her into Light-house Channel, Boston harbor, and came to anchor. It was a small crew, as far as numbers went; but, with the exception of Charlie Bell and Captain Murch, the other five might safely be counted as eleven men, as far as strength was concerned, although they could not pull so many ropes at once.

They went ashore on one of the islands, and hired some fishermen, who were digging bait, to help work the ship up to town, for there were no steam-tugs then.

Leaving Captain Murch to take care of and load his ship, they started for home the next afternoon in a coaster. When Lion Ben reached the island Sally had sheared the sheep, and, to his great joy, the corn and potatoes were hoed. In perfect amazement he walked over the ground, and going into the house, said, —

"Sally, how did you get this corn hoed?"

"How do you know but I hoed it?"

"That's impossible."

"I know, father," said Bennie. "One day the wind was fair, and me and mother took the boat, and went right over to grandsir's cove; me steered; then she went to Mr. Thaxter's, and she coaxed him to let John and Henry come and hoe. I went with her, and they gave me a kitten."

"Sally, you're worth your weight in gold."

"That's just what mother used to tell me; so I guess it must be true."

There was much talk around Pleasant Cove in respect to the haste in which the Casco was fitted away, and as many different opinions as individuals. Finally, as no information could be obtained from the parties most interested, all settled down in the belief that she had obtained a very profitable charter, provided she was ready to sail at a certain time. The Massachusetts, — formerly the Languedoc, — being already in Boston, was loaded and despatched in a short time after the ship.

The Casco had been out sixteen days, when the news flew like wildfire along the seaboard that the ports of Great Britain had been opened by act of Parliament; and forthwith the following notice appeared in the papers: —

" *Extract of an Act of Parliament just passed.*

" And whereas it is likewise expedient, under the present circumstances, to permit, for a limited time, the importation of certain other provisions into Great Britain in British ships belonging to persons of any kingdom or state in amity with his majesty, and navigated in any manner whatever, without payment of any duty whatever, — be it therefore further enacted by the authority aforesaid, it shall and may be lawful for any persons whatever to import into Great Britain, from any port or place whatever, in any British ship or vessel, or in any other ship or vessel belonging to persons of any kingdom or state in amity with his majesty, and navigated in any manner whatever, any beans called kidney or French beans, tares, lentils, calivances, and all other sorts of pulse; also beef, pork, mutton, veal, salted or alive, bacon, butter, cheese, potatoes, fowl, eggs, and game, without the payment of any duty whatever, at all times before the expiration of six weeks from the commencement of the next session of Parliament, anything in any act or acts of Parliament to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding."

Parliament met in February. It was now July, and the act had been in force four or five weeks before the news arrived here. Never was there such commotion along the seaboard. Vessels on the stocks were hurried off, and, as it would be almost a year before the time would expire, keels were laid, and vessels of all sizes hastily built, in hopes of getting a slice of this good luck. Meanwhile, in consequence of the excessive drain, provisions at home rose to exorbitant prices.

Everybody now perceived the reason of the haste in respect to the Casco and the brigantine. But amid all this tumult Lion Ben was quietly at work in his field, Captain Rhines getting his hay, and Charlie making improvements on his farm, going over to Elm Island with John, or to Wolf Island to look after his pet foxes and bears. He had five on the island now, having bought a mate for the one he put on, and there were three cubs. Occasionally Charlie took a tramp in the woods to look up some timber, as they were intending to set up a vessel in the fall for Cameron, take time to build her, and make her an extra vessel; and when there came a rainy day, John went into the blacksmith's shop to work upon fastening, as Charlie had made his model, and he knew the dimensions of the vessel they were to build.

After haying they had news that the Casco and Massachusetts had obtained the highest prices for their cargoes,—the brigantine, though sailing afterwards, arriving before the ship,—and that both had been chartered by the English for Antigua, to be convoyed by British men-of-war.

In two months there were so many vessels despatched from all quarters of America and the British provinces that provisions were lower in England than in the States, and many of the last shippers met with tremendous losses.

Charlie and John, indeed, wanted to set up another vessel right off; but Captain Rhines told them it was only a spurt, and would soon be over.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER MEETS THE OUTLAW.

THE rainy season, the period for squalls and stormy winds, was now approaching; and, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, the Osprey, bearing before her bows a sheet of foam, the water bubbling through the lee scuppers, and with spars and rigging strained to their utmost tension, passing Point Arlet, entered the bay of Port Royal, her captain carrying every inch of canvas to reach his anchorage before night, as the weather was threatening and squally. Upon entering the harbor, he found it occupied by a large portion of the British West India squadron. He was instantly boarded, and ordered to anchor between the two seventy-fours Majestic and Bellona. Seated upon the quarter-deck, after the brigantine was secured to her moorings, the sails furled, ropes coiled, and all but the anchor watch below, he gazed upon the great hulks and frowning batteries of the men-of-war, directly under whose guns his little vessel lay, and which seemed but a boat in comparison. In view of his utter helplessness, he could not but feel somewhat anxious in respect to the treatment he might receive in the morning. He recalled instances he had known of American captains going to French ports and being informed that they must sell their cargo for twenty per cent. less to the governor of the island than they could obtain for it of the merchants in the place, give for the produce of the island double its market price, and not be allowed to leave till they accepted these terms. He also remembered that the English themselves sent sixteen American vessels, found at Martinique when they captured it the year before, to Dominica for adjudication, where they were acquitted, but the costs were in some cases half the cargo; and he was ready to accuse himself of thoughtlessness in thus voluntarily placing himself where there was no way of escape, when he might have kept the sea, and gone to some Danish or Spanish island. But he soon ascertained that his fears were imaginary. The English admiral, and the military governor of

Martinique, General Prescott, treated him with the same courtesy as when he was there before, and manifested no disposition to break the engagement entered into at that time. The demand for provisions was even greater than when he left. American vessels preferred to go to France rather than to the French or English West India islands.

Since information of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, American vessels in the French islands had been exposed to all sorts of indignities, especially if they were captured when bound to a French island that had been captured by the English, in which case their cargoes were confiscated and the crews imprisoned. They also ran great risk of capture in going to the English islands, because there were large numbers of small French privateers that swarmed round the West Indies, always ready to pounce upon them, the captains of which obtained information in relation to vessels that were expected from the French residents on those islands, with whom they managed to keep up communication.

In respect to vessels bound to France, the risk was less, as, even if captured by British cruisers, the cargoes were paid for. In the single month of

February one hundred and forty-four American vessels got safely into the harbor of Bordeaux.

Probably Walter would not have set out on a West India voyage had he not been confident in the speed of his vessel to enable him to escape the French privateers, though he could only judge of that before trial by her proportions, as seen on the stocks, and by the fact that he knew Charlie Bell had exerted himself to the utmost to construct a vessel that should outsail, if possible, the Arthur Brown; and nobly did the Osprey justify the confidence reposed in her by her young captain; for, like the strong-pinioned bird from which her name was derived, she had distanced everything on the passage. It was but twelve days from the time she spread her wings on the stocks at Pleasant Cove till she folded them in the harbor of Port Royal.

In consequence of the circumstances and embarrassments referred to, provisions were scarce and high; but the price was still further increased by the reverses that the English had experienced. Although vastly inferior in naval force, the French had eluded the vigilance of their cruisers, and transported a large body of troops to Guadaloupe, had recovered many of the islands previously captured from them by inciting insurrection among the blacks and aboriginal inhabitants, compelling the English to confine their efforts to self-defence.

The whole garrison of St. Lucia, forced by the French to evacuate that island, had arrived at Martinique a few days before the Osprey. The English military governor not only allowed Walter the high price at which provisions were then held, but the discharging of his cargo was greatly facilitated. As the launches of the men-of-war came alongside, the hatches were opened, and the cargo discharged directly into them, and carried to the respective vessels of the fleet to which they belonged, the remainder to the store-ship; he received hard money in payment. The vessel was nearly discharged, when Lallemont came alongside.

"I had no thought of meeting you, captain," said the delighted black. "I should not have recognized the vessel; but I saw the American flag, and, as I knew your people generally take sugar or molasses, was on the lookout for a coopering job."

"You, of course, would have anything in my power to give; but you know the island is in English hands, and they don't allow foreigners to carry from their islands. I am to receive cash for my cargo, and shall either have to go to Trinidad and buy molasses, or go home in ballast, although I don't intend to buy molasses if I can get anything else."

"Why not? You always have."

"Because affairs have changed altogether. Before the war we brought lumber and live stock, and cargoes that were very bulky in proportion to their value; built vessels very full and burdensome, and piled heavy deck-loads on them; and, as the passage is short, a few days longer didn't make much difference in the expense. Molasses and sugar, also, were bulky cargoes, and the vessels, being burdensome, could carry a large quantity; but now it is altogether another matter. We want vessels that are built for sailing, to dodge the cruisers, and they can't take back these bulky cargoes at a profit. They answer very well for our outward cargoes, as we bring provisions, arms, or powder, which are far more valuable in proportion to their bulk."

"I understand how it is; but I don't believe the English governor means to interfere very much with the affairs of the island, or to destroy the trade of it. He has not interfered with municipal affairs, and everything goes on very much as it did before, only the duties are collected by English custom-house officers. They are very lenient and courteous to the inhabitants, a large portion of whom were loyalists, and did all they could to assist them in gaining possession of the island, and will aid them in keeping it, and they must have trade. I think you will get permission to buy a cargo here and take it away. If you do, let me know, and I can assist you."

As Lallemont had anticipated, Walter experienced no difficulty in obtaining the license he desired to trade, and sent his mate to seek the negro and inform him of it. The next afternoon the latter came on board.

"Captain," said he, "there is a harbor on the north-eastern side of the island, called Cul-de-sac du Galion. There is a creek makes up into the land, and the River Galion empties into it. There is no difficulty in going into this creek with a vessel the size of yours, — if piloted by one thoroughly acquainted, — and bringing out three fourths of a cargo. I am well acquainted with a planter who lives up this river some miles, who would load you at a very much less rate than you could purchase a cargo for here, or at St. Pierre, provided you will go after it."

"Will he sell me the articles I want?"

"He'll sell you anything that the island produces, and what he has not, or has not in sufficient quantity, he'll procure. But you'll have to take your vessel as far as possible up the creek, then boat the cargo down river to it, till you put into her all the depth of water will allow you to take out, and then boat down the rest."

"That will be pretty severe work for white men in this climate."

"But you can take your time for it; he will feed your men while they are at the plantation, give you all the vegetables you can consume while here, and you will get your cargo for half price; yes, and less."

"But why don't he bring it down himself?"

"He can't. In the natural course of things, this produce would be brought down to the harbor in lighters, and carried in drogers to St. Pierre, Trinity Bay, or Port Royal. But when the English attacked the island last year, the French general took part of his slaves to work on the fortifications, and those of them that were not killed and did not die of disease ran away to the mountains; and after it was taken by the English, they seized the rest, — that is, all that were able bodied, — and put them on board their ships of war; so he has only a few young boys, and old, worn-out men and women, that can do some work in the field, but are not fit to handle a lighter."

"Has he lighters?"

"Yes; plenty of them."

"Will he furnish a pilot to take the vessel into the creek and out?"

"I'll pilot the vessel myself, and I'll let you have one of my servants to pilot the lighters up and down the river."

"Walter consulted the crew, offering them extra pay, as it was no part of their duty to lighter cargo from a plantation. He found them ready for the work, and the next morning went with Lallemont to see Monsieur Chavelot, and bargained with him for rum, indigo, coffee, cocoa, annotto, logwood, and ginger; the necessities to which the planters were reduced by war and the interruptions consequent upon it, enabling him to take his choice of the produce of the island at low prices.

Walter now weighed anchor and entered the Cul-de-sac du Galion. He found a good and quite spacious harbor, although obstructed at its mouth by shoals, sand-spits, and reefs of corals; presenting, however, no obstacles to the native pilots.

Lallemont pressed the brigantine so far up the creek, that there was no way of return except by warping out stern foremost; the passage, though of sufficient depth, being so narrow as barely to admit the launches alongside.

The second mate — Henry Griffin — now took the crew, and, with Lallemont's negro, went up the river for cargo, and Walter was left with only his mate and the cook.

"Captain," said Sewall Lancaster, "what do you suppose has become of that chap you let run last vige, and saved from getting his neck stretched?"

"I don't know. I asked Lallemont; he said he didn't know anything about him."

"He'll take good kere and give this port a wide berth. I expect he's jined some other gang, and is cuttin' throats somewhere. It never seemed just the thing to me to let a pirate run when you'd got your fingers on his throat."

"If we hadn't, we never should have hung Lemaire."

In the morning, when Walter turned out, he found a letter, lying on the cabin floor, directed to him. Breaking the seal, he perceived, with equal interest and amazement, that it was from the very man who had been the subject of conversation between himself and Lancaster the evening before — John Godsoe. He informed Walter that, having ascertained his intention of returning hither with a cargo of provisions, he had kept himself informed in respect to arrivals, and then went on to say that, although no one could be more sensible of his guilt and unworthiness to associate with, or even come into the presence of, virtuous persons than himself, yet he entreated him — as he would aid a penitent man, and one whom he knew in happier days, to make some slight amends for his crimes — to meet him at twilight on the following evening, and, if it was not asking too great a favor, go with him to his abode in the mountains. The place designated for the meeting was a clump of bushes on the northern bank of the Galion, out of the midst of which rose a large rock with two peaks, and from a cleft in the top of one of them a wild fig tree was growing.

It was evident to Walter that Godsoe had maintained the resolution, formed when leaving the Languedoc, to abandon his former pursuits and companions; otherwise he would not have sought his company, or expressed sorrow for his past crimes.

"I'll go," he said, "and, as I need forgiveness and hope for mercy myself, do all that in me lies to strengthen his good intention."

Going on deck, he easily distinguished the landmark referred to in the letter, being quite conspicuous, as it abutted on the river, and was surrounded by cultivated fields. Taking the glass, he could discern the fig tree, and the seam in the cliff into which it had thrust its roots. Neither the mate nor cook had seen, heard, or knew anything in respect to the letter. The day seemed long to Walter, as there was little to occupy his attention while the crew were absent, and he waited with impatience the appointed hour. The sun was setting as Walter left the vessel for the place, that was three fourths of a mile distant; and finding it unoccupied, he sat down upon a fragment of rock among the bushes. It was not long before his ear caught the sound of oars in a rowlock, and through the deepening twilight he discovered a boat containing one person, who was pulling along under the shadow of the bank. It was Godsoe. The pirate wrung the extended hand of Walter convulsively, exclaiming, in a voice broken with emotion, —

"This, captain, is more than I had any right to ask — more than I hardly dared to expect — that you would go so far for a wretch like me."

"I could not do less, and be a Christian, or even a man. It is the duty, and ought to be the desire, of every one to help his fellow-man; and a townsman and neighbor surely has a still stronger claim."

"And you will go with me to my place, for I dare not remain longer here."

"I came with that intention."

"Then let us hasten to where we can talk in safety."

The moon was rising, and Godsoe pulled slowly and cautiously under the shadow of the bank, on which was a large coffee plantation. For some time they had heard the roar of a waterfall, and now came to the mouth of a large and impetuous stream, tributary to the Galion. The waters being confined between high banks, an eddy current was formed along the shore. Taking advantage of this circumstance, Godsoe pulled to the foot of the fall, and, hauling the boat on shore, concealed it amid a dense growth of bamboos, guava trees, and cedars, that fringed the bank.

"Is this water good to drink?" asked Walter.

"No; absolutely poisonous. This island is a curious place. There are about forty rivers that come from the bowels of these mountains, besides a multitude of brooks like this, and not half of them are fit to drink from. In many places they have to drink rain water, when a river flows right before the door. It was so here; for on the bank is an abandoned plantation; you can see the rain-water cisterns there yet. I expect this island was made by earthquakes, for they have them now, once in a while, and it is all mixed up — big hills and little hills, mountains and gullies, flung together any how; and the springs spurt from the hills and mountains just as though they were squat out. You needn't lack drink, however," he continued. A long vine was hanging between two trees just over their heads, and of three or four inches in diameter. Drawing a heavy knife from his belt, he severed the vine, bidding Walter put the end to his lips, which he did, and drew from it the sap in abundance, completely quenching his thirst.

"It tastes precisely like cold water," said Walter.

"But it will quench thirst a great deal longer."

As Godsoe returned his knife to its sheath, Walter observed that he was completely armed in other respects.

"I am somewhat tired, and quite warm; let us rest a while in the shelter of the old mill-house," said Godsoe; "it will never do for you, not being used to this climate, to sit in the dew and moonlight."

Walter was by no means unaccustomed to the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere and the brilliancy of nights in the tropics; but he had hitherto spent them on the coast, or at anchor in some harbor.

The machinery of this old mill had been turned by a wheel, driven by water brought from the brook above the fall, in a sluice cut in the ground, but now completely grown over, and almost concealed by vegetation of different kinds. The roof of the building was whole, but one side was entirely open to the weather, offering no obstruction to the view; and Walter could not repress an exclamation of delight, as, seated upon a stone roller, that had once served to grind the cane, he gazed upon the landscape, and the luxuriant vegetation revealed and silvered by moonlight of sufficient intensity to bring out the most minute features of the scene near at hand — bamboos in clumps, cocoa-nut palms, figs, orange, pimento, and coffee trees, now grown wild; and here and there an immense cotton-wood, or a tropical birch, shooting up among the crumbling walls of the old mansion and out-buildings; while numerous mocking-birds, whose unrivalled melody affected Walter with all the charm of novelty, responded to each other from every quarter of the forest.

After remaining some time silent, in deference to his companion, who seemed completely entranced by a scene so new to him, Godsoe said, —

"Now, captain, tell me something about the dear old spot. How did you find, and how did you leave, father and mother, my brothers and sisters? How did you get along and manage to keep my secret, after they found out that Clash was master of the Languedoc?"

Walter then related to him all that had transpired at Pleasant Cove, and the conversation that had taken place between his own parents and Mr. Godsoe, and also between Mr. Godsoe, Eaton, and Sewall Lancaster.

"Who, of the Pleasant Cove boys, have you now among your crew, that ever knew, or would have been likely to have recognized me, had I come on board your vessel?"

"I have none that ever knew you, except Sewall Lancaster and Henry Griffin. I think Lancaster would know you now; you look very different since getting well."

"I was afraid how it might be, and therefore came under the stern in a boat, and flung the letter into the cabin window."

"It was a great mystery to me by what means that letter came on board. Are there many abandoned plantations like this on the island?"

"Hundreds of them. Some of them have been abandoned for sixty years, and their sites could now be scarcely discerned. It don't take long in this climate for the land to go back to forest. It is not ten years since this place was cultivated, and you see how it has grown up; all these trees but the birches and cotton-woods have grown since then. I suppose you know all about this island — that it was a very rich place once; so much so, that they didn't care whether they paid gold and silver, or bartered produce for a cargo."

"No; I know nothing about its history."

"It's pretty well run down now, though, since the English have taken Canada, and so many of the other French islands, the trade of which all came here. I suppose you know how they first got to raising coffee."

"No; I do not."

"The Dutch made a present of two coffee-trees to the French government. They put them in the royal Garden of Plants at Paris. From these they took two suckers, and sent an officer by the name of Desclieux to Martinique to plant them. The vessel got short of water, and all hands were put on short allowance; but Desclieux shared his water with the two coffee-suckers, though he was nearly dead when the vessel got in. The suckers were planted, and grew; and from them sprung all the coffee since raised on the Island of Martinique. You have the story for what it's worth. I got it from an old Frenchman, who said his father was in the vessel. But it is time we were away. We have a long and difficult path before us; but I have a couple of sure-footed beasts tethered close by."

Leaving the mill, he soon returned, leading two mules prepared for the road. Strapped to the saddle of each was one of those short cloaks worn by the inhabitants of the West Indies to keep off the night dew.

As they gained an elevation commanding a view of the place they had left, Walter stopped his beast, and turned to take one more look at the tumbling water, the walls of the old plantation buildings, and the ocean bathed in moonlight.

"Never did I behold anything so lovely. Why should any one abandon a spot like this? Surely happiness could be found here if anywhere."

"Happiness," said his companion, sadly, "comes from within, not from without. I was happy once on the rough soil of Maine, sung as I drove the cows to pasture, as I hoed the corn, or faced the north wind, and waded through the drifts to school; but since then I've learned that a stinging conscience can make of Paradise a hell."

CHAPTER X.

THE MADMAN'S PASS.

RESUMING their journey, they crossed the road leading from La Trinité to the southern part of the island and harbor of Port Royal, and made for the terrible fastnesses of the mountains that occupy the centre of the island, in a short time entering upon a tract of country so broken as to prevent riding abreast, entirely precluding conversation. So rugged was the path, — at one time winding around the side of a mountain, along a narrow ledge where a misstep would have been death, or passing between lofty precipices through defiles so narrow that there was barely room for the mule to pass; again descending into ravines over declivities of smooth rock, where the beast, thrusting forward its fore feet, was compelled to slide on its haunches. Godsoe cautioned his companion not to attempt to guide the mule in the least, but rather trust to the instinct of the animal, that would, if left alone, carry him safely through.

So far from becoming less rugged, the path, as they proceeded, assumed a wilder and more terrific character. The mountains, conical in shape, increased in altitude, while the valleys became mere ravines, and the streams torrents; for rains had begun to fall, and the roar of waters mingled with the thunder of rocks plunging from mountain summits to the depths below.

Through all these obstacles Godsoe held on his way without the hesitation of a moment. After crossing a valley of greater width than usual, affording relief to the riders by its level surface of elastic turf, their farther progress, it seemed to Walter, was completely barred by a wide stream that flowed along the roots of a mountain ridge, which rose to a great height, its summit broken into irregular peaks, clothed in a veil of mist. His companion, on the other hand, dashed directly into the stream, the bed of which proved to be hard, and the water shallow. For more than half an hour Godsoe rode in the channel of the stream, till he at length emerged from it at the mouth of a chasm in this rampart of rock, whose fearful gloom, in such sudden and startling contrast with the brilliancy without, was so repulsive that Walter, in momentary trepidation, involuntarily drew rein. Upon a closer inspection he perceived that what, in the surprise of the moment, he had mistaken for the mouth of a cavern, leading he knew not where, was in reality the entrance of a pass.

"What think you of this?" said Godsoe, noticing his trepidation.

"I never was among mountains," was the reply, "or saw one, except from the ship's deck or the mast-head, till I was at Vauclin, and I know not how to express what I feel; but it seems to me just as though the Almighty had taken this island up, broken it over his knee, and flung it down, and it had never got back to its first shape. I should be almost afraid it would shut up on me when I was going through."

Indeed, the features of the pass might well have suggested the illustrations used by Walter, for the walls of the chasm were neither perpendicular nor arched, as is often the case in mountain defiles, but receding, and the fissure wedge-shaped, as though the entire mass of rock, with its superincumbent earth and forest, had been cleft in twain and flung apart. Wherever the eye could penetrate the gloom, corresponding hollows and protuberances were perceived upon the opposite cliffs, evincing that they had at some period been united. The soil above was clothed with a dense forest of mighty trees; the cabbage palm, cotton-wood, bullet tree, and fig flung their branches across the gorge, while myriads of parasitical plants connected tree with tree and branch with branch: vines hanging in loops, and twisted around each other till they were as large as a man's leg, formed, at the point where the cliffs were crowned with soil, and growth commenced, a canopy of foliage that excluded every ray of light, and not even a solitary firefly, that so abound in the tropics, illuminated the gloom. The mules, that, champing the bit, had with difficulty been restrained, now plunged into the defile, with an alacrity that betokened the approaching end of their journey.

"Shut your eyes for a few moments," said Godsoe.

Walter did so, and found, upon opening them again, that in those places where the canopy of foliage was thinnest, he could catch some glimpses of the path, that was barely wide enough for two mules to pass abreast.

"Hold up your legs," cried Godsoe. The warning was needed, for the mule path wound round great boulders, where the legs of the rider were liable to be crushed between either the boulders or the sides of the pass, or torn by the jagged roots of trees that had fallen from above, over whose trunks the mules clambered, much to the surprise of Walter, who, his eyes having become accustomed to the darkness, could now perceive the nature of the obstacles that obstructed the way.

Reared among cattle, accustomed from boyhood to horses, he had enjoyed abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the intelligence of that animal; but, mounted for the first time upon the back of a mule, he was astonished at the resolute endurance and wonderful sagacity manifested by this most useful though oftentimes vicious and stubborn beast. The feeling of awe and gloom inspired by the darkness, manifold obstacles, and the consciousness that rocks or trees, loosened or undermined by the recent rains, might at any instant descend, was still farther increased by a hoarse and hollow moaning, that seemed to issue from the ground, and come up beneath the very feet of the beasts, requiring very little aid from imagination to convert it into something not of earth.

"This is a fearful place," said Walter.

"It is, truly, in the night," said Godsoe, coming to a halt. "Your idea of its closing up on one never occurred to me; but twice have I come to its mouth, yet afraid to enter, lest the Almighty should commission some rock, tree, or the solid cliffs themselves, to fall on my head, and bring me, my hands dripping with innocent blood, to his judgment-seat. All night long have I paced the ground, or, wrapping myself in my cloak, lay down upon the bank of the brook, tortured by remorse, till the day broke."

"But you were no farther from God outside the pass than within it. He could just as well have put his finger on you beside the brook as here, or have caused it to overflow you. Beyond his reach you can never be, or where he is not."

"Ah, captain, am I ignorant of that? Have I not been taught it at my mother's knee? But it don't come home and find a man in the sunshine, as here in company, or when excited, as when alone in midnight darkness, or when the stars are looking down upon you, like the eyes of God, reading your very soul. I tell you there would not be such wretches as I am, and as Clash was, were we not able to shove out of sight the idea of God, and all sense of his presence."

"You need not say as Pete Clash was. It was only his body I killed."

"Captain, I've walked the deck of that Languedoc in the middle watch, after a day of butchery, and when my soul has been in heaps; sins of boyhood, little sins, great mountainous sins, all flung one upon another, like the hills and mountains we've come through. Then I've looked up and seen the moon travelling along so calm, unfeeling, and pure, and said to myself, 'You never sinned, you never disobeyed, never went one hair's breadth from the path chalked out for you; there's nothing gnawing your vitals. Curse you, I hate you.' Then I've shook my fist at it, and raved because I could not pull down and trample it under my feet. You never had any such feelings."

"I hope not. I love the moon, stars, trees, and all the things that God has made, because I love the Being that made 'em. I want to have the eyes of God looking into my soul, I want him to hold me in the palm of his hand, — and I believe he does. God bless the full moon, for it was the moon that first taught me to know and love its Maker. — Is there any name to this pass?" asked Walter, for his pure nature revolted at the wild and selfaccusing words wrung from Godsoe by the workings of remorse, and he wished to change the character of the conversation.

"They call it the Madman's Pass."

"Did some one go mad in it?"

"Not exactly that; but the tradition is, that, many years ago, a planter, named Tricolet, with several others, was hunting wild hogs in a ravine between the two mountains that form the sides of this pass, when the ground opened beneath his feet. He caught by a vine that hung from a tree, and clasping it with hands and feet, hung over the abyss. When the shock of the earthquake had passed, and his companions had recovered from their terror, they heard his screams, and, venturing to the edge of the cleft on their hands and knees, caught hold of the vine, and hauled him to the top of the bank. He was stupid at first, but raving mad in a week, making it necessary to confine him; and in three months he died."

"What is that mournful sound, that seems to come from the ground?"

"It does come from the ground. It's water forcing its way among rocks and roots. It is said that the stream we crossed was large and deep in ancient times; but the earthquake that broke the back of the island let all its water through this pass. In the course of time rains, hurricanes, and slighter shocks of earthquakes brought down earth, trees, and rocks from the mountains, that filled the bottom of the chasm, dammed the water, and turned a portion of it back to its natural channel, while the rest found its way through between the rocks; and that is the cause of the noise you hear, and likewise of the shallowness of the original stream."

The path began now to descend and widen; the foliage, less dense, to admit some rays of light. Suddenly they came upon the trunk of a tree that lay across the road, and, looking up, Walter beheld, with a feeling of relief, the cloudless sky, studded with stars, the tree in its descent having torn away the network above them.

Leaving the pass as suddenly as they had entered it, Walter looked down upon a broad and fertile vale, hemmed in by mountain ranges, while a torrent, flashing in the moonlight, and so near the path as to fling spray on the neck of the mule, poured its waters down the declivity.

"That," said Godsoe, "is the stream we heard moaning beneath our feet. It is lively enough now, however."

"Because it's glad to escape from Madman's Pass," said Walter, whose feelings were in unison with the wild uproar of the waters.

The moon, that had now clambered to high heaven, poured down upon this enchanted valley a flood of light, that, defined and concentrated, as it were, by a dark background of mountains shaggy with forests, brought out its loveliest features. Over its whole surface were scattered in great profusion trees, whose beauty was only equalled by their variety, in clumps or singly, as Nature had planted them, alternated with cultivated openings, and rows of coffee trees and palm trees, whose uniformity added by contrast both beauty and variety, while the torrent, that had forgotten its fury, and exchanged its foaming eddies for a more gentle flow, wound in links of silver through the vale, here gleaming radiant on the breast of night, there hidden beneath embowering foliage.

"There," said Godsoe, as the feet of the mule splashed in its clear current, "is water you may safely drink, pure as ever bubbled from the earth or fell from the heavens."

CHAPTER XI.

THE OUTLAW'S HOME.

FOR some distance after leaving the bed of the stream the ground preserved its level, then began gradually to ascend in the direction of the mountain range that bounded the opposite side of the glen. Entering a grove of trees by a path so narrow that the branches swept in their recoil the flanks of the mules and the persons of their riders, they caught glimpses of a light that seemed to proceed from the centre of a slight elevation lying at the mountain's base. Upon a nearer approach, Walter was surprised to find that he had mistaken a house for a hillock, so entirely was it embosomed in foliage and covered with twining plants.

A negro, who had fallen asleep on his watch. roused by the voice of his master, came out to take the mules. They found a bountiful repast awaiting, for which their rough, long ride — for it was nearly daybreak — had given them keen appetite. As Godsoe was ushering his guest to bed, he opened the door of the adjoining room, and beckoned him to enter. In a sound slumber lay a child, apparently about six years of age.

"Does that face remind you of anybody?" asked his host, holding the light in such a manner as to fling its rays upon the face of the sleeper.

"Yes, truly."

"Of whom?"

"Your father."

"So it appears to me."

"He is the very image of him, bating the difference in age."

It was nearly noon when Walter left his bed, and, finding that Godsoe had not yet risen, he gratified his curiosity by inspecting the building that he had mistaken the night before for the handiwork of nature, and also the grounds immediately around it. It was of one story, with no ceiling overhead, but open to the boarding of the roof, like a barn. One very large room served for sitting-room dining-room, and parlor, occupying the centre of the house, with large lattices at each end in lieu of glass, and shutters to exclude rain.

The sleeping-rooms were on each side, and the partitions between them and the main hall only breast high, with the evident design of permitting a free circulation of air, coolness in that climate being the great requisite. The kitchen was a separate building. There were neither carpets nor cushions, the lounges and chairs all having openwork backs and seats. Stepping from the door, he found the walls were laid up with rough stone obtained on the spot. A piazza extended around three of its sides, the posts of which and the rough walls afforded a lodgment for the tendrils of a vast variety of running vines, embowering it in a dense mass of foliage; and, whether planted with a view to ornament or for the sake of concealment, they rendered it an object of rare beauty. In some places it was covered with masses of flowers, the scarlet cordea and South Sea rose alternating with foliage of the most vivid green, for the rains had for some time before commenced falling. The grenadilla, passion flower, wild licorice, yam, vanilla bean, and many creeping plants contributed to form this network of verdure.

In addition to the vegetation covering the walls, it was — except on the back side, where a garden extended to a perpendicular cliff — environed with trees, the approach being by a narrow path through a forest of mango, logwood, and almond trees, with here and there a mahawa, displaying both red and yellow blossoms.

Walter found that the glen, seen from this commanding position, was by no means reft of any portion of its beauty when contemplated by the light of day. It lay in the form of an ellipse, bounded on two sides by ranges of mountains shooting up at intervals into peaks, with narrow valleys between, and he could easily trace the path of the brook by the long lines of feathery bamboos and other plants that fringed its banks, as it wound through the glen, approaching in one of its curves quite near the house, till at length, assuming a southerly direction, it disappeared through a break in the hills.

Upon entering the house, he found the table spread for dinner, and Godsoe waiting for him. A negro woman, Aunt Dinah, placed before them coffee, oranges, and bananas, and they began to eat and converse.

"Do you carry on a plantation?" asked Walter; "make sugar and molasses?"

"No; it would not be possible to get a large crop of sugar or molasses to market. I keep a few negroes, and raise some little coffee and ginger. The land is capable, however, of producing enormous crops."

"I don't see how anything can be got to market."

"A mule will carry two hundred weight on its back through the Madman's Pass; we fasten them together, putting a horse ahead. All I expect or care to do is to hold my own. The most profit is made on cattle and hogs, for which there is always a ready sale; and the labor of taking care of them is lighter, and there is an abundance of pasture in the glen and mountains. I kill my own pork, beef, and mutton; raise plantain enough to feed and fatten the hogs, also plantain, yams, and potatoes for the negroes. All I have to buy is a few red herrings and salt fish for them to eat with their vegetables, a few shoes, and some coarse cloth."

"I suppose the cattle can be driven through the pass."

"Yes; and when there's a scarcity of herrings or codfish, I jerk beef for the servants."

"There must be an outlet to some other road, or, at any rate, to the coast; the brook finds its way, of course, to the sea, or some river."

"True; but for the greater part of the way it flows through an impassable bog; yet after the rains come, we can carry in a launch light loads for a short time to a road that runs to Port Royal, where the stream is obstructed by rocks, and no longer navigable."

"What becomes of affairs when you are away? Have you an overseer?"

"Yes, a Guinea negro; but I have taught him to read, write, and cipher; and he is an excellent mechanic — can make and mend when it is necessary."

"Is he a slave?"

"He was, but I gave him his freedom, and hire him."

The servant now brought in sweet potatoes, yams, rice, and, with an air of proud satisfaction, a barbecued pig, with a banana in its mouth.

That favorite West Indian dish is prepared as follows: the pig is first stuffed and highly seasoned with peppers, different spices, and herbs; then a hole is dug in the ground and filled with hot rocks; on these is placed a frame of wicker-work, called a barbecue, and the pig, wrapped in plantain leaves, placed on it, and the hole filled with earth. It is thus cooked by hot vapor, and every particle of the juice retained in the meat. Walter pronounced it the best mess he ever tasted.

While they were eating, the child Walter had seen asleep the night before came bounding into the room, and flung his arms around his father's neck, hugging and kissing him in a perfect abandon of delight. Walter could not but remark the expression of sadness strangely blended with affection that sat upon the features of Godsoe as he returned the caresses of the boy.

"Father, Willie didn't think you'd got up. Come see my things — my cocoanut, father, and Nan's little kids. I've been seeing 'em."

"By and by, my little boy; but go and shake hands with Captain Griffin."

The boy looked steadfastly at Walter for a few moments, and then, instead of grasping the hand extended by him, ran into his arms. Walter, one of a large family of children, and well versed in their ways, took the boy upon his knee.

“You are white,” said the little chatterer, “and just like me and father. Have you any little boys where you live? Have they got red cheeks like you?”

“He never saw a white man before,” said Godsoe, “other than myself. Strange that he should feel so much at home with you.”

“So you have a garden—have you?”

“Yes; a real nice garden. Nato made it for me; but I told him, and I helped.”

“Who’s Nato?”

“He’s Nato, our Nato. Nato’s real strong; he can lift the big hoe what Nicholas uses, and he can climb trees; he gets cocoa-nuts, he’ll get you some. Johnnie can’t; he ain’t big enough.”

“Who is Johnnie?”

“He’s Johnnie. Don’t you know Aunt Dinah’s Johnnie?”

“What does Johnnie do?”

“*Do?* He don’t do nothing. He plays long o’ me. Nato scours knives, feeds the cows and turtles, brings wood, and helps Aunt Dinah. Will you go see my things?”

“Yes, some time.”’

The little fellow now ran out, crying, “Willie loves you," but returned in a few moments, bringing three grenadillas (a fruit somewhat resembling a cucumber; juicy, slightly acid, and full of seeds), and laid them beside Walter's plate. Godsoe, taking one, cut off the end, put sugar in it, and, after stirring up the pulp with a spoon, handed it to his guest.

"I perceive," said he, after tasting it, "the little boy knows what is good."

All at once the room became dark, then suddenly illuminated by a flash, succeeded by a peal of thunder. This was followed by drops falling heavily on the roof; and then the rain came down in torrents, resembling the pouring of water from buckets, rather than ordinary rain.

Willie, perceiving that there was no possibility of exhibiting his treasures while the rain lasted, stretched himself upon a lounge, and began to gape. His father placed a pillow under his head, and in a few moments he was sound asleep.

"This is the kind of weather we have here," said Godsoe. "Just before you arrived it rained a fortnight. Now we shall have showers, with fine weather, till August; then will come torrents of rain, squalls, thunder and lightning, and perhaps hurricanes, till November. Look, captain," said Godsoe, pointing to the child, who, undisturbed by the peals of thunder, or the dash of rain on the roof, lay buried in slumber, still grasping in his hand a joint of sugar-cane, having fallen asleep while sucking it. "How sweetly he sleeps! Seldom do I ride or walk to any considerable distance but I see some wholesome vine clasping the tree whose very touch is poison, displaying from those deadly branches its clusters of rich fruits. Even thus it seems to me when, as just now, he puts his little arms around my neck, and presses his lips to mine. Like a dagger to my heart comes the thought, 'How would he loathe and shrink in horror from the blood-stained wretch who begat him, did he know and was he capable of understanding his true character!'"

Without experience of the workings of remorse in strong and desperate natures, Walter was at loss for a reply, and a long and embarrassing silence succeeded. At length he asked, —

"How is it that you can live here, raise cattle and crops, buy and sell, and not be liable to arrest?"

"It is supposed that all on board the Languedoc were killed. Lemaire has been executed, and the French authorities are satisfied."

"But there are many people on the island who have known you for years, and must know that you are here now, or certainly will if you continue openly to live here and hold property, and it will come to the ears of the authorities."

"Captain," replied Godsoe, "do you think, when you carried Henri Lemaire in irons before the government, told them he was a pirate, and offered evidence of it, that you told them anything they did not know before?"

"Certainly I do."

"You are very much mistaken. You made it public, and compelled them to take notice of it. If I should be often at Port Royal and St. Pierre, make myself conspicuous, so that people would begin to talk and say, 'There goes Dick Arkwright, Lemaire's old lieutenant,' they might stir in the matter, although about a quarter part of the island, including this region, is forest, mountain, and glen, full of runaway negroes and desperate characters, well armed, who understand right well the necessity of making common cause; and it wouldn't be a very safe operation to take a man out of these glens. There were more than one pair of eyes on us the night we came through the Madman's Pass, and quick ears listened to the tread of the mules: there were rocks and logs, a touch of the hand would loosen, that would crush a hundred men. Martinique, captain, is not Maine or Massachusetts, and the people here are divided into Loyalists and Republicans, some plotting to keep the English here, others to deliver the island up to Victor Hughes, and have something else to do than concern themselves about an affair that has gone by."

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIE OF THE GLEN.

THE clouds now disappeared as suddenly as they had gathered; the sun broke forth, a rainbow spanned the heavens; the roar of the brook increased to a torrent, and was heard throughout the house as it thundered from the precipices of the Madman's Pass, bearing along gravel, rocks, and trees.

"I am compelled," said his host, "to leave you for the rest of the afternoon, but shall return at night."

After the departure of Godsoe, Walter, tempted by the coolness of the atmosphere, determined to walk over the glen, and soon came upon the overseer, who was directing some negroes planting hedges of logwood to confine the cattle that fed in the vale. Returning to the house by a different path from the one he had followed at first, he came upon Willie, Johnnie, and Nato busily engaged in play, and, unobserved, sat down in the shade to watch them.

The negroes were barefooted, bareheaded, and naked in other respects, with the exception of tow trousers extending to the knees. Walter thought he had never witnessed a more comical sight than was here presented. The brook, encroaching on the land, in process of time had cut out a little cove, narrow and quite deep, but the water shallow. On one side of it was a clump of bamboos, fifty feet in height, forming a most delightful grove; on the other towered a ceiba tree, that Walter, though accustomed from boyhood to the sight of large trees, gazed upon with admiring interest.

It was, as he afterwards ascertained from Godsoe, forty feet in circumference at the spur roots. These roots extended so far from the tree, and to such a height on the trunk, as to resemble buttresses. It was fifty-six feet to the limbs that spread out in a horizontal direction to a great extent; but the most singular thing in connection with this tree, and that appeared most wonderful to Walter, was the great abundance of parasitical plants that were feeding upon and nourished by it. Hundreds of wild pines grew on the largest limbs.

Probably all our readers are familiar with the pine-apple, and the tuft of pointed leaves that crown its extremity. Now, imagine to yourself a tree whose limbs extend almost at right angles with the trunk more than fifty feet, and growing upon them tufts of foliage similar to that upon the pine-apple, and from thence named wild pines; their roots twined around the bark of the tree. The leaves are three and a half feet long and three inches wide at the base, stiff, pointed, and edged with thorns; they are also concave, so that all the dew or rain that falls upon them is conducted to the base of the plant, where is a cavity that will hold two quarts of water before it will run over. The leaves that bulge at the bottom, to form this cell, contract above it, thus shading the contents and keeping the water cool. It bears a red flower.

Perhaps some boys have, after a shower or heavy dew, looked into the hollow between the leaves of a stalk of corn, and seen the water standing there. It is so in the folds of the pine. Thus has Providence, in these burning climates, placed wells on trees for the birds, tree-frogs, and thirsty travellers. In addition to this, there were vines that had also taken root on the branches, twining from limb to limb; some of them, running down the trunk of the tree, had root in the ground; others were on the way.

Perhaps you may ask, 'How did these vines and wild pines get to the branches of the tree?' Well, that is the very question Walter put to Godsoe when they met.

Godsoe told him that the seeds were carried by the wind to the trees, and took root in the moss of the bark, as other seeds are wont to root in the ground.

Walter's attention wss now drawn from the tree by a great noise among the little folks, and, looking into the mouth of the cove, he espied Willie seated in a shell that had once covered the back of a turtle. Two pieces of flat cedar were secured to the sides, coming together at an acute angle forward and aft, thus rendering the affair more buoyant and less liable to upset. The two little negroes, breast high in the water on each side, were shoving the boat and its occupant rapidly to and fro, while Willie was shouting, at the top of his voice, and encouraging his sable attendants to still greater efforts.

"That is the last thing I should ever have thought of making a craft of," said Walter; "it beats our boys' watering-trough out and out."

It was not long before they hauled the boat on shore, and set out together for the house. Walter was about to follow, when he saw them returning, Willie leading a large monkey by a chain, Nato and Johnnie a goat, followed by two kids nearly milk white.

It was evidently their intent, as well as Walter could gather from their conversation, to give both the monkey and the kids a sail in the turtle shell.

They had nearly reached the bank, when the monkey, in his antics, slipped the strap, to which the chain was attached, over his posterior, and made a straight wake for the ceiba tree, pursued by Willie and the negroes, who abandoned the goat to assist him. Catching a vine that hung nearly to the ground, the monkey was upon one of the lower limbs in a moment; then he began to chatter and make faces at his pursuers.

The goat, on the other hand, began to feed;

but the moment the children approached, she also took to her heels, and, followed by her kids, ran up the mountain, where it was impossible for the children to follow her.

Willie now caught a glimpse of Walter. Turning to him, he seized his new friend by the hand, and led him beneath the great tree — a favorite resort for the boys, who played hide and find around its spur roots.

"Captain Griffin," cried the little fellow, "don't you think, Peter's runned away into the tree, and won't come down. When I tell him to come right straight down, he makes faces at me and scolds. I told him if he'd come down I'd give him some sugar. He came most down. Now he's gone way up to the top."

Willie now importuned Walter to go and see his things.

"I want to look at the boat first," said Walter. Measuring it with his hands, he made it within a few inches of four feet in length.

"That was a big turtle that owned that shell. Where do the turtles come from?"

All the children knew in respect to it was, that when the overseer went down the brook in the launch, he sometimes brought back turtles. The cedar was fastened to the shell with strips of cane passed through holes bored in the edge of the shell.

"Who made it?" asked Walter.

"Nato's father," said Willie. He then took Walter to see his garden and his cocoa-nut, that was a few inches above ground.

"Did you plant this, Willie?"

"Nato dug the hole for me, but I put it in, and hoed the ground over it."

There are three round spots in one end of a cocoa-nut, where the shell is soft. One of these places is easily pierced. Removing the earth with his fingers, Walter found the sprout had made its way at this point. There were in the enclosure sour sops, two banana plants, an orange tree, and a mango; but Willie was evidently more interested in his cocoa-nut than all the rest, because he had planted it. He now insisted upon showing Walter two green turtles, that were kept in a little yard, protected from the sun, and destined for the table.

Having gratified his curiosity, Walter returned to the house, flung himself upon a lounge, and fell asleep. He was aroused by a persistent screaming near the house. The noise increasing, he went to the lattice. After he had left them, the children were at a loss how to amuse themselves. They had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in giving the monkey and the kids a sail in the boat; but the monkey was in the top of the tree, and the goat and kids had betaken themselves to the mountains. In this dearth of resources they went to the yard, and began to ride on the backs of the turtles. Becoming excited with their sport, they opened the gate, and let out the biggest turtle, in order to have a more extended ride, mounting by turns, those not riding urging him forward by pricking the part not covered by shell with cactus thorns. Influenced both by instinct and a desire to escape from his tormentors, the turtle made the best of his way towards the brook. They hallooed at him, told him he was going the wrong way; still he kept on; they then got before him, struck at him with sticks, and made fearful threats that they would get a sword and cut him in two: then they fell to coaxing him, and Willie began to cry. No use; the turtle kept on, unawed by threats, unmoved by tears. To increase their distress, they now saw the other one coming to join his companion. Nato and Johnnie caught hold of his fore legs, and tried to hold him back, while Willie caught up a stick and began to pound him on the back, the tears running down his cheeks, and all three screaming at the top of their voices.

The monkey, meanwhile, seated on the topmost branch of the tree, had contemplated their efforts with the most intense interest till the moment Willie began to pound the turtle on the back; then, descending from his elevation, he also seized a stick, and applied it with right good will to the creature's head, showing his teeth, and making his shrill screams heard above all the rest.

The strength of the children was nearly exhausted, and the turtle was within ten feet of the water. Walter had crossed the threshold to assist them, when aunt Dinah, followed by Lillie and Luna (two girls, who worked with the field hands, picking and cleaning coffee, and peeling ginger root), rushed down the hill, screaming as though life was at stake. In a moment they turned both the animals on their backs, effectually arresting their progress, the monkey lifting and screaming just as he saw the others. It was evident, however, that, with all his cunning and power of imita-

JOHN ANDREW-SON.

AN OBSTINATE TURTLE. — Page 214.

tion, the mischievous imp was deficient in forecast; for the moment the turtle was turned, aunt Dinah flung her skirt over him, and enveloping him in its folds that he could not bite, made him a prisoner.

"He fum my country, massa cap'n," said aunt Dinah. "Massa fetch him in de vessel."

She now began soundly to rate Nato and Johnnie.

"Warrar fu you ope de gate, you young debbils; let de turtle out. S'pose dey go in de ribber; fes water kill 'em; nebber see um more. Den massa smash you heads, cut you backs."

Willie, however, now came to the rescue of his companions, averring that he set the matter afoot, opened the gate with his own hands, and that Nato and Johnnie were not in the least to blame.

Aunty now turned upon him.

"What fu you tink you fader say, Massa Willie, wen he cum home, see de turtles he want git fat fu mek de soup, on dere backs?"

Walter settled this affair by sending Nato for a rope, that he made fast to the hind legs of the turtle, and all taking hold, they were easily drawn up the hill to the yard.

Willie, relieved from his difficulty in respect to the turtles, and grateful for the aid of Walter, was more attached to him than ever; hugged, kissed, and brought to him a jelly cocoa nut.

"Wasn't Peter a good monkey, Captain Griffin? I s'pose he wants to play in the trees, and look round; but he come and helped us keep the turtle from going away. Don't you think he was real good?"

"Yes. I don't suppose you would like to have a strap round you, and be chained in the house all the time."

Willie now ran off to get Peter some sugar-cane. It was dark when Godsoe returned. Walter related to him the pranks of the children. It brought a faint smile to his face, the first Walter had seen there; indeed, though evidently highly prizing the company of his guest, an air of melancholy, amounting, at times, to anguish, pervaded his countenance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VIPER WITHIN.

SUPPER being ended, Godsoe led the way to the piazza. After some conversation in respect to the prices of sugar, indigo, molasses, and other products of the island, also of boards, staves, and fish, Godsoe remarked,—

"Captain, you said, the other night, as we were on our way here, that you loved the moon because it was the occasion of your loving the Being who made it. Didn't you always love him?"

"No."

"You have never committed crimes, and could not have carried about in your breast a feeling of guilt that made you dread, hate, and wish to avoid him."

"Yes, I did."

"What were you ever guilty of, pray?"

"Of not loving him — of ingratitude. If any one did me the slightest favor, my gratitude knew no limits; it kindled at once a kindly feeling in my heart towards them; I knew no rest till I manifested it, and was ever on the watch to repay the obligation; but to Him, the author of my life, my friends, my opportunities, my every comfort, I felt not one particle of gratitude; I never got any nearer to the cause than the effect, and drank of the stream while I despised the fountain that gave it birth."

"Was that of much account? Could it inflict pain? It seems to me like the prick of a pin to the tortures that rack me."

"It was enough to make me feel that I was at variance with myself, my Maker, and a discordant element among the creations of his hands; for they obeyed, while I disobeyed. I could neither escape from the presence of God nor be happy in it, and I had something of the feeling that you expressed in regard to the worlds above us, though I did not feel that bitterness you speak of, and wish to trample them under my feet; but I can see that I had a principle that might, with suitable encouragement, very well have travelled thus far."

"You don't feel so now. What could the moon have to do with changing your opinions?"

"It was not my opinions that were changed; it was my feelings. My opinions were well enough before. I knew what I ought to do, but I didn't want to do it."

"Well, with your feelings, then."

"I don't know as you'll understand me if I attempt to tell you; perhaps will think it is all imagination."

"Try it, captain."

"I will on one condition — that you will drop the 'captain,' and call me Walter."

"I will if you wish it."

"When you were my prisoner on board the Languedoc, you must often have heard John Rhines and myself speak of Charlie Bell, an English boy, who came adrift at Elm Island, and whom Lion Ben took pity on and brought up."

"Yes, indeed; it seemed to me that you were talking about him a good part of the time."

"Well, I loved him as I never loved any one else, for he is not only as good as he can be, but tries to make everybody else so. He has bought Pleasant Cove, and the land for a good distance around it; has made a farm of it, and was living there when I first began to go to sea. I went up to bid him good by before I sailed in the Arthur Brown, and after supper we took a walk to the shore. You know the lay of the land round there."

"Know it! every inch of it. Many a pickerel have I caught in the pond on the back part of the lot; many's the time I've drank out of Cross-root Spring, and glad enough have I been to get under the lee of the Long Point, after having been out fishing with my father in November."

"Then you remember where the brook comes into the cove."

"It falls over a sharp ledge just above the bank, and there's a yellow birch tree on the south-west side of the bank — or was once."

"It is there still. Do you recollect a large oak on the other side?"

"Yes; it's forked, and used to be the great acorn tree for all us boys."

"Well, we sat down that night on the edge of the bank, and leaned our backs against that very tree. It was a beautiful night, the moon shining on the brook and the waters of the bay just as it is shining to-night on yonder stream. I felt tender, because I was going to leave home and him; could hardly keep the tears back; and then he talked to me about giving my heart to God, so as nobody else ever did, or could — at least to me."

"How did he talk?"

"He asked me if I ever thought anybody could make anything, or do anything, unless they had the idea of it first in their own mind; say, for instance, a man was going to build a vessel, paint a picture, or make a machine; must not the idea of the vessel, the picture, and the machine be in him before he painted the one or made the other? I told him yes. He then asked me if I did not think that He who made the woods, the water, the rainbow, and the sunshine, all that is delightful to the eye and pleasant to the ear, gave us parents, friends, and benefactors, must not be more lovely still, as the painter is always greater than his picture, the mechanic than his work? 'Yes,' I said. Then he asked me if I loved that Being. I couldn't reply, for I knew I didn't, and was ashamed to own I didn't. Then he asked me if I ever prayed to Him; and I had to say no. He said many other things, but the last was this:

'Walter, there will be nights at sea, just like this, when the moon will glance on the long swell just as it does on the little ripple of that brook. When such a night comes, I want you, as you look on the moon and stars, to remember that as the same moon is shining on me, looking down on this brook, and into the cove, so the same heavenly Father is over us both; that then I shall look at that moon; this little brook, the trees, and all we've said to each other, will travel out on the ocean to meet you. Then perhaps you may think, I wonder if some good friend is not thinking of and praying for me; ought I not to do something for myself.' "

"Did you tell him you would?"

"No; he didn't ask me to promise."

"But some moonlight night, after you got to sea, you did it."

"Not till many a moon had risen and set,— and then on the land."

"How came you to do it then?"

"I don't know. I had thought of it, again and again resolved I would, but, when the moment came, thought I was not fit to pray. But that night I was ashore in France, camping out with

Ned Gates in an old ruin. I looked at the moon, and thought of home and Charlie Bell. Still the old objections came up as before. I had been trying to leave off one thing and another I knew was wrong, in order to make myself more worthy to go to God; but all at once the thought came to me like a flash of light, 'It's no use trying to wash yourself in dirty water; the longer you wash the worse you will look, and the viler you will become. Go to Christ, just as you are. He only can cleanse you.' I knelt right down on the spot, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; and from that night I kept on till I began to love God, and find enjoyment in everything by which I obtained a glimpse of him."

"That might do for you, an innocent boy, who had always obeyed his parents, and his conscience as guiltless of crime as the birds that flew over his head. But neither moon, stars, nor words that man could utter, would avail to quiet the tumult of a soul steeped in sin."

"It was not the moon or the words that made me acquainted with God, but the spirit of his grace, which made use of both."

"But if you knew Charlie Bell was right, why didn't you ask before?"

"I suppose I wanted to find some way out myself, and was too proud to be under obligations. It took me a long time, and cost a great many struggles, before I could realize that out of nothing comes nothing, and for a sinful man to try to make himself better without help from God, is only washing himself in dirty water; but when fruitless efforts had taught me that, and I was willing to go humbly to my Maker for forgiveness and cleansing through the blood of atonement, I found both."

"Do you believe the blood of Christ can cleanse from all sins?"

"Yes."

"From murder?"

"Yes; I suppose a man is not forgiven because his sin is greater or less, but because he repents, and seeks pardon through Christ. Sin is a principle; it is one thing in reality, just as the wind is one element; blow from which quarter of the compass it will, it is only a variation of the wind; so lying, stealing, murder, are variations of the same principle; because sin is the transgression of the law. When you took the cheese from Parson Goodhue's saddle-bags, when you stole Uncle Isaac's red chalk, and when you drew the knife to murder, you broke the law; for the same law that says, 'Thou shalt not steal,' says also, 'Thou shalt not kill;' and nothing but repentance and faith in Christ can save you from its penalty, or ease that agony which is stamped on your very face, and is driving you mad; but it is not the sort of absolution the priest here will give you for a doubloon — rub the sum all off the slate, and be ready for a new murder. No; it strikes at the very root of the principle, and fills the heart with love to God, and man made in his image."

"But is not the wretch who has done all this evil, caused this world of agony to others, to suffer anything, to pay any penalty. Is merely leaving off his wicked practices, getting down on his knees and saying over words of prayer, to square the yards and send him off again with clean papers and a flowing sheet? I can't believe that."

"It must be more than saying a form of words; it must be real, heartfelt sorrow for the sin against God and man; and if he is sincere, he will receive an inward experience of forgiveness from God, that must be felt, but cannot be described; and as far as man is concerned, he must make restitution, if it is in his power."

"That is impossible in my case. I cannot restore the life I have taken away, nor the property, for the owners are either dead or unknown to me, except in respect to some few persons around home; but it seems to me as though the man himself who did the wrong ought to suffer for the wrong."

"No penance that you can perform, or suffering that you can endure, will atone for sins against God, or relieve your anguish; it must come from above; you are only beating yourself against the bars of your cage; you must beg for mercy of God."

"How do you know all this? You speak as though you had not a doubt."

"I know it from the Bible and my own experience."

"But you never stole or murdered, and therefore have had no experience in respect to the forgiveness of those things."

"I have had experience of the forgiveness of my sins; if I have stopped short of robbery and murder, I have cherished the principle that, when it is carried out, produces those results."

"But the Bible mentions some sins in particular; it says in so many words, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

"No sinners of any kind, and no persons however upright, have eternal life abiding in them, till they exercise faith in Christ; and no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him, either while he is a murderer, or has the disposition that would lead him to murder, or break God's law in any other way; but when he repents, receives forgiveness through Christ, the past is forgiven and forgotten. God looks at what he is, not at what he has been."

"Do you mean to say that one who has led the life I have can be forgiven, and have his peace of mind restored, as though he had not done any of these things?"

"That is, you mean to ask whether, if you should now repent and obtain forgiveness, you would feel just as you would had you grown up at home; as John Rhines, myself, and your brother Edward, who have obeyed our parents, been moral in our lives, and injured nobody."

"Ah, now you've come to the point."

"No; because that's neither Scripture nor common sense. I meant that as far as God, his favor and his forgiveness, are concerned, there's no raking back; but whether you will forgive yourself is quite another matter. Paul was forgiven, but he never could forgive himself, because he had persecuted the church of God — was a murderer; for if he didn't actually kill with his own hands, he, by aiding, abetting, yes, causing, was in one sense a murderer. No, John; you can never be in this life what you would have been if you had not done as you have. You will carry the scars to your grave, but if you repent you will leave them there."

"I'm glad of it. I ought to suffer; I want to suffer; I am willing. It is not what befalls me that I am most concerned about; but it is the wickedness of it, the infernal disposition, the hatred and ingratitude to God and to the best of parents, and abuse of all the privileges a boy could have. When I think of all that has been done for me by God and man, recollect that I became a ringleader of men that grew up like the brutes, and half of them knew not who their parents were, and then read in the Bible of Paul's calling himself the chief of sinners, I think, What did he do in comparison with me? He killed good men, and sent them to heaven; but I've killed men with all their sins on their heads. O, I cannot feel that there is forgiveness for me in this life or after it. This viper that stings me ain't in the body; it won't fall off with the flesh; wherever I go it will follow; ride as fast as I will, it sits behind me on the horse. I know from the Bible that there are some who have gone so far that there's no hope for them. It seems to be my case; and for this reason, which appears to me a good reason. Perhaps you recollect the talk there was between us while I lay wounded and a prisoner on board your vessel."

"Perfectly."

"At that time I resolved that I would reform my life. Don't you think, I hadn't been ashore one fortnight when I received a message asking me to come to Trinity Bay. I went, and found Juan Romero, Lemaire's overseer, and three or four of my old acquaintances with him; they wanted me to take charge of the Greyhound,—a vessel that Romero is concerned in, and that was then lying at the Isle of Pines. I told them outright, that although I should betray no man or men, I was done with the old business forever. They tried to persuade me, made me large offers in respect to sharing the plunder, and when they found that wouldn't do, threatened to expose and hunt me till they brought me to the scaffold. I told them they ought to know me better than to think to frighten me, and to go ahead with their information; I had rather go to the scaffold than go with them."

"That was nobly said."

"Well, I flattered myself that peace of conscience would follow reformation of life; but so far from feeling better, I feel worse; torture, instead of diminishing, increases. While I was robbing, murdering, associating with incarnate devils, and steeped in rum, I was subject to remorse only at intervals; but now it is all the time. I sometimes fear I shall go mad. When I was on board your vessel I tried to drown myself, and had no fear of eternity. Now I fear most of all that I *shall* go mad, and kill myself. I do from the heart appreciate your kindness; neither will I deny that a lingering hope that it was not too late, and the expectation of obtaining some relief by talking with a man I knew feared God, led me to ask this meeting with you; but it is of no use; else why don't I feel better in proportion as I do better?"

"No, John," replied Walter, deeply affected, "it is not so; you have pored over this matter here alone so long, and while you were feeble from wounds, that your judgment is warped. If you could look back upon your past life without remorse, I should consider it sure proof of utter ruin; but you have pain, if not peace, and I draw directly opposite and the most encouraging conclusions, from these results, of reformation. I have always felt that the providence of God placed you in my hands. I felt that the Spirit of God was at work on your heart when you was my prisoner. Very few men would have met you alone at twilight, as I did, in a strange land. I might well have suspected it was a plan like that of Lemaire, an ambush to revenge past injuries; but holding the opinions I did, your letter only confirmed them, and I resolved on the instant to go."

"It is your kind heart and generous nature that make you believe what you so much desire. If it were so, would fear, torture, and despair go hand in hand with reformation?"

"Surely; that is always so; a man never knows how far he has gone astray till he begins to return. It is just like repairing an old vessel; you think before you open her that she will need but slight repairs, a few timbers in the counter, some graving pieces, or perhaps new water-ways, and a few top timbers; but every rotten timber taken out brings to view another rotten one, till you end with condemning her altogether."

"It seems very much like that, I must confess; and that is what makes reformation appear so hopeless to me. I feel that the ship must be condemned."

"You are no worse, only you have begun to look at yourself in a new light; indeed, you are better, for the first step heavenward is to be convinced of ill desert. You know that you may go down into a vessel's hold when the hatches are on, and you may imagine that ship is clean and in good order because you can see nothing amiss; but let the main hatch be lifted a little, a few rays of light admitted, and you find that she is foul and everything in disorder, and it becomes more evident in proportion as more light is admitted. That is just the way with you; so long as you were surrounded by ruffians, constantly excited by adventures and battles, steeped in rum, you were enabled to stifle the voice of conscience and all considerations in respect to retribution, for the greater part of the time the hatches were on, and the light that was in you was darkness. But the providence of God flung you into my hands, brought you to the brink of the grave; his Spirit touched your heart, and you began to reform: the more you reformed, the worse you seemed, because every effort increased the sensitiveness of conscience and those longings of the soul for reunion with God implanted by the Spirit, and which you were striving to satisfy by outward reformation.

"I feel that is true," replied Godsoe.

"Well, you have got just as far in that way as I did at first, and just as near to any real comfort as you will ever get, and the sooner you go on your knees and beg for mercy, the better."

"But the idea of such a wretch as I am going to God!"

"You are not going to God out of Christ, a consuming fire, but to God in Christ, reconciling the world to himself; you are going in the name of that Saviour who came to call, not the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and who on the cross prayed for his murderers, saying, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"But the idea of such a being as I am going into the presence of a holy God!"

"But you have never yet been out of his presence. When you laid your plans you laid them under his eye; you never raised your hand to give the fatal blow but under his inspection, and the cries of your victims went up into his ears."

"I did not realize his presence then; now I do. Besides, actually speaking to him seems quite another thing from merely doing things before him; it strikes a greater dread."

"You never yet uttered a word he didn't hear. When you shook your fist at the moon he created to give you light, you cursed him to his face."

"But why confess to him. I can't inform him of anything, for he knows every thought of my heart and act of my life."

"That he knows it you can't help; but you can confess and pray to him or not, just as you please; therefore your confession of sin and entreaty for pardon is obedience to him who has commanded confession, and will not confer grace till it is sought, though he causes the sun to shine and the rain to fall upon those who neither ask nor thank him for it."

"If I was fit to pray! I am so wicked!"

"That is the very reason you should pray, for you will never be any better till you do."

"I'm afraid, I'm so wicked."

"But you were not afraid to be wicked, to kill your fellow-men and curse your Maker to his face: then, when there was everything to fear, you knew no fear; now, when there is nothing to fear, but everything to encourage, you tremble."

"I don't know; it looks dark."

"How did you learn to swim when you was a boy?"

"Why, by going into the water and trying to paddle."

"Then it seems you went in before you could swim."

"To be sure. I went in to learn; couldn't learn without."

"And learned by going in?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you've got to go to Christ while you are a sinner, just as you went into the water before you could swim. Every man who is rejoicing in Christ to-day went to him in his sins."

"What, go just as I am?"

"Yes; and as you go you will be cleansed; as were the lepers who left their leprosy on the road. John, will you kneel down with me while I pray to God?"

"With all my heart."

They knelt down together. Walter pleaded with tears for the salvation of his companion; and when he concluded, Godsoe exclaimed, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

"THERE is another subject lies near my heart," said Godsoe, "and tortures me to a degree scarcely inferior to that arising from the viper within, which, whenever it is not swallowed up in the greater anguish, causes me many a bitter pang. I wish to consult with you in relation to it; but it is getting late, and perhaps you would like to turn in."

"No; I am not in the least sleepy; besides, I must return to-morrow, and this is the last opportunity that you will have."

"To-morrow! Must you return so soon? I hoped you would stay at least a week."

"I would cheerfully do it, but my time is not my own; it belongs to my owners."

"But with such mates and men as you have, the work will go on as well as though you were there."

"The work might, but there may be some questions arise in respect to the planter; he may not get the cargo along fast enough; besides, it don't look well for a captain to be absent from his ship in a foreign port, nor is it well."

"I wished to speak about Willie, whom I love most tenderly, and in respect to whom I am most sorely tried."

"Is his mother living?"

"No; she is in a world where I fear I can never go."

Taking Walter by the arm, Godsoe led him to the garden, that extended from the house to the mountains; there, in a most lovely spot beneath the shadows of the cliff, embosomed in foliage, and surrounded by a hedge of penguin plants, was a grave, the stone at its head bearing the simple word Clara. Near at hand, and within the hedge, was a seat built of stone, upon which they seated themselves.

"Many an hour," said Godsoe, "do I spend here, reflecting upon the many happy days I have spent with her whose bones lie mouldering there, before I had stained my soul with innocent blood."

"Of what country was she?"

"Scotland. She was an only daughter."

"Where did you get acquainted with her?"

"In Nova Scotia. Her father lived at the north part of the island; was concerned in the slave trade, and also in trading on the coast of Africa for palm oil, gold dust, and ivory. He had two children, a son and a daughter. The son I never saw: he was master of a vessel, and died of the coast fever in the Bight of Benin. Mr. Livingston, my wife's father, in searching for some runaway negroes, stumbled upon this glen, and conceiving a great liking for the spot, bought it, and remained here. Having relatives in Nova Scotia, and wishing to obtain goods of a particular kind to barter on the African coast for slaves and the produce of the country, he came to Halifax in a brig that he owned, the Lennox, the same vessel in which his son died, bringing his daughter with him, to visit his relatives. Mr. Livingston took a great liking to me, and invited me to his house, where I staid till the vessel sailed again for the coast of Africa. He was then building the Languedoc for a Guineaman. Clash and myself went in the Lennox; the second mate died on the coast, and four of the crew. If a vessel goes up an African river, it is sure death to more or less of her crew."

"So I have always heard."

"You see, there is so much decaying vegetation; then a cloud will come up, and it will rain in torrents; then the sun come out hot enough to scald the very flesh from your bones. I obtained the second mate's berth. In the mean time an attachment sprang up between me and Clara, which Mr. Livingston encouraging, we were married."

"By a Catholic priest?"

"No; we went on board an English man-of-war at St. Lucia to find a Protestant clergyman. I then became first mate, and Clash second. I was now very happy. I had an excellent wife, a real, sincere Christian, as good as my mother. I loved her with all my heart. Mr. Livingston was very much attached to me. Willie was born. I had the promise of a captain's berth the next voyage, and by means of ventures was accumulating property, considered myself completely reformed, and began to cherish the expectation of going home at some future period."

"And with all these encouraging prospects you turned pirate."

"It was to save my life. When I arrived home, I found Mr. Livingston down with the yellow fever. He grew rapidly worse, and died in my arms. He had some liabilities incurred by bad voyages, and it was judged best to dispose of the Languedoc. She was sold to Lemaire, of whom Mr. Livingston had borrowed money. Lemaire run her as a Guineaman; but she was in reality a pirate, taking a cargo of slaves occasionally, to keep up appearances."

"I thought she was an older vessel than your account makes her."

"Old! She's only seven or eight years old, and is built of St. Domingo mahogany and cedar."

"What did you do after Mr. Livingston's death?"

"He made no will, and his property fell to my wife. I continued to run the brig; but on my second voyage after Mr. Livingston's death, I was overhauled when only two days' sail from the coast, bound to Guadaloupe, by a piratical vessel under the guise of a slaver, that belonged to Lemaire. They robbed the vessel, killed all the crew but one man, killed the second mate, and then gave myself, Clash, and this man our choice — death, or joining them."

"Why didn't you leave them the first opportunity?"

"Ah! why didn't I? It was just the life that suited Clash, and his solicitations, the company in which I found myself, and indulgence in liquor, from which I had in a good measure abstained since my marriage, roused all my evil passions afresh. I took a fearful oath, and joined them. The vessel was then burnt."

"Where did you go next?"

"We went on a cruise, took a Spanish vessel bound to Spain, with a rich cargo and specie. My share of the plunder amounted to more than I had earned all my life before; but now every dollar of it is a dagger. The vessel then ran for Martinique, made the island at ten o'clock in the morning, lay off and on till night, and then ran for Vauclin. When off the Pass du Galion, we took the boat and pulled for home, and related that we had been captured by a pirate, the vessel burnt, and all the rest killed. On the passage, the captain of the vessel that captured us — a Spaniard, and cousin to Lemaire, who was a Spaniard, his real name being Ruis — told me that he had spoken a vessel whose captain informed him that the Languedoc was at Vauclin, having lost her captain and lieutenant in a fight with an English armed brig; and that he would use his influence to get the master's berth for me, and that of lieutenant for Clash. So, three days after our arrival, we went over to see Lemaire."

"I suppose you knew Lemaire."

"Knew him? Yes; I had met him often at Mr. Livingston's, and indeed had sold the Languedoc to him."

"How did he receive you?"

"As smooth as oil; offered me a captain's berth directly. I declined, but proposed Clash for master, and myself for mate, or lieutenant, as they called it."

"What made you do that?"

"I thought if Pete was captain, he would have a larger share of the guilt than I."

"I declare, the difference is so little I cannot perceive it."

"Nor I, either, now; but I remember, at the time, feeling it was not quite so bad to be second, as principal."

"I have not the least doubt you were captain, after all."

"You are not much out of the way there, for Pete was not much of a seaman; he generally yielded everything to me in bad weather, or in a trying time; but sometimes he was obstinate, and would have his own way. It was so the day we overhauled you; it was in spite of all I could say, that he persisted in heaving-to to leeward, thus giving you the weather-gage, and the opportunity that you improved so well."

"Did your wife know anything of all this?"

"No; she would have fled from me with horror. She, however, noticed my increasing fondness for liquor, and often talked with me about it. Thus I went and came on these expeditions; she all the while supposing I was engaged in the slave trade, the vessel occasionally bringing a cargo of them. But O, what a horrible life it was! I was constantly deceiving the wife I really loved. This virtuous, noble-minded woman lay in the bosom of a murderer. Night and day, when I laid down and when I rose up, I carried in my bosom this fearful secret. My wife divined, I could very well perceive, that something was preying upon me, and often noticed that my cheerfulness was gone, and that I did not appear at all as I used to."

"Suppose you had declined to go any more, and remained at home."

"They would have suspected, and assassinated me; indeed, Lemaire was always suspicious of me; hired a man to do it once, but I was too quick for the fellow, and killed him. I had about made up my mind to take my wife and child and go to some other country, when she was taken from me. Now here I am with the child. He is a most affectionate, obedient boy, but is growing up in ignorance, his only associates the negroes and their children, and I am greatly distressed about him."

"Get into the vessel and go home with me to your parents, child and all."

"That cannot be. When Danforth Eaton and Sewall Lancaster come to see me close at hand, and hear me talk, they would recognize me as the man who was lieutenant of the Languedoc, and so would half the crew; and this would kill my parents. I could not live in a community where I felt that I was pointed at and hated. With what abhorrence would the mother of Sam Elwell, and Mary Colcord, to whom he was engaged, the friends and relatives of Blaisdell and Atherton, look upon me? They would consider me as the one who led on the murderers of their children; I should go about like Cain, with a brand upon my brow; people would flock from all parts, and beset my path, and the whole community rise up, with one consent, to curse the murderer of his own townsmen and schoolmates. My absence and the uncertainty in regard to my fate is a constant source of anxiety to my parents, but my presence would be worse. O, friend, the way of transgressors is hard, harder than the path of duty; once get into the whirlpool; and there's no stopping. I am an outcast from God and society."

Walter could not deny the truth of this statement, and was silent.

"It matters little what becomes of a reprobate like myself, in comparison with this boy; but that his young life and his future prospects should be marred and tainted by his connection with me is terrible to reflect upon. Should I, as you wish, go home with you, taking him with me, the very children at school, in the petty quarrels that are frequently arising among themselves, would twit him with being the son of a pirate. I have, however, for some months been thinking of this method.

It is a common thing for people here to send children to France for education. Planters in Cuba often send them to Maine and Massachusetts to learn the English language, and modes of doing business. If this boy should grow up here, even if he could be educated, he would be good for nothing; northern people living in this climate lose their energy; they are not like those brought up among the frost and snow. You know New England people are thrifty, and never object to making an additional dollar. By your account, my father is hale and hearty, mother still more so; they are both fond of children, and are not worried by their noise. Edward is also a lover of little ones, and of most affectionate disposition. Why couldn't you take Willie home with you, and to them, tell them he is a child of a friend of yours in Martinique, and his name is Willie Arkwright; that his mother, who was the daughter of a Scotch planter, is dead; that the opportunities for schooling there are poor; ask them to send him to school, board him, treat him as they would a child of their own, and set their own price, and his father will pay the bills? In that case the boy would grow up with his grandparents, with New

England habits, and with the neighbors' boys, enjoy the same privileges that I once enjoyed, and, I hope, make a better use of them. What do you think of it?"

"Can you live without him? He is all you have to love — all your society."

"It will be like tearing out my heart to part with him; but I can do it, for I love him far better than myself. Think of it to-night, and we will talk further before you go in the morning. Long before I fell into your hands I had thought of this matter, and almost concluded to send him to Scotland, among his mother's relatives."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DECISION.

"JOHN," said Walter, when they met the next morning, "I have not slept much during the night for thinking of your affairs, and my opinion is, that there would be no difficulty in arranging with your parents to take the child by his present name; or, if they were not willing, some of the neighbors, I think our folks, would do it, or John Rhines. But I am of the firm opinion that the best way, and the only way, in which you will ever obtain the blessing of God, is the straightforward one. Let me take him right to your parents, and say, 'This boy is your grandson, John's child.'"

"Then you might as well let out the whole, for Willie is as bright as a silver dollar, and would be sure, after he became acquainted, to tell his grandfather that his father's name was Richard Arkwright, and his name used to be Willie Arkwright, and that his father went in the Languedoc, and he had a toy boat named after and rigged like her."

"You have got to have it come out, or give up the idea of sending the child to Pleasant Cove; for the moment he gets there, every old wife will cry out, 'That child is Godsoe all over;' and when they learn his name, putting the two things together, the name and the looks, they will know at once that the man by the name of Arkwright in the Languedoc was the father of the boy, and was John Godsoe; and the probability is, that when the matter comes to be talked about, Danforth Eaton, Lancaster, Henry Griffin, and half of the crew will say, 'Well, I declare, I allers thought that man looked natral; and come to think of it, and look back, I believe, yes, I know, it was him."

"I see how it is; but if I send him home by you as Willie Godsoe, then my parents will inquire, and you must tell them the whole matter — what I have been and what I have done."

"They will feel better to know the worst than to be in the state of mind they now are, or will be provided you should send Willie home by the name of Arkwright."

"Why so?"

"Because your father is a man of clear perceptions, has been a sailor for many years, knows what sailors are, with what readiness they change their names, and the temptations they have to encounter, and is now half inclined to believe that you was on board the Languedoc with Clash, was killed, and flung overboard by your shipmates, or jumped over of your own accord, and so your body was not found and recognized by us."

"How do you know that?"

"I know by what Eaton told me he said to him, and what John Rhines told me he said to him. Now, as Christian people, they certainly would rather know that you was alive, than to believe that you had died with all your sins upon your head,—because while there's life there's hope of repentance,—or to be in a state of suspense and terrible foreboding, worse than reality. If you send him home under the name of Arkwright, your parents will conclude at once that you are still pirating."

"Why will they think so?"

"When at home, I avoided your father for fear he would question me. He came to our house when I was away, and asked mother whether I had said anything about John being in the vessel with Clash; and she wanted to know what she should say to him in case he came again when I was gone. I told her that the ship's company of the Languedoc were all negroes, Portuguese, and Spaniards, with the exception of Pete Clash, and a man who called himself Richard Arkwright, and that he hailed from Shields, England. He knows that I let that man escape on account of his aiding to convict Lemaire. Lancaster told him so. Now, the moment he looks upon this child, sees your features in him, hears that his name is Arkwright, he and your mother will put this and that together, and conclude that it is your child, probably an illegitimate one; that you have sent him home for them to take care of in order to get rid of him, having plenty of money that you have obtained by piracy; that you are going on in the same accursed business, and perhaps have taken up with some French or negro woman as miserable as yourself."

"It is just as I told you before; when a man once begins to sin, there's no way of getting out; it is like men I've seen struggling in the undertow, flung forward by one sea towards the shore, and backward by the next, and so washed back and forth till they were drowned, and that too within a gunshot of the beach. I must send him to Scotland, where nothing is known of my past life, and where no questions will be asked, to his great-uncle Andrew Livingston, and give up the idea of sending him to his grandparents, and giving him a New England training in a godly family, and putting a little money into the hands of my parents in their old age—the only way I can—as some recompense for having left them just as I was old enough to be of some use, and also of accomplishing some other things in the way of restitution, that lay near my heart."

"No, John; you are excited, tempest-tossed, worn out with slow torture. Now listen calmly to me. One standing on the shore is in a better condition to judge than the poor man in the undertow. You must do as Christian did when he and Pliable got into the Slough of Despond, as you and I have read of a hundred times, in Pilgrim's Progress."

"I don't see what you are driving at."

"You recollect, when they fell into the Slough both tried hard to get out; Christian struggled towards the little wicket gate, but Pliable towards the City of Destruction, got out on that side, and went back to his old haunts, to wrath and ruin, while Christian got out on the other side, and went through the wicket gate to the Delectable Mountains. Now be ruled by me. I don't pretend to any great wisdom, or set myself up as a teacher; but I know what right and wrong are, and, I trust, what it is to love God. Let me take Willie to the vessel with me to-day, openly, and tell all hands it is John Godsoe's child; that you are living here as a planter; that you were married to an excellent woman, but she has been dead some years; that this is your only child, and you want him to go to his grandfather and have the privilege of schooling, learn to work, and take care of himself. They will appreciate that, will see that the boy resembles your folks, and all will be right as far as they are concerned. To begin with, let him stay two nights, get acquainted with the crew, and come back with my guide; that will make him willing to go when the time comes."

"But—"

"Let me get through; only answer these questions. Have you ever prayed to God, and made confessions?"

"Yes; but it seemed like merely saying over a form of words; nothing followed; just like talking in the air."

"That is because you have been struggling towards the wrong side, like Pliable. The time has now come to do something else. It is of no use to confess to God, without at the same time doing right towards man, as far as is in your power. That religion that consists in praying, screeching, and outside forms, and don't make a man honest, square, and upright, will never take the sting from the conscience, and isn't worth a rotten rope-yarn. You may pray, fast, and do penance, if you like; but He who has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother' will neither hear, answer, nor give you peace, till you in the first place do your duty by your father and mother. Now, as soon as I am gone, sit down and write a letter to your father; tell him your whole history since you left home; who your wife was, and what she was; what you are doing here; that you were Richard Arkwright (for he will ask me, and I shall tell him. I never told a lie in my life, and I shan't begin now); tell him of your penitence, of your confession to God; that you have abandoned your mode of life, and are resolving to persevere; ask his forgiveness, and an interest in his and your mother's prayers. No danger but they will keep the secret; and in a few years you may go home and see them; for if Danforth Eaton and the others didn't recognize you when on board the vessel, nor myself, only John Rhines, they certainly won't then; and, perhaps, as they are all young men, and Maine people are all the time going west, they may every one be gone. Do that, and if I know anything of God's ways, or of his dealings with a sinful man, it won't be long that you'll be talking in the air, and feeling that nothing comes of it."

"I feel that your words are true; they go right to my conscience. I will do it, though it is a bitter pill."

"It seems that it is harder for you to send this child home as Willie Godsoe, and confess to your parents, than it was to God."

"It certainly is."

"That shows that the confession to God was not sincere and real; didn't break down your pride of heart; but when confession to God results in doing your duty to man, because it is his command and right, that is going to the root of the matter."

"But you told me to pray to God just as I was; didn't say anything about confessing to father and mother."

"Because I knew that was beginning at the right end, and what would come of it. Sincere praying will make a man leave off sinning, as sinning will make him leave off praying; and I knew if you kept on praying you would be shown a way out somewhere."

"But in respect to the child himself, suppose you tell everybody his name is Godsoe, and he says it is Arkwright, what will people make of that?"

"I think you make more of that than is necessary. The child has never heard himself called by any name but that of Willie, except once in a while. He always calls you father. If you tell him his name is Willie Godsoe, and he is called so all the time he is on board the vessel, he will forget the other name, especially when he comes to be with his grandparents and Edward, and hear them called so."

"I intend now to resume my real name. I will tell Willie so, and tell the negroes and overseer to call me by that name; so he will get used to it before the vessel gets away."

"Does this William, as you call your overseer, know that, while pretending to be a slave-trader, you were a pirate?"

"Yes; he might have betrayed me any time, if he had wanted to."

"Are you not, or, rather, have you not been afraid of his doing it?"

"Afraid of his betraying me? No more than I am of betraying myself. If there is a being in the world that loves me, it is him. Perhaps you would be less surprised should I tell you how I came by him."

"I should really like to know the reason you have for reposing so much confidence in him. Lemaire reposed all confidence in Jean Baptiste, yet, to my certain knowledge, Jean was watching for an opportunity to cut his throat, and probably would, if I had not seized Lemaire, and delivered him up to the civil authorities."

"Aunt Dinah has her breakfast on the table. I will tell you after we get through eating."

CHAPTER XVI.

A SURPRISE ON BOARD THE OSPREY.

WHEN they had concluded the meal, they sat down beneath the ceiba tree, and Godsoe said, —

"Lemaire, as you know, had several plantations, stocked with large gangs of negroes. On his home place, at Vauclin, negroes lasted a long time, because he oversaw everything himself, fed well, worked his hands moderately, took good care of them when sick, and watched the overseers and drivers closely, to be sure that they did not abuse or maim the negroes. This was not done from principle or human feeling, for he had neither, but policy, for when they were past labor he killed them off. Once in a while, when his passion got the better of his avarice, he shot one, just as he came near killing Baptiste, because Peterson got away."

"Kill his worn-out negroes just as anybody would knock an old horse on the head? though some wouldn't do that; my father wouldn't, rough-spoken as he is."

"Yes, he killed 'em, or had 'em killed, though he didn't knock 'em on the head; but he kept an old negro, who was nobody knew how old, for head butcher."

"I should have thought the law would have taken hold of him — or is there no law on this island?"

"There is none too much; but it was not known, that is, could not be proved, but all the negroes and everybody else believed that he employed this old darky to kill them with negro poison; they judged by the symptoms, that are well known to the blacks. He used to send him on to his other plantations, and, whenever he came, some old negroes were sure to drop off."

"What is negro poison?"

"Well, negroes are strange creatures; for all they appear so stupid, they are cunning enough, and know how to accomplish their ends. They are acquainted with a great many deadly poisons, as deadly as arsenic or prussic acid — poisons that work quick, and that work slow. I know only a few of them. One is the bitter cassava. They squeeze out the juice from the root, and let it ferment like beer. After it stands a while it sours, and breeds a small worm. When they want to kill anybody they cut this worm into little pieces, and conceal a piece under one of their nails, then persuade the person to eat or drink with them, and drop the piece of worm into the coffee or liquor, or put it into a banana or orange, and the person is sure to die. Another is the arsenic bean, and an alligator's gall."

"And so he kept that old darky for a poisoner. That is horrible. I should have thought he would have been afraid of his poisoning him."

"That would have broken up the old darky's business."

"If negroes know so much about these things, I should think they would be always poisoning their masters and one another."

"They often do; but it is only a few of them that have this knowledge, and the rest are scared to death of them, and call them obeah men. As I was saying, the negroes lasted a good while at Vauclin; but on the other plantations, where the overseers were old pirates that had been his lieutenants, and were removed from his inspection, the negroes were hardly used, wore out fast, and had to be frequently renewed. One year he had been taking up a good deal of new land at the north end of the island; sickness broke out among the negroes, and they died like sheep with the murrain. Lemaire sent Pete Clash and myself in the Languedoc to the coast, with orders to get a cargo of negroes and bring them to Vauclin, in order that he might stock his own plantation and sell the rest. The greater part of them were Gold Coast negroes, the most savage and resolute of all the African tribes. One day, just before they arrived, when we let too many of them up on deck at once, they rose on us. William (Cubina they called him), who was a chief in his own country, led them on. We mastered them with a great deal of difficulty, after a hard fight, and killing a good many of them. William was wounded badly. Under ordinary circumstances we should have flung him overboard; but we had lost so many that we concluded to let him alone, in hopes he would get well, as he was a very powerful fellow, and the value was in him; but when we got in, and Lemaire looked at him, he didn't think much of him; thought he was so cut to pieces he would never make an able-bodied man, and said we ought to have flung him overboard. I asked him if he would give him to me. He said yes."

"I suppose you pitied him."

"Not I. There was no feeling in me then; but I thought differently from Lemaire; thought he would get well, be sound, and, as he was a giant in strength and size, and resolute withal, would make a first-rate hand, and would be a great bargain; and so it turned out."

"What did you do with him?"

"It was in the rainy season; the brook was high. I put him into an ox-cart, and hauled him to it, then put him into a boat and carried him to the plantation. Clara immediately conceived the greatest liking to that negro; pitied him and cried over him like a child. The negro had been sullen before, and acted as though he didn't want and didn't mean to get well; and although he couldn't understand one word of French or English, he knew what her tears meant well enough, took my wife's hand and kissed it, thanking her as plainly as signs and looks could show. She took the whole charge, only getting a surgeon once from a French man-of-war. He recovered very slowly; was very feeble all through the rainy season, but, when the dry weather came, began to gain very fast, and manifested so much attachment for my wife that I began to like him, and was, moreover, mightily pleased with my bargain, for in December he was worth two thousand dollars."

"What did Lemaire say?"

"He was a good deal worked up about it. In order not to be behindhand of my wife, I taught him to read, write, and keep accounts, and soon found his head was a good deal better than mine. Through the influence of my wife, he became a Christian, and a real one too, and she would have him christened. He was greatly attached to Willie, who was a baby, and, after he got strong enough, held him half the time, and wanted to be called William, too; so we gratified him, and called one William and the other Willie. I became more and more attached to him, and at length gave him his freedom."

"Since you have told me all these things I don't wonder that you put confidence in him."

"I could not feel thus if he was a slave, because when you hold a man as a slave, you do him (at any rate in his opinion) the greatest of injuries, and, no matter how many other favors you do him, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, show him a prospect of obtaining his freedom by cutting his master's throat, and he'll do it."

"He must have been greatly moved when your wife died."

"The tears come into his eyes now at the mention of her name. I hope you won't be offended, but I told him what you said to me the other night about praying to God; and he said that was just his experience."

"The gospel of Christ is just one thing for all, and to all, high or low, black or white; they all drink from the same spring to quench the same thirst. Did you tell him you were engaged in piracy?"

"No; he found it out, I suppose, through Lallemont. All the negroes have ways of communication that white people know nothing of. But he kept the secret, and used to beg of me, with tears, to leave off; and, when I had those seasons of remorse that I have told you about, and was not under the influence of liquor, I would promise him to leave them whenever I could see a way to do it safely, and really meant to; but, after my wife died, I drank more, and became worse than ever."

The party now set out for the vessel, William and Walter on mules, and Willie on an ass, that was his special property. The little fellow was delighted with the idea of going to see a vessel, and the white sailors, and talking with them; for he spoke three languages — English, French, and the negro dialect, a strange mixture of French and African, that he had picked up from associating with them. His father had told him that his name was Willie Godsoe, and there was less difficulty met with in that particular than his father or Walter had counted on, for the following reasons: When in a family a child begins to put words together, and try to talk, the father, mother, brothers and sisters, relatives and visitors, resolve themselves into a committee to aid and give it practice. They are ceaselessly teaching it to repeat its name. and how old it is, till the constant repetition stamps it upon the mind. As Willie's mother died when he was very young, and his father was away a great part of the time, leaving him to the care of Aunt Dinah, he had not been subjected to this process, and the name of Arkwright — not an easy one for a child to pronounce — had never been made prominent, especially as visitors were rarely seen at the glen; he seldom heard it mentioned; but it was Willie, Massa Willie, from morning till night with the negroes.

Walter found the pass that had seemed so fearful in the night a most romantic place, being in a great degree stripped of its terrors by daylight. When they reached the vessel, Walter said to Lancaster, —

"Sewall, take a good look at this little fellow, and tell me if he favors anybody you ever saw."

After a moment's scrutiny, Lancaster said, "Why, yes; he looks like the Godsoes — like old Uncle Godsoe cut down. Can he speak English?"

"Try him."

"How old are you, my little man?"

"I'm six years old."

"What is your name?"

"Willie."

"Willie what?"

"Father said my name was Willie Godsoe."

"Whew!" exclaimed Lancaster in astonishment; "is that so?"

"Yes, Sewall," replied Walter, "that's John

Godsoe's child. He's living on a plantation in the mountains. I've just come from his house."

"Then he's turned up at last! What sort of a chap is he?"

"A real steady man, with a plantation and negroes; well off; was married to a first-rate woman, a Scotch woman; but she's dead, and he wants to send this boy to his grandfather, to go to school and learn to work, be brought up in our ways; and we must do all we can to make him contented, and take a liking to us while he is here, in order that he may be willing to go with us when the time comes."

It was nearly dark when they arrived on board the vessel; the men had knocked off work, and were eating under an awning on the forecastle. Henry Griffin, the second mate, was aloft; when he came down they had supper in the cabin. Willie conceived a great liking for Henry Griffin right away, who took him forward among the crew after supper, and told them he was John Godsoe's boy, and old Uncle Godsoe's grandson.

The crew were too young to remember anything of John personally, but they were all well acquainted with his father, knew that every time a vessel arrived, he was excited with the hope of hearing from his son, and were familiar with the story of his going away with Pete Clash. Sailors, of all men, delight in petting children. Willie found himself the centre of attraction, and thought he had never seen such good folks before; indeed, he had never seen so many white people in all his life. The men were greatly excited and interested, principally on the grandfather's account, who was universally respected and beloved.

"Won't the old gentleman kill the fatted calf," said Sydney Chase, "when he comes to see this boy?"

"The best of it is," said Sam Dinsmore, "he has been so worried for fear he was in that brigantine with Clash; and now he'll find he ain't no pirate at all, but a well-behaved, well-to-do planter."

"I expect," said Bill Shed, "father Godsoe'll make a pilgrimage out here to see him, as old Jacob went down to Egypt. I'd go for nothing in the vessel that was to bring him here."

"So would I," said John Thaxter; "there'd be no trouble in manning her from Pleasant Cove."

Walter found William a very intelligent, Christian man, and was extremely pleased with him. The black told him a good many things in relation to Godsoe's wife, that made it evident she was a woman of strong mind and ardent piety. When it was time to turn in, Willie — who, after his mother's death, and the almost constant absence of his father, had been in a great degree under the care of the overseer — wanted to sleep with William, and said his prayers to him with a readiness that showed it was his common practice. Two launches filled with sugar lay at the stern of the vessel that night; one of them had been brought down by the Osprey's crew, assisted by two of Lallemont's men, he having sent two instead of one. They were both Guinea negroes, and could not speak a word of English, but could speak negro French fast enough. They had been some time in the country, and the greater part of the time engaged in loading vessels; and one of them, Gondebaud, was a great singer, the other, Jules, not much inferior.

The second launch was entirely manned by negroes, not one of whom kept on the plantation could speak any English. Monsieur Chavelot, not being able to supply all the articles wanted, had obtained them from other planters, who, being, by reason of the war, short of money, and knowing they could not receive their pay till the vessel was loaded, had sent down this launch, manned by their own negroes, with a Frenchman as pilot and captain of it. There were eight negroes in the whole. When, therefore, all hands turned to, in the morning, to hoist the sugar and other cargo on board, Willie found employment enough. Perfectly at home with the negroes, and familiar with their language, which was precisely similar to that of Nato and Johnnie, he was down in the launches among them, talking with them, and munching cane and bananas that they gave him; then he would go down in the hold, where the second mate and men were stowing sugar, and run to tell William and Walter what he had seen and heard.

When these sources of amusement were exhausted, he would coax William to put him into the boat that was made fast to the stern, and shoving her the length of the rope, sail back and forth; it seemed as though he would never tire of this sport, it was so superior to sailing in the turtle shell in the brook at home; but he wished Nato and Johnnie could be with him, and that his father and Aunt Dinah could see him. His happiness culminated when William, getting into the boat with him, pulled it up and down the creek. Negroes are extremely fond of salt fish, salt beef, and herrings, and devour them with the greatest eagerness; probably their food, consisting so largely of sweets, becomes insipid, and these articles supply a relish; they are also very fond of American ship bread.

It was necessary to work in the heat of the day in order to discharge the launches. Walter therefore, afraid his men would get sick, and wishing to ease their labor, told the negroes in the launches, who had nothing to do except hook the can-hooks and look on, that if they would turn to and help hoist the sugar on board, and stow it in the hold, he would give them a good tuck-out on salt beef morning and night, from the vessel's coppers, with hard bread, and as many biscuit as they could carry in the crown of the tall palm-leaf hats they wore. This offer was gladly accepted, and they took hold with a will, striking up a song the moment they manned the fall, in which the generosity of the buckra captain and the toothsomeness of beef and bread were duly extolled.

As Walter, seated on the hencoop, under the awning, was watching the progress of the work, he was in no small measure astonished by hearing the following ditty issuing from the lips of a Guinea negro, tattooed from head to foot, and who could not speak English, and was entirely ignorant of the signification of the words uttered, while the others joined with the greatest zest in the chorus: —

"Three sailors eat from out de kid,
Ben Bolt, and Jack, and Richard Fid.
'Shipmates,' cries Jack, 'twig what I've found;
For don't you see dese ribs are round?'

Chorus. Ole hoss, ole hoss, how come you here?

When, strange to say, from out de bone
A holler voice did make its moan:
'From Saccarap to Portland pier
Lumber I've hauled for many a year.'

Chorus. Ole hoss, ole hoss, &c.

'Till killed with work, and much abuse,
I'm salted down for sailors' use.
The sailors den dey curse my bones,
And turn me over to Davy Jones.'

Chorus. Ole hoss, ole hoss, &c."

Walter asked them, through William, where they got the song; they said they learned the words from hearing the white sailors sing them, when lying in the launches beside the American vessels.

As for Willie, he clapped his hands, screamed, and coaxed Gondebaud to sing it over and over again, till he got it by heart, and then told the negroes what the buckra song meant, having himself been enlightened on the subject by Walter. When night came, and Henry Griffin was done work, he took Willie on his knee, and told him about Pleasant Cove, and his grandfather and grandmother, and the boys there, and what they did; and about Bennie Rhines, and the bonfires they had when they launched the Osprey; about Charlie Bell's bears, deer, and foxes; going to school, beech nutting, and building camps in the woods, till Willie got so much excited and interested, that he declared he meant to ask his father to let him go to America, and go to school with Winthrop Griffin.

When it was time to go to bed, he decided to sleep with Henry, under the awning on deck. In the morning he didn't want to go home, and tried to coax William to stay longer, and failing in this, consoled himself with the determination to ask his father to let him go to see his grandfather. Henry had told how fast the vessel would sail, and what a nice thing it would be to see her, with all sail spread, going through the water like everything, till the little fellow could think of nothing else but Pleasant Cove, Bennie Rhines, Elm Island, and ships under sail going through the water "like everything;" and the brook, the turtle shell, Nato and Johnnie, were well nigh despised in comparison.

The Osprey was now dropped down into the bay to deep water, and Walter made an appointment with William to meet him at the abandoned plantation, where he would make a farewell visit to Godsoe, and take Willie.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOVE THAT CASTETH OUT FEAR.

WILLIE had large stories to tell Nato and Johnnie when he returned, and about the awful sight of white men he had seen, and what great, large, tall men they were; and about the song, the buckra song, that Gondebaud and Jules sung. They wanted him to say it to them; so he said it, word for word; then they went in a body to Aunt Dinah, and repeated it to her, and she improvised a tune for it directly, and taught them to sing it. They got under the ceiba tree and made the glen resound with "Old hoss," while the monkey, unable to do more, uttered his shrillest screams by way of accompaniment.

"How many white men was there?" said Johnnie.

Willie couldn't count, so undertook to enlighten his sable attendants after his own fashion. He had mastered the names of every one on board; he therefore got a calabash and a parcel of tamarind stones. "Look here, Nato and Johnnie," said he; "Willie'll tell you how many there be; that's Mr. Lancaster," flinging a tamarind stone into the calabash. "That's Mr. Thaxter," flinging another, till he had dropped in as many stones as the ship's company consisted of. Willie, however, could not count above ten, and there were seventeen stones in the calabash; so he told them there were as many as his fingers and thumbs and seven more; and then, for the better explanation of it, he placed the stones all along in a row on the ground. Nato thought they must be funny men to have such funny names. Then Willie told them about sailing in the boat, about the vessel, and the rope-ladders for the men to go up on the masts by, and how tall the masts were, — as tall as a cabbage palm, — also about the yards and sails, and that there were as many ropes as there were hairs on Aunt Dinah's head. He then told them that the vessel was hollow inside, and about the men stowing the cargo. Johnnie then proposed that they should play load the vessel. So they went to William, and got him to saw up a whole lot of bamboo into short pieces, to represent casks of rum and sugar.

The launch that was used to convey goods down the brook lay at the water's edge; boards were laid from the ground to her gunwale, and they rolled the casks into her, Willie crying out, "Cut that hogshead; there, that'll do; now roll him bung up." Then he would sing out again, "Put your back to that cask and shove him on end, and put some dunnage under him; a hogshead won't go under that beam; put a barrel there."

Godsoe was very much pleased with the account that Willie gave him of his visit. He asked Willie if he would like to go in the vessel, with Captain Griffin, to see his grandparents and go to school. Willie replied that he would, but he wanted his father to go with him.

"I cannot go with you, Willie, but I will come over afterwards."

"I'll tell you what makes me want to go to school, father."

"What is the reason, Willie?"

"'Cause, father, Captain Griffin read me a story in a book, a real nice story, about Indians. I want to learn to read, so as to read pretty stories. Did you ever see any Indians, father?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"Won't they kill me?"

"No, they don't kill folks now."

"Has grandfather got a gun?"

"Yes, he used to have three."

"Well, father, if an Indian should go to kill me, grandfather 'd fire the gun, bang, bang, and kill him right stone dead, so he'd never want to kill any more little boys."

"Yes, indeed, I guess he would."

"Father, Henry told me about the little boys there is over there — Bennie Rhines, John Bell, and a Williams boy. He said they would play with me. I should like to play with white boys better than Nato and Johnnie. But, father, if I go away, who will you have to play with? You ain't got any little boy but me, and there won't be nobody for you to play with."

The tears sprang to Godsoe's eyes.

"What makes you cry, father? 'Cause I am going away?"

"Only something I was thinking about, dear;" and he turned the conversation by telling Willie he wanted to see his garden.

Although Godsoe had promised Walter that he would write to his parents, it was only after a severe struggle that he brought himself actually to set about it; but when he once commenced, he made thorough work — shrunk not from a full confession of his guilt, without the least attempt at palliation, and concluded with suing for forgiveness of his parents, and an interest in their prayers.

But when he had accomplished it, he was conscious of feelings that he never had known before. Gradually and almost imperceptibly that gnawing sense of guilt, and shrinking from the presence and contemplation of God, became less and less pungent, and faded out as darkness melts into day; that vague, indefinite feeling predominating in and connected with the act of prayer, and which rendered it a form of words spoken to the air, diminished, and was, he knew not when or how, succeeded by one of personal interest and communion; even as on the limbs of the beech the old leaves are pushed off, and replaced by the new, and barren branches clothed with life and verdure.

Prayer, to the performance of which he had been at first impelled by agony of conscience, desire of relief, the commands of Scripture, the promptings of the Spirit, and persuasion of his friend, and had entered upon with a feeling akin to that with which the seaman plunges from the wreck settling beneath him, into the foaming surf, was now but the gratification of an inward, longing pregnant with results.

All along the borders of the horizon, the black clouds of apprehension and despair were fast ebbing away, and their edges reddened with the light of approaching day.

William, noticing the gradual change in the expression of Godsoe's features, in virtue of that spiritual affinity uniting those who have drank at the same fountain, interpreted right well its meaning. Cherishing for Godsoe an affection only inferior to that he had felt for his departed mistress, he refrained from speaking, but with joyful anticipation besought the Lord.

It was the tenth morning since the departure of Walter, and William was eating his breakfast, when Aunt Dinah came in.

"William," she said, "warra you tink kum ober our massa?"

"Wha for you say dat?"

"Massa nebber laf dese days in de mornin; he hab sorry look; dis mornin he talk to hisself, and he face shine like de sun on de water."

"Den he found de glory ob de Lord."

"Warra dat?"

"You know how missus' face look dat day she die?"

"Yes."

"Dat de ting massa found; you want find youself."

Having sent the negroes into the field with the driver, William was at work upon the launch, as the time was approaching when it could be made available in the transportation of coffee. Hearing footsteps behind him, he turned and saw Godsoe rapidly approaching. One glance at his face confirmed the relation of Dinah; the cloud of sadness that had so long hung over his features was gone; they were lit up with an expression of heartfelt joy he had never seen there before.

"Massa, hab de good Lord open de door ob life dis mornin?"

"He has."

"You see de glory ob de Lord?"

"Yes; it seems to me everything looks different from last night. The trees, the brook, the mountains, and birds, seem to be praising God, and my soul to praise him most of all."

"Dey all does gib him de glory, massa; for de Bible say, dat wha he made 'em for."

"That is what he made me for, but I have never done it before. I've been doing something very different."

There had been no change in nature; the material universe moved on in perfect harmony, obedient to the directions of Infinite Wisdom; forests and mountains, rivers and birds of the air, praised as ever the hand that created them; but this forgiven sinner saw them with new eyes; perceived, both in them and in himself, what he never perceived before, and could say, 'One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see." And his joyous emotions imparted even to dead matter a tongue and utterance. While thus a new man, in virtue of a new principle imparted, he beheld the name and attributes of his Maker graven on the clouds, imprinted on the leaves, and whispered in the winds of heaven. From the pages of his written word, no more a sealed book, beamed a clearer light; its threatenings no longer terrified, while its promises ministered consolation and hope.

"William," he said, "as I came out from my chamber this morning, and the sun streamed over the mountains, it seemed to me I felt as Jacob did, when, after wrestling all night, the sun rose upon him, and he passed over Penuel."

In answer to his inquiries, he told the black, that when greatly discouraged, he read the passages that contain the declaration of God to Solomon, in which he is told, notwithstanding his sins, God will not rend the kingdom entirely from his son Rehoboam, but will leave him one tribe, on account of his covenant with David his father. He said he felt, if God would show such favor to a wicked prince on account of his grandfather, perhaps he would have mercy on him, whose parents were constantly interceding for him, and that it encouraged him to persevere in prayer for himself.

This tide of joyous emotions did not continue at the flood; moments of depression and bitter reflections in relation to the past at times interrupted its flow, as clouds that in spring time cross the track of the sun; but Godsoe had thoroughly learned the path to the mercy-seat, and they yielded to prayer and meditation. He looked forward with fond anticipations to his meeting with Walter that was now close at hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILLIE GIVES AWAY HIS PLAYTHINGS.

WHEN the time fixed by William to meet Walter at the deserted plantation was near at hand, Willie besought his father to let him accompany the overseer. Godsoe, however, told him that William was going in the night, in order to meet Captain Griffin in the morning, and return in the course of the day. The little boy therefore resolved to watch for and meet him at the mouth of the pass, and, determined to manifest his sense of obligation to the captain for all the attention shown him on board the vessel, exerted himself to receive his friend in a suitable manner. He procured all the fruits and nuts then in season, — and there is no time in the year in that climate in which more or less of various kinds cannot be obtained, — and having placed them in a basket, got Nicholas to carry them on his head as far into the pass as he thought best to venture himself. When informed by his father that it was nearly time for the travellers to make their appearance, he resorted to the spot, accompanied by Nato and Johnnie, where they found abundant amusement in launching bamboos, that had been broken by the wind, into the foam of the waterfall, and varying the amusement by occasionally helping themselves from the tempting contents of the basket. They all set up a great shout when the captain and William came into view. Willie whispered to Captain Griffin that his father had killed the big turtle which tried to run away, and they were going to have some of it for dinner, because he was coming, and insisted that both himself and William should dismount and partake of the refreshments they had provided under the shadow of a projecting cliff, in which they were fain to gratify him. Scarcely had they commenced to eat, having turned the mules loose to graze at will, when they saw Godsoe coming to join them, being too impatient to await the arrival of Walter. The former greeted his friend with a smile and grasp of the hand that fully confirmed all Walter had heard from William in respect to the change that had taken place in the feelings and views of Godsoe during his absence.

"You now understand," said Walter, the moment they were alone, "why love to God brings us to love the things he has made."

"I have, indeed, learned many things," was the reply, "and, among others, that obedience is sweet."

Godsoe, knowing that Walter would make but a short tarry when he came again, had prepared everything in advance. He had sent fowls, plantain, bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and many nuts and preserves, down the brook to Port Royal, as presents for his parents, and for Walter and the crew to eat on the passage, also two goats for milk.

Willie now began to dispose of his treasures preparatory to departure; his mocking bird he gave to William, his parrot to Johnnie, and Peter to Nato. His garden was committed to the care of his father, especially the cocoa-nut tree, which Godsoe promised to pay special attention to, and write Willie in relation to its growth and welfare. His goat and kids he intrusted to William, and was about to give the turtle-shell boat to Nato and Johnnie, as joint property, but Aunt Dinah interfered.

"Gib him to me, Massa Willie; gib your ole Aunty Dinah something for 'member you by, when you is gwine away."

"What you want a boat for, Aunt Dinah?"

"Ise want him fur put Qua in" (Qua was Aunt Dinah's baby). "S'pose you gib him to de chil'n, dey drown deyselves; no hol' dem bot; s'pose you gib him me; me git Nic'las make 'em big boat, jes like buckra boat, out de cotton tree."

"Well, Auntie Dinah, I'll give it to you."

"Tank you, Massa Willie, Ise take off de wood, den Ise stuff him, mek him sof fur lilly picaninny."

He gave his hens to Aunt Dinah, and peacocks to Luna.

"Do you expect to return here, Captain Griffin?" asked Godsoe.

"Probably I shall, although I shall make no agreement without first consulting the owners; the planters will load me, and are anxious for me to come."

"Can you make it profitable?"

"Yes; this voyage, if I get home, and am not taken by some cruiser, will be very profitable."

"Then, of course, you'll come again."

"That doesn't follow, because this time I had agreed with the English commanding officer to bring a cargo of provisions for cash, and with that cash I've bought of the planters — who were short of money — for half price; but if I should come here again with a cargo on my own hook, they might not allow me to trade at all; or if they did, I should have to barter for the produce of the island, which would not pay as well as going to France, because even if I am captured by an English cruiser, they will treat me well, and pay for my cargo; but if I am taken coming here or going from here, by a French cruiser, they'll be so mad because I'm trading with an island the English have taken from them, that they would confiscate my cargo, perhaps my vessel, call me all the bad names the French language affords, and imprison me to boot. But if the English would agree to take another load of provisions, I'd venture to make the bargain, because, when I got the cash, I could go to Trinidad and buy molasses."

"Won't this fleet want provisions just as much in a few weeks?"

"That is what I expect; and I don't think, if I should come out here after the hurricane months are over, I should run much risk of not obtaining a high price in cash for my cargo. Their provisions have got to come principally from America; there's a great scarcity in England, and they can get nothing from the Baltic."

"Why don't you take the Languedoc? Then you may laugh at the cruisers."

"She sails like the wind, but is so sharp she won't carry enough, except of some article that brings a very high price. It is better to load her with powder or arms, and run the blockade."

"You don't know how hard it is to part with this child, but I know it is for his good; and if you only come back and tell me how he got there, and what father and mother said, and all the particulars, it will be a great comfort, and aid me very much to sustain the loss of his society. Since his mother's death I have been, when at home, his playmate, his nurse. He has slept with me, accompanied me wherever I have been on the island, and made, as it were, a part of myself;

but I don't want him to grow up among slaves, to be waited upon till all the nerve and pith is taken out of him. He don't know what slave means yet; Nato and Johnnie are his playmates and equals; "massa" means nothing as yet to him; I don't mean it ever shall, for I despise the whole thing, and always did. I think it is as bad for the master as the slave, and would free them all to-morrow, if I could."

"Why can't you?"

"Because they belong to the child, to the estate, and not to me. I might sell them, and turn the money into the estate; but they are better off with me than anywhere else, and it would be doing them an injury. But," taking Walter by the hand, "it is not the trial it would have been once. To have been left alone at one time a prey to remorse, to pace the floor, wander around the glen without object or hope, wake out of sleep in terror, the sweat starting from every pore, I should have gone mad, drowned reflection in rum, or gone back to old comrades and practices. But I am no longer afraid of myself or my Maker; no longer fear to be alone; shall receive letters from home, watch the progress of Willie, feel that I have done the best thing for him, attend to my business, and earn money honestly to make a good use of it, render all around me happy, — even if at times the past comes up to trouble me, — and see God in his work and in his word."

"It makes a vast difference, John, when a man's foes are no longer those of his own household, and he is not all the time trying to run away from himself."

"I think I had some experience of that; but the house is habitable now, and I'm not afraid to take the hatches off, for the viper's teeth are drawn."

"I suppose there's no particular need of charging you to take good care of that garden and cocoa-nut tree."

"Take care of it! I tell you the roots of that tree are in my heart; that tree, that the little boy planted, his hands have handled, and the ground his little feet have so often trodden, will be very dear to me; I shall take care of that spot myself. There's one thing, however, I want to mention to you before it slips my memory."

"What is that?"

"I don't mean Willie shall ever come back here.

I want him to forget all about it, and have his associations altogether in America, though I don't tell him so now; and in my letters to him, I shall gradually drop any references to persons and things here. I haven't forgotten the little garden I used to make at home, and how proud I used to be when my harvest came, how sweet the taste of the things I had raised myself, and how happy I felt when all the folks praised them, and how I loved the trees I used to bring out of the woods and set out. All these things come back to me just like water flowing out of a sluice, now that I have given my heart to God, and things start up that I have not thought of for years, since I wrote that letter to father and mother; just like a new growth, as I have seen the fire-weed, and the pigeon-weed, and a hundred other plants that you don't often see, which come upon land that's been burnt over. Well, I've been burnt over, and feel new all over. The fact is, Walter, I've been born over again; I know I have; just as sure of it as a man that's been sick, and got well, is that he is well."

"That's so," said Walter; "he don't need to ask the doctor if he's well."

"Where was I? When I get to talking about my feelings, and what has been done in me and for me, I don't know where to stop. I feel just as Sam Gilky did when he experienced religion. You know Sam Gilky the cooper in our town, that used to make so many mackerel and beef barrels for Uncle Isaac."

"Yes, indeed; he's making 'em yet."

"Well, Sam came into meeting and said he felt like a new cask, double hooped. That's the way I feel."

"You wanted to mention something to me."

CHAPTER XIX.

MAKING RESTITUTION.

"O I recollect now what I was talking about. O, I know how these early feelings stick and hang. Now I want you to tell father to put Willie right in with the boys, and not to use the money I shall send by you to buy broadcloth or kerseymere, or even satinet; but for mother to weave him fulled cloth trousers, waistcoat, and jacket; knit his stockings and color 'em in the dye-pot, red stockings, mittens, and comforter next winter, just as she used to for me when I was a little boy. Not to pet him, and make a fool of him, or let on that his father is rich, or that he will have property; but let him go beech-nutting, acorning, fishing, and into the woods with the neighbors' boys, dig a hole in the ground and hoard apples; and next spring let him have a garden, and as he gets older a cosset lamb, hens, and ducks; set them, and raise chickens, and learn to work. They won't find the least trouble in getting him to work, for he is naturally active. He worships me, and if they tell him that when I was a boy I worked and helped father in the field, that will be enough; he'll be as keen for work as the monkey was the other day for helping turn over the turtle."

"You say he never will come back to Martinique. Is not his property here?"

"Yes; but I am executor of the estate, and have power given me by will to sell real estate and personal property. I cannot give the slaves their freedom, because in the eye of the law they are property; but I can sell them or anything else for the child, and invest the money for him; and I intend to do so. I have also real estate and money that Mr. Livingston gave me after the death of his son. He gave me, by deed, the property that would have fallen to his son if he had lived, and the property his son possessed in his own right, and that his father became heir to at young Livingston's death. I shall dispose of that too. I can't get up any affection for this place or people. As I told you before, I can't forget home and boyhood; and I want the old folks to drive it into Willie, as it was driven into me. I want him dyed in the wool, and in fast colors. You think that ceiba tree is something great; but it don't begin with the rock maple on Cole's Hill, in our western pasture, the first week in June. I tell you there used to be a glory on that tree when I was going after the cows, and the sun was saying 'good night' to it."

"Why, John, I never heard you talk half so much before, since I've known you. Didn't know you could."

"'Cause I've got up on the hill in our pasture, and the air revives me. I tell you, Walter, give me the great, thick woods; the pines, oaks, beeches, and maples; the surf on the shore; the corn breaking out of the husk in October; the grain, grass, and apples; men like Lion Ben, Edmund Griffin, Captain Rhines, and John, and Uncle Isaac Murch in his day; men that would take these miserable, gabbling, yellow, smoke-dried, grinning Frenchmen one in each hand, and smash their heads together; men that have strength in their arms, brains in their heads, and principle in their hearts; men who, attacked at every disadvantage, and outnumbered ten to one, could take the Languedoc, and you may have your negroes, Frenchmen, cocoa-nuts, oranges, custards, apples, spices; yes, sugar and molasses to boot."

"Well, I will do it, and just as you wish."

"There's only one thing I want him ever to imitate me in."

"What is that?"

"Love of work. Whatever else folks at home may think and say of me, nobody can say or will say that I was shiftless or lazy; or as was said of Tom Gardner, after he was drowned, that they missed him only at meal times. I say nothing in respect to religious matters, because there's no need of it; they'll do by him as they did by me; but they will not have the rugged, wilful nature to deal with in him that they had in me. He'll kindly take restraint and good counsel. Yet I had to knuckle, after all, and I thank God for it, and that I'm not ashamed of it. You don't know anything about it, Walter; you was always a good boy. One man's experience is different from another's. You stand and stare at me with those sharp eyes of yourn; but I can tell you, the things that are put into a boy when he's little, they grow into him; they are there, though they may be covered over. I've found it so. On board ship, there's nothing like having the ground tackle good; and these good principles that a boy gets thus early, when his mother puts him to bed, and when his father takes him on his knee, and that goes in with a kiss, they become clinched around the riding bitts of his soul, and they'll hold him when the water's all thick with sand, and right in the breakers. The vessel may start her anchors, drift a good ways into the very edge of the surf; people looking on give her up for lost; but when she's almost ashore, and comes to drag her anchors up hill, they'll fetch her up. There are some things in relation to others I wish to trouble you with. First, this letter to my father. You'll give it to him when no one is present, or none but mother. Tell him not to open it before others. Here is a letter to Parson Goodhue. In it I've told him about taking the cheese from his saddle-bags and putting the grindstone instead of it, and stealing apples from his orchard, and a crowbar from his barn."

"What did you want of the crowbar?"

"I wanted a little anchor for a boat I had. I dared not carry it to Peter Brock, for fear he would ask me where I got it; so I got a sailor that I knew, who went in the old sloop Elizabeth, to get it made in Portland; then had to tell father a pack of lies as to how I came by it. Well, I've asked his forgiveness, and in a keg that you'll find when you get on board I've put one hundred dollars, as restitution."

"A hundred dollars? Why, the cheese wasn't worth two dollars, and all you took would be more than covered by a pound note. I should think that was restitution with a vengeance."

"Didn't Zaccheus restore fourfold?"

"Yes; but that's twenty fold."

"The good old man don't have so much that it will hurt him."

"I suppose it came easy."

"I suppose you mean by robbery. No; it came by hard knocks and honest dealing; there's no blood on it; not a dollar that I shall send by you came by any such practices. You'll find this money wrapped and marked. In another parcel, twenty dollars to Hannah Murch, Uncle Isaac's widow, for that piece of red chalk and a draw-shave I stole when he was putting a porch on our house. I remember when I was aboard the Languedoc, hearing you and John Rhines telling about his going with Charlie Bell and Fred Williams to get fish for old Mrs. Yelf; and if I am not mistaken, you said the old lady was still living and poor."

"Yes; that is so."

"Well, you'll find two hundred dollars for her."

"What is that for?'

"Because she is a nice old woman; has had a hard time all her life with a drunken husband; has given me many a piece of sweet cake, and many a warm doughnut, right from the kettle; and because when old Uncle Yelf got dead drunk, and was lying on a pile of boards behind the mill, Clash and I shaved his head, painted his face with lamp-black and red ochre, just as we had heard Uncle Isaac say the Indians were painted, carried him home in the twilight, and set him at his door, then knocked, and hid, frightening his wife half to death."

"I should think money was plenty with you, to give it away at this rate."

"Money? Come, go with me." Godsoe took him by the arm, and conducted him behind the great cliff that rose in the rear of the house. In a few minutes they came to a precipice from which hung a vast mass of creeping plants of various kinds. Bidding Walter follow him, he forced a passage through the network of foliage, and they entered a natural fissure in the rock along which they passed for several feet, till their progress was arrested by a heap of stones that apparently had fallen from the sides of the cavern. Godsoe, removing some of these, discovered a secret door leading to a cavern beneath, but perfectly dark. Godsoe, descending, drew a steel and flint from some familiar place of deposit, and after striking a light, invited Walter to descend. He found himself in a receptacle about six feet square, but not of sufficient height to admit of standing erect. Here, flung together in heaps, without any attempt at order, were gold and silver coins of different nations, precious stones, and gold and silver ornaments of all kinds, similar to those he had seen in the hollow timber on board the Languedoc, although there were no arms. Walter gazed with astonishment upon the mass of treasure.

" Here," said Godsoe, " is gold and silver that came of blood. The boy has property enough to maintain him in affluence, the knowledge of which, till habits of self-reliance and industry are formed, would only be of injury to him. I have sufficient to afford me every comfort of life here, or elsewhere, and can, by cultivating this glen, increase it at will without touching this. I cannot restore it to the owners, for they are dead, nor to the heirs, for I don't know them ; therefore, you need not be surprised that I should not be particular about a few dollars in making restitution in respect to the only persons to whom it is possible to make it. I thought myself fortunate when I obtained all this wealth by such means ; but within the last few weeks I have found what it is not in the power of wealth, however obtained, to bestow. Indeed, I know not what to do with this treasure ; but if I cannot restore it, I trust I shall be forgiven."

"Providence," replied Walter, "will doubtless provide some way; you know the negro saying, 'When de cow's got no tail, God Almighty brushes off de flies."

When they returned to the house, they found Willie surrounded by a most attentive audience, composed of his usual attendants, Nato, Johnnie, and, in addition, Aunt Dinah, Luna, and four or five other little darkies, the children of Nicholas and Adam. Willie was relating to them the wonderful stories he had heard on board the vessel about bears, moose, deer, wolves, catamounts, wolverines, and Indians, about their scalping people, and burning them alive. He was just in the middle of a story about a bear that had taken a hog in his fore paws, and was walking off with him, standing up on his hind legs; the bear, according to Willie, being as tall as the house, when the attention of the audience was diverted by the most fearful screams. Qua — Aunt Dinah's baby — was asleep in a wooden tray, for she had not yet constructed her cradle, the tray sitting on the ground at her feet. Just behind her was the monkey, fastened by a chain to his bench. Peter, not being particularly interested in the story, had ascertained, by sundry stretchings, that he could probably reach the tray. While Aunty was occupied listening to Willie, he let himself quietly to the ground, and extending his body to the utmost limit his chain would permit, succeeded in reaching the edge of the tray with his toe-nails, and gradually drew it along the ground towards him, till, fastening his nails in the picaninny's head, he dragged it from the tray, the blood oozing from scratches inflicted by its claws, and the baby screeching with might and main. Had this happened the day after, instead of the day before, Willie's departure, Peter would probably have gone where wicked monkeys go. As it was, he received from the hands of the enraged mother a sound thrashing.

The next morning the mules were brought up, and preparation made for immediate departure. The money to which we have referred, with several hundred dollars additional to be given to Godsoe's father for Willie's expenses, a bag of coffee, one of sugar, and everything Godsoe could think of for Willie's comfort, and presents for Walter, were placed on baggage mules. Willie wanted his father to go with them to the vessel; but he was not willing, accompanying them, however, through the pass.

When they separated, Godsoe said to Walter, "You have been the best friend to me that ever one was to another."

At the abandoned plantation Walter found his boat, according to previous arrangements, and the company passed down the river, and to the Osprey, at her more distant anchorage.

CHAPTER XX.

WILLIE ON SHIPBOARD.

THEY had a long pull out of the creek to the vessel, for she lay some distance from the shore, broad off in the bay. The sea breeze had blown fresh during the afternoon, and made quite "a chop of sea." The boat, deeply laden with the articles that had been sent by Godsoe and her own crew, plunged deeply as the men forced her into a head-beat sea, being anxious to get on board, not having had their supper. The spray that flew from the blades of the oars and from the bow wet them considerably, coming full in the faces of those seated in the stern-sheets. Willie had never been on any extent of water larger than the brook. The waves, capped with white foam, and the pitching and rocking of the boat, that at times stood pretty well on one end, and the spray flying in his face, were all new to him, and quite a rude and strange experience for a little boy, never from home a day at a time, or a single night, in his life, and among comparative strangers. Most little boys in the same circumstances would have been terrified enough, and cried to go home. Willie looked a little wild at first; but when he saw that no one else appeared to regard it, he brushed off the water, put his hands over the side of the boat, laughed, and chattered all the way to the vessel. He had already obtained a new idea, and found that the water of the sea was salt. He asked Captain Griffin why it was, who replied that he did not know, which astonished Willie very much, as previously he had thought Captain Griffin knew everything. It was dusk when they reached the vessel, and the cook had supper ready.

Our readers must recollect that, although Willie was a bright, resolute, intelligent little boy, as far as natural qualifications extended, he was only six years old, had never been placed in circumstances to obtain the knowledge which, even at that tender age, is acquired in a large family, and by being in society, where children go to school, or to the homes of their relatives and neighbors, have grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and brothers, and are always learning from them and their playmates, and seeing, day by day, and learning the use and name of some new thing — a tree, bird, beast, flower, or persons. But Willie was born in the glen, and had never, till the first time he came on board the vessel with Captain Griffin, been away from it, except to ride to the mountain with his father. His grandfather having died when he was a babe, and his mother when a mere child, his only companions were his father and the negroes; but till Godsoe was taken prisoner by Walter, and abandoned his piratical cruises, he was seldom at home; and Captain Griffin was the first white person, except his father, he had ever seen, for he had no distinct recollection of his mother. You may think this singular; so it is; but there were sufficient causes for it. The glen was in the heart of the mountains, and well nigh inaccessible to those unacquainted. The mountains and ravines were the haunt and refuge of runaway negroes and desperate men. During the life of Mr. Livingston and his son there was more or less intercourse with the inhabitants of the island; but Godsoe was not social in his nature, and was prejudiced against the inhabitants because they were French.

It was well enough understood by the inhabitants of the island generally that the Languedoc was a piratical vessel; and after Godsoe became connected with her, he both avoided the society of the inhabitants and was shunned by them. It has been hinted that, after all, Godsoe was in reality the captain of the Languedoc, though Clash was the nominal master. This was really the case; for John Godsoe was a remarkable man — a most accomplished seaman and pilot, of excellent judgment, cool in the most desperate emergencies, and insensible to fear. His own comrades were afraid of him, and so was Lemaire, who both feared and hated, but could not succeed in assassinating him, for Godsoe had killed the only person in the island who dared to attempt it; and had he not been well nigh slain at the commencement of the conflict with the Casco, it might have had a very different termination, for he would have assumed authority in the crisis.

In such circumstances had this child been placed; and at the age when children in New England begin to attend school, he did not know his letters. His mother before her death had charged her husband to teach Willie his prayers; and this was the sum total of his acquirements. Thus, as he evidently possessed an inquisitive spirit, you perceive how much there was for him to learn, and to what a multitude of subjects his attention would be at once directed.

Captain Griffin expected that whenever the vessel went to sea Willie would be seasick, and had constructed a little berth for him on the transom of the vessel beside his own, in order that he might take care of him more conveniently. Willie was delighted with it, and thought it the cosiest little nest that ever was, and being tired with his journey, was ready to jump right into it the moment he had swallowed his supper, and notwithstanding the novelty of his situation, was in a few moments sound asleep.

At daybreak the vessel was got under way. Willie, waked by the clank of the windlass pawls and the song of the men at the windlass, ran up on deck in his night clothes. As his father or Aunt Dinah had always dressed him, Captain Griffin sent the cook down to dress him; and now for this child commenced a life of entirely new experiences. The cook, Frank Merrithew, was a negro, as were most of the cooks of that day on shipboard.

When, after the war of the revolution, the slaves were liberated in New England, great numbers of them resorted to the sea, and followed it as cooks, stewards, or before the mast, especially in vessels employed in the West India trade, as they were not affected by the climate. Vessels often went from the ports in Maine to the West Indies, the captain and chief mate being the only white men on board— the second mate and crew all negroes.

A great friendship instantly commenced between Frank and Willie. Negroes are naturally fond of children; and Frank was pleased to find that Willie, nursed by Aunt Dinah, and all his life accustomed to the company of blacks, manifested none of that disinclination to close contact that a white child at the north would have done.

"Who put you clo'es on when you home, sonnie?" asked Frank.

"Aunt Dinah, most every morning; sometimes father does."

"What you fader name, sonnie?"

"Father said my name was Willie Godsoe."

"Den you fader's name Godsoe. 'Member dat, sonnie — boy same his fader allers. Don't you mudder dress you?"

"Mother's dead."

"Who do you sleep wid?"

"With my father. I used to sleep with Aunt Dinah."

"Is you Aunt Dinah white woman?"

"No, she's black woman. I say my prayers to Aunt Dinah. Sometimes I used to sleep with William."

"Who be William?"

"He's the overseer."

"He colored man?"

"What is colored man?"

"Black man — dey same ting."

"Yes."

"You's got any brudders?"

"Yes; two."

"What dere names?"

"Nato and Johnnie."

"How ole be dey?"

"I don't know. Nato's big as I am. Johnnie's big boy. He can climb the cocoa-nut tree. I've got a cocoa-nut."

"You has?"

"Yes, in my garden."

"O, kye!"

"Aunt Dinah got a little baby, and I give my turtle-shell boat for a cradle."

"Dat all de childer Aunt Dinah got, dat little baby?"

"No; she got Nato and Johnnie."

"Is Nato and Johnnie white?"

"No."

"Den dey ain't you brudders."

"Yes, they be."

"No, sonnie, dey can't be."

"They play with me all the time."

"Yes, sonnie, but dey ain't brudders; no matter, sonnie, 'bout dat."

"Will you play with me?"

"God bress de chile, what funny leetle ting he be! I got work, sonnie, get de breakfas' for de men and de cap'n, and help hold de turn at de windlass when dey git de anchor hove short."

"Can I see you get breakfast?"

"Yes, sonnie; and in de afternoon, den I git all de dishes wash, den me play wid you leetle bit. You can help me feed de chicken, sonnie; gib dem water. How many slave you fader hab?"

"What's a slave?"

"Dunno you know?"

"No. Willie don't know what you mean."

"No matter, den; how many black folks be dere?"

"There's William, and Luna, Aunt Dinah, Nicholas, Nato, Johnnie, and the baby—he's Qua; Adam, Rachel, Hagar, Norah, Joan, and Phillis, Uncle Nathan, Sam, Andrew, John, Robert, Pam, and Tom; then there's boys and girls—there's Molly, Venus, Sally, Taffey, Peter, and Moses."

"O, my! You fader got all dem?"

"There's another Peter, but he's the monkey; he pulled Qua out of the tray, and Aunt Dinah whipped him 'cause he hurted the baby, and made his face bleed."

"Now, sonnie, you put on de stockings and de shoes. Ise 'fraid de coffee bile ober; den youse come to de galley, me tie up you shoes."

The galley was a wooden house for the cook (containing a stove), with two shove-doors, opposite each other, a seat across the end, in front of the stove, and one or two shelves, on which to put his utensils, and now takes the place of the old-fashioned fireplace beneath deck.

Here Willie found the cook busily employed getting his breakfast, and his fire in such a manner that he could leave it.

Just as he had tied up Willie's shoes, and washed his face, the mate sung out, —

"Doctor," — a term often applied to the cook, — "bear a hand; hold the turn."

"Ise put you in the long-boat, sonnie; den you be out de men's way, and you see eberyting what dey do."

The long-boat, in a West Indiaman, is very large, having great breadth, in order to carry hogsheads of sugar and molasses, casks of water, and other bulky articles. It is set in chocks, to keep it upright, and on the main hatch. Being thus very near, and just aft the galley, it is the receptacle of the cook's wood, and all kinds of odds and ends, and securely lashed to ring-bolts in the deck, and upon either side of it are lashed water-casks and spare spars. These spars afforded Willie a good foothold by which to clamber, and he was soon in the boat, in the bows of which was a great pile of bags of coffee, with a tarpaulin flung over them to keep off the dew, till they could be stowed away in the cabin.

Seated on these, Willie could see all that was going on, listened to the song of the men at the windlass, and watched the cook as he held the turn, while others coiled away the cable as it came in.

A king conch came up on the fluke of the anchor, some shells, and pieces of coral. Henry Griffin secured them, and gave them to Willie. After weighing anchors, the vessel was towed out clear of the shoals, where she lay becalmed, waiting for the sea breeze to spring up, and all hands got breakfast.

Willie was certainly in a fair way of obtaining ideas as fast as he could digest them. No sooner had he finished his breakfast, than he was at the galley doors, to ask Frank how he should get the mud off his conch, coral, and other shells.

By way of reply, the black drew a bucket of water, and put them all into it.

"Dere, sonnie, let 'em be dere till I clar up de breakfast, and make de cap'n's bed; den I show you; de conch keep alive in de water. Now you jump up in you place, 'cause de men gwine git de vessel under way, and you hear de song, and see de sails go up."

Having brought up the breakfast dishes from the cabin, the cook sat down to eat his own meal, while Willie, perched on the bags of coffee, was all eyes and ears, and watched the men with a throbbing heart as they went aloft to loose the sails; for he was sure that some of them would fall down and kill themselves: especially was this the case when he saw Edwards go up to loose the royal, and after that, lie out on the end of the top-gallant yard to clear the royal sheet, that was jammed in the sheave-hole, and startled the cook from his breakfast, by crying out to him that Edwards was going to fall.

When the men began to sway up the yards, and sheet home the topsails, he clapped his hands, and joined in the chorus, after hearing it repeated once or twice. The breeze now began to fill the sails, coming at first in gentle puffs, gradually becoming more frequent, and increasing in strength; and the vessel gathered headway.

As the Osprey worked out of the bay, she passed, in a number of instances, where the water was deep quite near the shore. Willie, getting down from his perch, now went to the side, and, getting upon one of the wooden guns, looked at the shore, and in a few moments came running up to Walter, and told him the ground was moving, dragging him to the side to see; and it was a long time before the captain could satisfy him that the vessel was running by the land, and not the land by the vessel. He next espied the compass in the binnacle, and began to examine it; first looking at the compass, and then at the man at the helm, while Walter sat on the hen-coop, watching the expression of his face with a good deal of interest. At length he approached Walter, and asked him (who had been expecting the question) what the compass was for, and what the man was standing looking at it all the time for, and putting that "great long beam first one way and then t'other."

He took the child on his knee, and endeavored to give him some notion of the four points of the compass; told him the compass pointed north, and tried to show him how, from knowing one, you could find the other points. He got a piece of chalk, and drew a circle, dividing it into the cardinal points; then Willie wanted to know what made the needle point north, and finally seemed satisfied with the conclusion that the compass was alive, and knew the way all over the world, and told the men that steered which way to put the tiller.

Walter succeeded better in explaining to him in what way the rudder directed the vessel, by letting him stand behind the helmsman, put his hands on the tiller, and see that the brigantine turned in just the opposite direction from that in which the man put the tiller. When dinner was over, Willie bethought himself of his conch, coral, and shells. The cook now had leisure to attend to him.

"What a boy you is! You jes' like Mudder Cary's chicken; you no still one second; sky-larking all de time."

"What's Mother Cary's chickens?"

"Leetle birds; lib on de sea, carry dere eggs under dere wings; you see 'em bimeby, hear 'em sing out, when de storm gwine come, 'Cook, cook, don't lash de slush-barrel.'"

"Why don't they want you to lash the slush-barrel?"

"Cause dey want de sea wash him oberboard, so dey can eat all de slush. Now Ise take off you jacket, den you paddle in de water much you like."

Under the superintendence of the black, who drew several buckets of water for him, Willie washed his shells. The conch was alive, and when left alone in the bucket of water, protruded from the shell, but the moment Willie put his hand into the water, and touched it, drew back.

"Dat be king conch," said Frank (the name given by sailors to the large, red-lipped shell of that kind). "You must kill him."

"What must I kill him for?"

"'Cause, bimeby he die hisself; den he handsome color all fade; look like sailor's red shirt, what de sweat and sun bleach."

"How shall I kill him?"

"Me show you, you want him killed."

Willie concluded to have him killed; so the cook put the shell in scalding water.

"Dere, now, he hold his color buful! You show him you grandfader."

The wind now blew a whole-sail breeze, there was a sharp sea, and the vessel pitched and rolled. Willie could not walk the deck, but held on by the gripes of the long-boat, and kept his tongue running.

"You feel sick, boy?"

"No, I don't feel sick."

"What boy you be! Nebber see such boy! Vessel roll and pitch. You no more seasick dan de fish. Ah, youse bully boy! You make sailor-man den you grow up."

Although not seasick, yet Willie was now pretty well tired, and as he had not yet got his sea-legs on, could no longer walk the decks, and Walter, afraid he would get overboard, persuaded him to lie down on his watch-coat, that he spread for him on the deck, till supper time; after which the little fellow turned in, completely wearied out with his first day's experience on shipboard.

Although Charlie Bell had introduced many improvements in the construction of this vessel, the high quarter-deck was still retained, with a ladder of four steps to get up to it. It was fine sport for Willie, after he got his sea-legs on, to start from the windlass, gallop along the main-deck, up the steps to the quarter-deck, behind the man at the helm, and then along the other side, forward again. When tired of this, he would get into the cable tiers. The old hemp cables were coiled in large ovals, in the forward part of the vessel, called tiers, the oval from six to eight feet across, three feet or more in height, according to the length and size of the cable. In rough weather, when it was difficult to sit on deck without pitching away and sliding down to leeward, the men used to get into these tiers to eat; the thick coils of the rope likewise kept off the spray.

Into these Willie would get and coop, till the cook or some of the men would come and peep over the edge to find him. If ever a little boy was happy, Willie was, no small part of his happiness arising from his not being seasick.

He was a universal favorite, and was not still a moment. He was forever asking questions of every one, and in relation to everything that excited his curiosity.

The first thing he did when he turned out the second morning, was to get into the long-boat, where he could both command a good view, and, wedged in between two bags of coffee, retain his position. Forthwith he begins to question the cook, who at the galley door was washing his breakfast dishes.

"Frankie, what is that?" pointing to the lower sail on the foremast.

"Dat de fore-course."

"What is the next one?"

"Dat de fore-topsail."

Thus he went on till he had found out the names of all the sails, spars, and standing rigging, and soon mastered the braces and halyards, clew-lines and buntlines. It is evident that he was fast acquiring ideas. He was very fond of lying down between the knight-heads, and looking over the bows to see the vessel break the water; on the transoms, and looking out of the cabin window; watching the wake of the vessel, and the eddy of the water at the back of the rudder.

Walter's great concern was lest he should fall overboard, as he was utterly fearless, and would not hesitate to go anywhere he could manage to get.

Willie had been told by the cook that he could catch rudder fish out of the cabin window with hook and line. This idea once put into his head, Willie ran to the captain and begged a hook and line to catch rudder fish.

Some of our young readers may need to be informed that the rudder fish is a small fish, about six inches in length, that — for what reason it is impossible to say — plays in the quick water around a vessel's rudder, and, though they are so small, will keep right there close to the rudder, no matter how fast the vessel goes through the water, just as the horsefly, however great the speed of the horse, will keep pace with him. The captain probably did not thank the cook for putting the notion into the child's head; but in order to gratify and not drown him, he fixed him out with a line and hook, a piece of white cloth for bait, and then, making a fathom of spun yarn fast to his leg, fastened the other end to the cabin table. Willie, however, was not old enough to catch a rudder fish, though he continued to fish with great perseverance; but the cook caught three for him, which went far towards satisfying him.

"Wouldn't try no more, sonnie; Ise bake 'em for you in de oven, and make you leetle cake, put de plums in him."

Willie, having gratified his curiosity in respect to everything that attracted his attention on board the vessel, now devoted himself to repaying the favors he had received from the cook. He fed the hens, a large stock of which Godsoe had sent on board, gave them water and gravel, and fed the goats; helped pick over the beans and the coffee, and take the skins from the bananas and plantains; and when the men were bracing the yards, or hauling aft the sheets, he would get hold of the rope, grunt and tug, and thought he helped very much; sometimes, to be sure, he would get trodden on, or some sailor would get his hard hand over his, and squat it; but though the tears at times came into his eyes, he never would cry aloud. Thus every day was a holiday to Willie; there was always something to do he never had done, or to see that he never had seen. Little matters interest or amuse a child; a hen laid an egg, or was killed or died; a dolphin or a porpoise was caught, or a flying-fish came on board.

Willie was extremely social in his habits. One day he would eat in the cabin; the next, perhaps, with the men. With such crews as are now found on board ship, this would not have been permitted; but these sailors were all steady young men, neighbors at home, of good character, and ambitious to rise in their profession.

Willie took a notion that he wanted to be a sailor-boy, and dress like the rest. For the fun of the thing, Sewall Lancaster took a red shirt that he had never worn, cut it down, and made one for Willie; Henry Griffin made him a pair of duck trousers sailor fashion, and Thaxter a tarpaulin hat. He looked funny enough, and certainly felt large enough, especially when they hove the log, and permitted him to hold the fourteen-second glass.

The fourth day out was Sunday. In the glen Willie had never seen any form of public worship, although there was a marked distinction between Sunday and other days of the week, in the fact that there was no work done, and William read his Bible.

Now, however, he witnessed something resembling the New England Sabbath.

The Osprey being a new vessel, and fitted away in great haste, there was a good deal of work to do on the rigging, chafing gear to make, a great deal of sewing and leathering to do. There had been but little time on the passage out, as it was short; less while lying in Martinique by reason of boating down the cargo; consequently the men were busily employed during their watch on deck. But Sabbath day nothing was done except what was absolutely necessary in order to navigate the vessel. The men washed themselves, put on clean clothes, and came to the cabin, where they had a religious service. The captain read the Scriptures, and made a prayer, to which his recent experience in relation to Godsoe imparted a peculiar fervency. There was no lack of singers among the crew, and several of them, who were religious men, took part in the service. It was the first thing of the kind Willie had ever witnessed. He sat beside Walter all the time as still as a mouse, and when the meeting was over and the men had gone forward, got up in Walter's lap, and had a great many questions to ask. The captain answered them as well as he could, talked to him in a manner suited to his comprehension, and told him stories from the Bible. Willie, however, enjoyed himself best in the afternoon.

Directly after dinner he got asleep in the mate's lap, who put him into the berth without waking him. He slept till the middle of the afternoon, and then, going forward, found the cook in the galley with both doors shut, singing hymns for his own enjoyment and edification. Willie sat down beside him and listened till it was time to get supper, and hardly moved, so taken up was he with the singing of the cook, which he thought was a great deal better than what he had listened to in the cabin. The seat in the galley was too high for the little boy; his feet wouldn't come down to the floor; so he clambered into the cook's lap and hardly stirred hand or foot.

The black, a simple-hearted, pious man, who could read and write, — having been sent to school with Merrithew's children, — was highly gratified with the great interest manifested by Willie in his singing, who at the conclusion of every hymn entreated him to sing another. At length he said, "Youse good leetle boy; nebber seed so good leetle boy; set up to hear de cook sing; set up in de meeting jest like de windlass bitts. Sabior lub you; he lub good boys."

"Cookie, was the Saviour black man?"

"I dunno; s'pose he white man."

"But he loves the black folks — don't he?"

"Yes; he die for 'em all de same. Dunnie you lub de black folks?"

"Yes; I love Aunt Dinah, William, Johnnie, Nato, and I love you, and the whole ship full."

"Dat's de way de Sabior do, you leetle blessin you is. I make you nice pie, put spice in him, and all de grievances [ingredients]. I sing you song bout Johnnie's going to de fair."

"Sing it now, cookie."

"O, no, sonnie; dat no good, sing Sabbat day. Lor' he no like it; send big wind, hurricane, blow de brig ober; send big fish, swallow us jest he did Jonah."

"What did the fish swallow Jonah for?"

"Dunno you know?"

"No."

"Den Ise tell you. De good Lor' he say to Jonah, 'You go to Ninnyvar [Nineveh]. Ninnyvar awful big place. Tell 'em I gwine 'troy' em, mash 'em up.' Jonah he no want to do what de Lor' tell him; he git into de ship, go some place else; den de Lor' he send hurricane, heave de ship on her beam-ends. Jonah he tells de sailors he runned away from de Lor'; dey heave him oberboard; Lor' send big fish swallow him right down."

"Did it kill him?"

"No; he pray to de Lor', say he berry sorry for what he did; nebber do so 'gin."

"How could he speak in the fish?"

"Dunno; s'pose de Lor' know. Den de Lor' tell de fish, 'You go 'shore, puke Jonah up; so he did, and Jonah he glad do what he told him den."

CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIE AND THE PILOT.

NOTHING worthy of note occurred during the remainder of the passage. Willie had ever found the cook competent to answer all his questions in respect to the names of ropes and the management of the vessel; still he was always busy with his pots and pans, and never meddled with the working of the vessel any more than the captain, except to hold a turn in weighing anchor, and tending the fore-sheet, that belayed close by his galley, when the order was given to tack ship. This seemed very singular to Willie, and, as he was not wont to let anything lie on his mind long, he said to his black friend,—

"Cookie, are you a sailor?"

"Yes, I sailor-man."

"But you don't go up on the mast."

"'Cause it no my duty."

"Can you steer the vessel?"

"Sure I can. I able seaman — hand, reef, and steer, make splice, make knot, heab de lead wid any man 'board."

"Then why don't you never go up on the mast and steer, like the other sailors do?"

"'Cause I no ship for sailor; I ship for cook; cook the victual for all hands. Bery bad wedder, me go 'loft, but no 'bliged to; but we had no bad wedder dis vige. Sometimes I ship for sailor; den I no cook — steer de ship, go 'loft, work on de rigging."

It seemed to Willie that to be a sailor was much more attractive and honorable than to be washing dishes, pounding coffee, chopping meat, and all that; and he replied, —

"I should think that you'd like better to be a sailor."

"Dat 'cause you dunno, sonnie. Sailor he turn in, sleep leetle while; second mate come to de gangway, 'Starboard watch, ahoy! hear de news dere below?' Den he must turn out. Cook he sleep all night. Sailor-man he eat his grub, want rest leetle; mate he sing out, 'Turn to, men!' Cook he eat his dinner, eat long he like, rest long he like, take leetle smoke de pipe; so he do his work, git his grub ready, none de mate's business; nobody tell him turn to. Sailor-man he eat what de cap'n tell de cook gib him, notting more. Cook hab someting ob eberyting de cap'n hab. S'pose de vessel go to Habana: sailor he tired; work all day on de raff, in hot sun, raftin' green boards. Tree o'clock in de morning, second mate come to de gangway, take rope's end, strike, bang! bang! den he sing out, sharp, 'Turn out here, men! Tow de raff. Hear de news dere below?' Sailor-man say, 'Ay, ay, saar!' Mate go 'way; den sailor-man curse; den he growl; den he say, 'Wish my fader nebber let me go to sea!' No matter how much he growl; hab go tow de raff 'way ober de Reglas 'fore he git any breakfas'. Cook he turn out bimeby, make de fire in de galley; den he take drink ob coffee; take leetle smoke; git breakfas'; set on de seat, watch de pot. Sailor-man come 'board half dead, eat his grub, den go raftin' board 'gin. Sailor-man hab eight dollars de month; cook he hab twelve; den de cook hab de slush [grease] sell to de soap-man when he git home; buy my ole woman gown, shoes for chilens. Dat de reason, sonnie, dis chile no be sailor-man, when he git cook's berth."

He might have added other reasons — that a good cook makes a contented crew, while a bad one may create a mutiny; that he can easily waste or save the difference in the wages, especially if he is cook and steward both, as Merrithew was.

The Osprey took a pilot ten miles outside of Boston Light. The pilot was a man past fifty, large, very tall, and his beard, that he wore at full length, as also his whiskers and mustache, had been once jet black, but were now as white as a sheet.

Willie, having slept later than common, was eating his breakfast when the pilot came on board. He was climbing up the steps that led to the quarter-deck, when, raising his eyes, he looked the pilot, who was standing looking at the compass, full in the face. With a screech he fell back, and picking himself up, ran to Henry Griffin, the second mate, and, clasping his arms around his legs, screamed, "A wolverene! a wolverene!" trembling with terror. Henry took him up in his arms, and endeavored in vain to soothe him.

"Bring him to me," said the captain.

But Willie resisted with all his might, and begged to be carried to the cook. The captain now came forward, and, taking Willie in his arms, endeavored to ascertain the cause of his terror;

but Willie thrust his head under the captain's coat, and cried, "Wolverene! wolverene!"

"Cook," said the captain, "see if you can find out what ails him."

"Come here, sonnie. Come to you fader, sonnie. Tell him all 'bout it."

Willie motioned to the cook to take him to the galley; then he wanted him to shut the doors. The black shut the doors, and took Willie in his lap, who, flinging his arms around the cook's neck, trembled and sobbed as though his heart would break. The captain waited the result outside.

Willie, finding himself in the galley, and in the cook's arms, at length calmed down, when it came out that he had never seen an old person, or any one that had gray or white hair or beard, in his life. Mr. Livingston had left all his old negroes on his plantation at the north part of the island, and commenced at the glen with a new set. When Willie made his first visit to the vessel, Henry Griffin, while telling him about bears, moose, and deer, had told him a great many stories about the strength and ferocity of the wolverenes; that the Indians themselves were afraid of them. The relation took strong hold of Willie's imagination, and when he was thus suddenly brought face to face with the pilot, he could think of nothing but a wolverene, at present the most fearful object he could imagine. Walter was both amused and concerned, for Willie's grandfather was very gray, and had full whiskers; and, if the child was going to esteem all old folks and white-headed ones wolverenes, he apprehended trouble in the future. He concluded, however, that the best way was to leave it to time and the cook, and told the negro to endeavor to reconcile the child to the pilot.

The black manifested an instinctive wisdom in the matter. He did not try to persuade Willie to come out, but shut him in, leaving one door a little way open, while he washed his dishes on the outside. By and by Willie wiped up his tears, and began to talk; then he opened the door a little, and peeped out; then he ventured out, when the cook washed the traces of tears from his face. Then he ventured to clamber up, and look over the long-boat, but instantly shrank back when he saw the pilot. He got up again, and looked a long time; saw the pilot talking with the captain; then saw the captain give the pilot a cigar, and at the same time heard him call to the cook for a light.

"Dere, sonnie; see wha' Ise gwine for do;" and, taking some coals on the fire-shovel, he went aft.

Willie watched him till he saw the captain and the pilot light their cigars. The smoke came out of the pilot's mouth just as it did out of the captain's, and he heard him give orders to the mate and the helmsman. The moment Willie heard him speak, he dismissed his fears, and told the cook he knew it was a man. The cook then in his fashion — and it seemed to be a fashion that Willie could understand better than that of any other person — told him that everybody, as they grew old, changed in appearance, and their hair and beard became gray or white, some more than others. He then ventured to go with the cook when he carried the dishes to the cabin; and before night was "playing horse" on the tiller, and even sat next the pilot at supper. When the vessel hauled in to the wharf, and he accompanied the captain through the streets of Boston, he soon became accustomed to the sight of both old and gray-haired persons.

The succeeding volume of the series, entitled John Godsoe's Legacy, will inform our readers of many things as to the future of Willie and his father, we trust, both instructive and interesting.

THE NORWOOD SERIES

Newly arranged Standard Collection of History, Biography, Heroism, and Adventure

Fifty favorites in new series New uniform cover design Attractive dies Fine cloth binding Illustrated Price per volume $1

This series can truly be said to cover the world in its scope, as it chronicles heroic and daring exploits in all climes, told by an exceptionally strong list of authors. In addition we have included the full line of George Makepeace Towle's famous "Heroes of History" and the ever popular Headley biographies. It is just the library to entertain and inform a live boy, and while composed of books that arouse eager interest is wholly free from cheap sensationalism.

1. **Andersen, Hans Christian** — The Sand Hills of Jutland
2. **Armstrong, F. C.** — The Young Middy
3. **Barrows, Rev. William** — Twelve Nights in a Hunter's Camp
4. **Ballantyne, R. M.** — The Life Boat
5. **Brehat, Alfred de** — The French Robinson Crusoe
6. **Cozzens, Samuel W.** — The Young Silver Seekers
7. **Clarke, Mary Cowden** — Yarns of an Old Mariner
8. **De Mill, Prof. James** — Among the Brigands
9. The Lily and the Cross
10. The Winged Lion or Stories of Venice
11. **Farrar, Capt. Charles A. J.** — Down the West Branch or Camps and Tramps around Katahdin
12. Eastward Ho! or Adventures at Rangeley Lakes
13. Up the North Branch A Summer's Outing
14. Wild Woods Life or A Trip to Parmachenee
15. **Frost, John, LL.D.** — Wild Scenes of a Hunter's Life
16. **Hall, Capt. Charles W.** — Twice Taken A Tale of Louisburg
17. **Harley, Dr.** — The Young Crusoe or Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy
18. **Headley, P. C.** — Facing the Enemy The Life of Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman

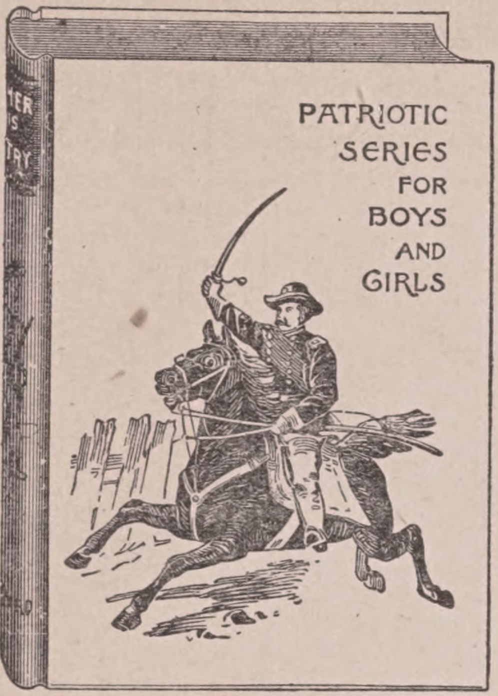
LEE and SHEPARD Publishers Boston

THE NORWOOD SERIES — Continued

19. Fight It Out on This Line The Life and Deeds of Gen. U. S. Grant
20. Fighting Phil The Life of Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan
21. Old Salamander The Life of Admiral David G. Farragut
22. Old Stars The Life of Gen. Ormsby M. Mitchell
23. The Miner Boy and His Monitor The Career of John Ericsson, Engineer
24. **Kingston, W. H. K.** — Anthony Waymouth
25. Ernest Bracebridge or School Boy Days
26. The Adventures of Dick Onslow among the Redskins
27. The Cruise of the Frolic
28. **Lee, Mrs. R.** — The African Crusoes
29. The Australian Wanderers
30. **McCabe, James D., Jr.** — Planting the Wilderness
31. **Macy, William H.** — The Whales We Caught and How We Did It
32. **Morecamp, Arthur** — Live Boys or Charlie and Nasho in Texas
33. Live Boys in the Black Hills or the Young Texas Gold Hunters
34. **Pearson, Dr. C. H.** — The Cabin on the Prairie
35. The Young Pioneers of the Northwest
36 **Rowcroft, Charles** — The Australian Crusoes
37. **St. John, Percy B.** — The Arctic Crusoe Adventures on the Sea of Ice
38. **Towle, George Makepeace** — Drake the Sea King of Devon
39. Magellan or The First Voyage around the World
40. Marco Polo His Travels and Adventures
41. Pizzaro His Adventures and Conquests
42. Raleigh His Voyages and Adventures
43. Vasco da Gama His Voyages and Adventures
44. The Heroes and Martyrs of Invention
45. **Verne, Jules** — A Winter in the Ice
46. Around the World in Eighty Days
47. The Wreck of the Chancellor
48. **Wraxhall, Sir Lascelles** — Golden Hair A Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers
49. The Prairie Crusoe or Adventures in the Far West
50. Willis the Pilot A Sequel to the Swiss Family Robinson

LEE and SHEPARD Publishers Boston

PATRIOTIC SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

The volumes included in this series tend to inculcate the spirit of patriotism and good citizenship. The boys and girls of to-day are here made acquainted with the lives and characters of many noble men and women of this and other countries. The information is pleasantly and vividly imparted in the form of popular biography as well as fiction by well-known and popular writers.

Uniform Cloth Binding New and Attractive Dies Illustrated Price per volume $1.00

1. Bobbin Boy The Early Life of Gen. N. P. Banks
2. Border Boy A Popular Life of Daniel Boone By W. H. Bogart
3. Daring Deeds of the Revolution By Henry C. Watson
4. Dora Darling or the Daughter of the Regiment By Jane G Austin
5. Dora Darling and Little Sunshine By Jane G. Austin
6. Father of his Country A Popular Life of George Washington By Henry C. Watson
7. Friend of Washington A Popular Life of General Lafayette By Henry C. Watson
8. Great Men and Gallant Deeds By J. G. Edgar
9. Great Peacemaker A Popular Life of William Penn By Henry C. Watson.
10. Great Expounder Young Folks' Life of Daniel Webster
11. Good and Great Men Their Brave Deeds and Works By John Frost, LL.D.
12. Little Corporal Young Folks' Life of Napoleon Bonaparte By John Frost LL.D.
13. Mill Boy of the Slashes Life of Henry Clay By John Frost
14. Noble Deeds of American Women Edited by J. Clement
15. Old Bell of Independence By Henry C. Watson
16. Old Hickory Life of Andrew Jackson By John Frost
17. Old Rough and Ready Young Folks' Life of Gen. Zachary Taylor By John Frost, LL.D.
18. Pioneer Mothers of the West Daring and Heroic Deeds of American Women By John Frost, LL.D.
19. Printer Boy or How Ben Franklin made his Mark
20. Poor Richard's Story A Popular Life of Ben Franklin By Henry C. Watson
21. Paul and Persis or the Revolutionary Struggle in the Mohawk Valley By Mary E. Brush
22. Quaker among the Indians By Thomas C. Battey
23. Swamp Fox Life of Gen. Francis Marion By John Frost
24. Women of Worth, whom the World Loves to Honor
25. **Young Invincibles or Patriotism at Home By I. H. Anderson**

LEE and SHEPARD Publishers BOSTON

THE OLD GLORY SERIES.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

Author of "The Bound to Succeed Series," "The Ship and Shore Series," etc.

Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume, $1.25.

UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA Or the War Fortunes of a Castaway.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER IN CUBA Or Fighting for the Single Star.

FIGHTING IN CUBAN WATERS Or Under Schley on the Brooklyn.

UNDER OTIS IN THE PHILIPPINES Or a Young Officer in the Tropics.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE JUNGLE Or Under Lawton through Luzon.

PRESS NOTICES.

"'Under Dewey at Manila' is a thoroughly timely book, in perfect sympathy with the patriotism of the day. Its title is conducive to its perusing, and its reading to anticipation. For the volume is but the first of the Old Glory Series, and the imprint is that of the famed firm of Lee and Shepard, whose name has been for so many years linked with the publications of Oliver Optic. As a matter of fact, the story is right in line with the productions of that gifted and most fascinating of authors, and certainly there is every cause for congratulation that the stirring events of our recent war are not to lose their value for instruction through that valuable school which the late William T. Adams made so individually distinctive.

"Edward Stratemeyer, who is the author of the present work, has proved an extraordinarily apt scholar, and had the book appeared anonymously there could hardly have failed of a unanimous opinion that a miracle had enabled the writer of the famous Army and Navy and other series to resume his pen for the volume in hand. Mr. Stratemeyer has acquired in a wonderfully successful degree the knack of writing an interesting educational story which will appeal to the young people, and the plan of his trio of books as outlined cannot fail to prove both interesting and valuable." — *Boston Ideas.*

"Stratemeyer's style suits the boys." — John Terhune, *Supt. of Public Instruction, Bergen Co., New Jersey.*

"'The Young Volunteer in Cuba,' the second of the Old Glory Series, is better than the first; perhaps it traverses more familiar ground. Ben Russell, the brother of Larry, who was 'with Dewey,' enlists with the volunteers and goes to Cuba, where he shares in the abundance of adventure and has a chance to show his courage and honesty and manliness, which win their reward. A good book for boys, giving a good deal of information in a most attractive form." — *Universalist Leader.*

For sale by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers,
BOSTON.

THE BOUND TO SUCCEED SERIES

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

Author of "Under Dewey at Manila," etc.

Three Volumes. Cloth. Illustrated. Price per volume, $1.00.

RICHARD DARE'S VENTURE Or Striking Out for Himself.
OLIVER BRIGHT'S SEARCH Or The Mystery of a Mine.
TO ALASKA FOR GOLD Or The Fortune Hunters of the Yukon.

PRESS OPINIONS OF EDWARD STRATEMEYER'S BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"In 'Richard Dare's Venture,' Edward Stratemeyer has fully sustained his reputation as an entertaining, helpful, and instructive writer for boys."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"'Richard Dare's Venture,' by Edward Stratemeyer, tells the story of a country lad who goes to New York to earn enough to support his widowed mother and orphaned sisters. Richard's energy, uprightness of character, and good sense carry him through some trying experiences, and gain him friends."—*The Churchman,* New York.

"A breezy boy's book is 'Oliver Bright's Search.' The author has a direct, graphic style, and every healthy minded youth will enjoy the volume."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"'Richard Dare's Venture' is a fresh, wholesome book to put into a boy's hands." — *St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

"'Richard Dare's Venture' is a wholesome story of a practical boy who made a way for himself when thrown upon his own resources."—*Christian Advocate.*

"It is such books as 'Richard Dare's Venture' that are calculated to inspire young readers with a determination to succeed in life, and to choose some honorable walk in which to find that success. The author, Edward Stratemeyer, has shown a judgment that is altogether too rare in the makers of books for boys, in that he has avoided that sort of heroics in the picturing of the life of his hero which deals in adventures of the daredevil sort. In that respect alone the book commends itself to the favor of parents who have a regard for the education of their sons, but the story is sufficiently enlivening and often thrilling to satisfy the healthful desires of the young reader."—*Kansas City Star.*

"Of standard writers of boys' stories there is quite a list, but those who have not read any by Edward Stratemeyer have missed a very goodly thing."—*Boston Ideas.*

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers,
BOSTON.

BOOKS BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

THE WAR OF 1812 SERIES

By Everett T. Tomlinson Cloth
Illustrated Per volume $1.50

Comprising

The Search for Andrew Field
The Boy Soldiers of 1812
The Boy Officers of 1812
Tecumseh's Young Braves
Guarding the Border
The Boys with Old Hickory

Mr. Tomlinson, who knows the "ins and outs" of boy nature by heart, is one of the most entertaining and at the same time one of the most instructive of living writers of juvenile fiction. In his younger days a teacher by profession, he has made boys and their idiosyncrasies the absorbing study of his life, and, with the accumulated experience of years to aid him, has applied himself to the task of preparing for their mental delectation a diet that shall be at once wholesome and attractive; and that his efforts in this laudable direction have been successful is conclusively proven by his popularity among boy readers.

LIBRARY OF HEROIC EVENTS

STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

First Series

By Everett T. Tomlinson Cloth
Illustrated $1.00

STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Second Series

By Everett T. Tomlinson Cloth
Illustrated $1.00

STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
FIRST SERIES
EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Sold by all booksellers and sent prepaid on receipt of price

LEE AND SHEPARD Publishers Boston

OLIVER OPTIC'S BOOKS

All-Over-the-World Library. By OLIVER OPTIC. First Series. Illustrated. Price per volume, $1.25.

1. **A Missing Million**; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS BELGRADE.
2. **A Millionaire at Sixteen**; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "GUARDIAN MOTHER."
3. **A Young Knight Errant**; OR, CRUISING IN THE WEST INDIES.
4. **Strange Sights Abroad**; OR, ADVENTURES IN EUROPEAN WATERS.

No author has come before the public during the present generation who has achieved a larger and more deserving popularity among young people than "Oliver Optic." His stories have been very numerous, but they have been uniformly excellent in moral tone and literary quality. As indicated in the general title, it is the author's intention to conduct the readers of this entertaining series "around the world." As a means to this end, the hero of the story purchases a steamer which he names the "Guardian Mother," and with a number of guests she proceeds on her voyage. — *Christian Work, N. Y.*

All-Over-the-World Library. By OLIVER OPTIC. Second Series. Illustrated. Price per volume, $1.25.

1. **American Boys Afloat**; OR, CRUISING IN THE ORIENT.
2. **The Young Navigators**; OR, THE FOREIGN CRUISE OF THE "MAUD."
3. **Up and Down the Nile**; OR, YOUNG ADVENTURERS IN AFRICA.
4. **Asiatic Breezes**; OR, STUDENTS ON THE WING.

The interest in these stories is continuous, and there is a great variety of exciting incident woven into the solid information which the book imparts so generously and without the slightest suspicion of dryness. Manly boys will welcome this volume as cordially as they did its predecessors. — *Boston Gazette.*

All-Over-the-World Library. By OLIVER OPTIC. Third Series. Illustrated. Price per volume, $1.25.

1. **Across India**; OR, LIVE BOYS IN THE FAR EAST.
2. **Half Round the World**; OR, AMONG THE UNCIVILIZED.
3. **Four Young Explorers**; OR, SIGHT-SEEING IN THE TROPICS.
4. **Pacific Shores**; OR, ADVENTURES IN EASTERN SEAS.

Amid such new and varied surroundings it would be surprising indeed if the author, with his faculty of making even the commonplace attractive, did not tell an intensely interesting story of adventure, as well as give much information in regard to the distant countries through which our friends pass, and the strange peoples with whom they are brought in contact. This book, and indeed the whole series, is admirably adapted to reading aloud in the family circle, each volume containing matter which will interest all the members of the family. — *Boston Budget.*

LEE AND SHEPARD, BOSTON, SEND THEIR COMPLETE CATALOGUE FREE.

OLIVER OPTIC'S BOOKS

The Blue and the Gray—Afloat. By OLIVER OPTIC. Six volumes. Illustrated. Beautiful binding in blue and gray, with emblematic dies. Cloth. Any volume sold separately. Price per volume, $1.50.

1. **Taken by the Enemy.**	4. **Stand by the Union.**
2. **Within the Enemy's Lines.**	5. **Fighting for the Right.**
3. **On the Blockade.**	6. **A Victorious Union.**

The Blue and the Gray—on Land.

1. **Brother against Brother.**	4. **On the Staff.**
2. **In the Saddle.**	5. **At the Front.**
3. **A Lieutenant at Eighteen.**	6. **An Undivided Union.**

"There never has been a more interesting writer in the field of juvenile literature than Mr. W. T. ADAMS, who, under his well-known pseudonym, is known and admired by every boy and girl in the country, and by thousands who have long since passed the boundaries of youth, yet who remember with pleasure the genial, interesting pen that did so much to interest, instruct, and entertain their younger years. 'The Blue and the Gray' is a title that is sufficiently indicative of the nature and spirit of the latest series, while the name of OLIVER OPTIC is sufficient warrant of the absorbing style of narrative. This series is as bright and entertaining as any work that Mr. ADAMS has yet put forth, and will be as eagerly perused as any that has borne his name. It would not be fair to the prospective reader to deprive him of the zest which comes from the unexpected by entering into a synopsis of the story. A word, however, should be said in regard to the beauty and appropriateness of the binding, which makes it a most attractive volume."—*Boston Budget.*

Woodville Stories. By OLIVER OPTIC. Six volumes. Illustrated. Any volume sold separately. Price per volume, $1.25.

1. **Rich and Humble**; OR, THE MISSION OF BERTHA GRANT.
2. **In School and Out**; OR, THE CONQUEST OF RICHARD GRANT.
3. **Watch and Wait**; OR, THE YOUNG FUGITIVES.
4. **Work and Win**; OR, NODDY NEWMAN ON A CRUISE.
5. **Hope and Have**; OR, FANNY GRANT AMONG THE INDIANS
6. **Haste and Waste**; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

"Though we are not so young as we once were, we relished these stories almost as much as the boys and girls for whom they were written. They were really refreshing, even to us. There is much in them which is calculated to inspire a generous, healthy ambition, and to make distasteful all reading tending to stimulate base desires."—*Fitchburg Reveille.*

The Starry Flag Series. By OLIVER OPTIC. In six volumes. Illustrated. Any volume sold separately. Price per volume, $1.25.

1. **The Starry Flag**; OR, THE YOUNG FISHERMAN OF CAPE ANN.
2. **Breaking Away**; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A STUDENT.
3. **Seek and Find**; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A SMART BOY.
4. **Freaks of Fortune**; OR, HALF ROUND THE WORLD.
5. **Make or Break**; OR, THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER.
6. **Down the River**; OR, BUCK BRADFORD AND THE TYRANTS.

"Mr. ADAMS, the celebrated and popular writer, familiarly known as OLIVER OPTIC, seems to have inexhaustible funds for weaving together the virtues of life; and, notwithstanding he has written scores of books, the same freshness and novelty run through them all. Some people think the sensational element predominates. Perhaps it does. But a book for young people needs this, and so long as good sentiments are inculcated such books ought to be read."

LEE AND SHEPARD, BOSTON, SEND THEIR COMPLETE CATALOGUE FREE.

OCT 27 1900

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00024784782